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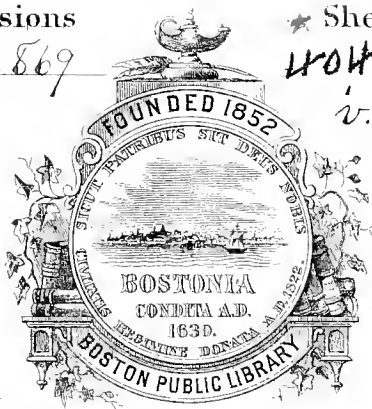
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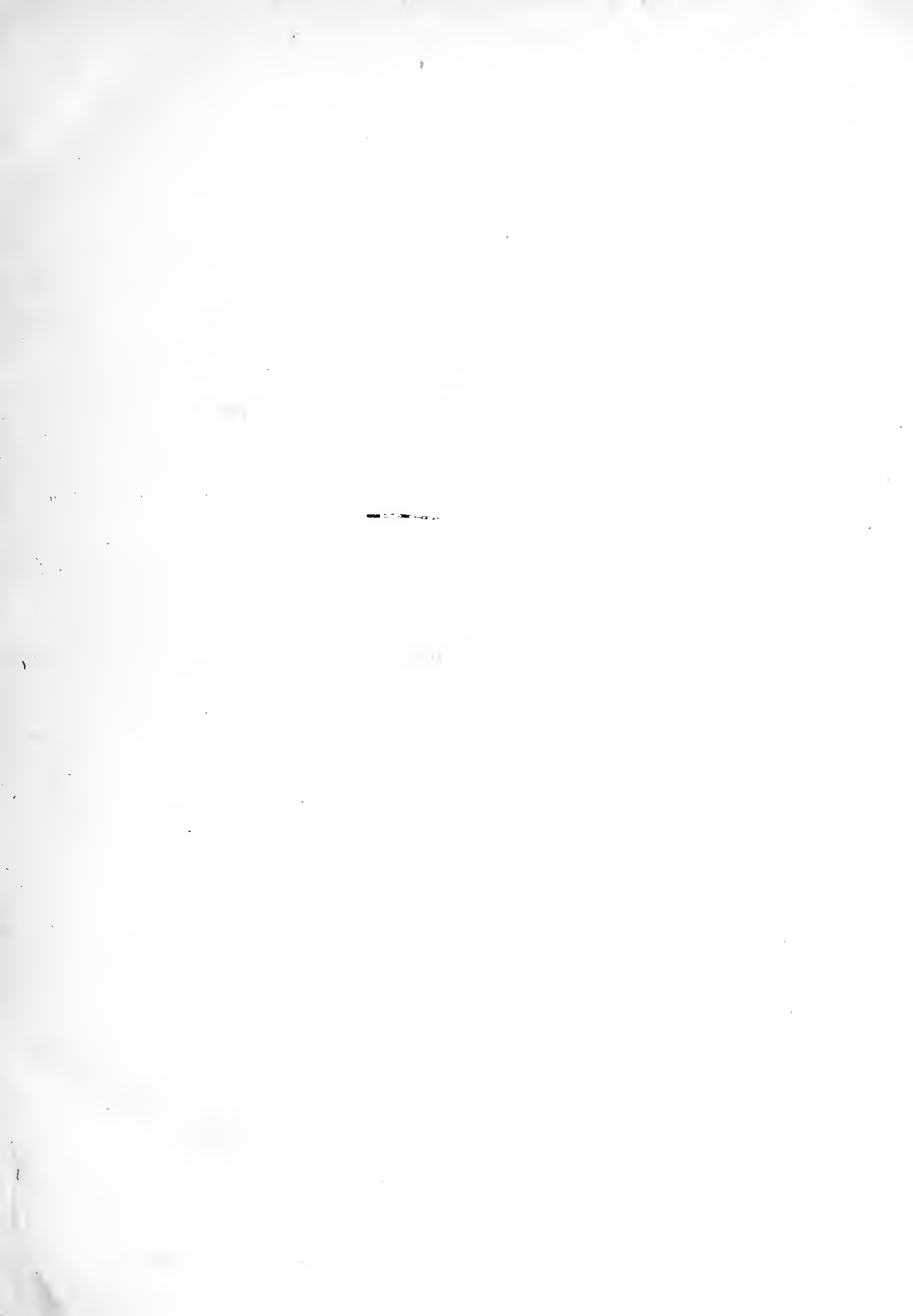
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# Dwight's Journal of Music.

A PAPER OF ART AND LITERATURE.

WHOLE No. 1036.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1881.

VOL. XLI. No. 1.

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Calendar of the Musical Season.

JANUARY, 1881.

5. Second Euterpe, Beethoven Quintet Club.
6. Fourth Harvard Symphony Concert.
19. Second Concert of the Boylston Club, Music Hall.
20. Fifth Harvard Symphony Concert.
24. Second Cecilia — *Probably*.
24. First Thomas Orchestra Concert, with Joseff, &c.
26. Second Thomas Orchestra Concert, Music Hall.
28. Third Thomas Orchestra, "Damnation de Faust."
29. Matinee Thomas Orchestra, " " "
30. Handel and Haydn: Mozart's Requiem; Beethoven's Mount of Olives.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

2. Third Euterpe. Beethoven Quintet Club.
3. Sixth Harvard Symphony.
- 4 and 9. Second Apollo Concerts.
17. Seventh Harvard Symphony.

MARCH, 1881.

3. Eighth (Last) Harvard Symphony Concert.
14. Third Cecilia (*Probably*).
16. Third Concert of the Boylston Club.

APRIL, 1881.

15. (Good Friday). Handel and Haydn: Bach's Passion Music.
18. (Easter Sunday). Handel and Haydn Society: "St. Paul."

MAY, 1881.

2. Fourth Cecilia Concert (*Probably*).
18. Fourth Concert of the Boylston Club.

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## MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN.

At the third subscription concert given at Stuttgart, Nov. 23, the entire programme was devoted to the works of Robert Schumann, and the pianist of the occasion was none other than the respected widow of the composer. The works performed were the symphony in C, the piano concerto, the "Genoveva" overture, two Romances for piano, and three "Lieder," sung by Fräulein Löwe. The following account of the appearance of Madame Schumann is from a private letter.

"Clara Schumann is between sixty and seventy years of age, with iron gray hair, and a stoop in her shoulders. She wore a cap, and acted just like a fussy old woman. She bowed very low, first to the Queen, and then to the audience. The applause was great, and it was some time before she was seated. The piano was covered with myrtle wreaths; she first motioned for them all to be taken off, and then raised herself out of her seat about seven times, until she had gotten every wrinkle out from her dress; then she wiped her face and then her hands, and then the keys of the piano all off. Then, as we thought she was going to commence, she bobbed up again to speak to the conductor. But when she did commence it was grand. It was wonderful to see that old lady bobbing her cap over the piano, and bringing out such beautiful, clear sounds. The vigor and strength with which she played were truly remarkable. After the concerto was ended, the applause was immense. The people shouted and clapped until I was deafened, and they trotted the poor old woman out four or five times. But after the second playing, which was most beautiful, she could not get off the stage, such was the applause, but was obliged to play again. Even then the audience did not want to let her go, but made her come out three or four times to make her little old-fashioned curtsies."

MARIA MALIBRAN.<sup>1</sup>

## I.

Initiators! It is thus I call those privileged individuals, those magnetic beings, who cause chords previously mute to vibrate within us. We often carry in our nature, without being aware of it, tastes, gifts, and qualities, which slumber in the state of germs; they exist, but alone do not possess sufficient force to come to anything. By chance, one of those who illumine the soul crosses our path! He speaks to and questions us. Suddenly, there is light—the spring gushes forth. We did not understand and we understand; we

did not love and we love; we have found the way to Damascus. There is not one of us who has not had some of these providential encounters. As for myself, I owe them much. . . . To-day I will confine myself to two great artists who breathed into my soul the sacred and ardent love of music; Maria Malibran and Berlioz. I shall be compelled to say a little about myself, but only, that I may say a great deal concerning them; the intimate friendship which bound me to both will enable me to add a few precise and new touches to two figures, one of which is already no more than a remembrance, while the other is beginning to enter the domain of the legend.

My love of music, suppressed by a singular family superstition, was developed only at a somewhat late period. My father's memory and name were with me objects of a worship which will easily be understood; I had no higher ambition than to resemble him, and my relatives carefully fostered in me the pious wish. Now my father was not fond of music, and could not sing in tune, so, when I spoke at college of taking singing lessons, "It would be no good," I was told. "Your father could not sing in tune." I immediately withdrew my wish. I considered I had no right to like what my father did not like. Two years later—I was then sixteen—I was taken to the Opéra-Comique to hear Della Maria's *Prisonnier*; I was touched by the simple grace of certain things in it, and ventured to say timidly: "I think I am fond of Music." "No, you are not! Your father could not sing in tune." The argument struck me as unanswerable, and my filial piety speedily exorcized my irreligious and absurd fancy. A year subsequently I was taken to hear *La Dame Blanche*. The trio in the first act excited my enthusiasm, and I exclaimed: "But I do love music!" "No, you do not. Your father sang out of ——" "Oh, I do not know how my father sang; I know very well, though, what I feel within me! I do like music! I do like music! I do like music!" There was no help for it, and I was allowed to indulge my strange taste, which went on being gently developed in the temperate domain of comic opera, till, one day, an unexpected meeting suddenly changed my taste into a passion and transported me violently into the higher regions of art. People were talking a great deal of the arrival in Paris of a young singer, a daughter of the celebrated tenor Garcia, and wife of an American merchant, M. Malibran. The lady was said to rival Mme. Pasta. My good fortune took me to a charity concert at the Conservatory, the day the fair artist sang for the first time in Paris. The crowd was immense, and expectation raised to a high pitch. Seated on the platform among the lady-patronesses, the new-comer was the object of general curiosity. There was nothing remarkable in her figure or physiognomy. In the little mauve hood which half concealed her face, she resembled a young English girl. Her turn to sing having arrived, she rose, removed her hood, and went to the piano, on which she was to accompany herself. She had scarcely taken her seat ere the transformation began. In the first place, the way her hair was dressed

astonished people by its simplicity; no curls, no skilfully devised and towering fabric; smooth, flat plaits showing the form of the head: a somewhat large mouth; a rather short nose; but such a beautiful oval face; such a purely designed neck and shoulders, that beauty of feature was replaced by purity of outline; and lastly eyes such as had never been seen since Talma, eyes which *had an atmosphere of their own*. Virgil speaks of "*Natantia lumina somno*." Now Maria Malibran, like Talma, had eyes which swam in some electric fluid or other, whence their glances darted, luminous and yet veiled, similar to a sunbeam traversing a cloud. They appeared charged with melancholy, reverie, and passion. She sang the "Song of the Willow" from *Otello*. At the twentieth bar, the public were conquered; at the end of the first strophe, they were incubated; at the end of the piece, they were mad. As for myself, I experienced the sensation felt by a man in the ear of a captive balloon, at the moment the rope is cut. A second before, he was gently rocked to-and-fro at a few yards from the ground, and then all of a sudden he is shot like an arrow into the plains of ether. That is what happened to me. Up to then, music had been for me only a pleasing art, made up of grace and cleverness. It suddenly appeared to me as the purest and most pathetic interpreter of poetry, of love, and of grief. A new world, the world of grand dramatic music, was opened to me; the performances of *Semiramide*, of *La Gazza Ladra*, and of *Tancredi*, completed my initiation: Rossini's genius and Malibran's talent served as my initiators.

Soon afterwards I took another step forward in the art, and again it was Malibran who caused me to do so. My guardian was on intimate terms with her family; I was presented to her, and soon joined the mounted escorts of friends who accompanied her in her rides. One day, while we were breakfasting at St. Cloud, I called out, being tired with the slowness of the attendance: "Waiter! some plates!" Malibran turned round and said: "Why, you have a baryton." "What is a baryton?" "A pleasing kind of voice. Yours is a good one; you took on the word 'plates' a very resonant note. You should engage a master." I engaged two masters, one for solfeggio and one for singing, and it is thus that I came into direct communication with the master-pieces of dramatic music, that I rose from the part of listener to that of interpreter, that my passion became an occupation, and my pleasure serious work, that I went on successively from *Otello* to *Don Juan*, from *Fidelio* to *Iphigenia in Tauris*, from *Il Matrimonio Segreto* to *Der Freischütz*; and that at last—but I am speaking too much of the person initiated; let me speak of the initiatoress.

## II.

In human languages there are certain words, such as *lumière*, *jeunesse*, *amour*, and *beauté* which appear formed of light. Well, there are certain names in art which shine with the same brilliancy. Such as Adrienne Lecouvreur, Mlle. Rachel, and Maria Malibran. All three died young, and their premature end,

<sup>1</sup> From a pamphlet written by M. Ernest Legouvé, and published by Hetzel, Paris.



by adding to their talent the charm of something incomplete and interrupted, has established among them a sort of relationship; we are fond of considering them as three sisters in a career of glory. Maria Malibran found an admirable poet in Alfred de Musset. The stanzas he dedicated to her live in the memory of us all, but do they tell us everything? No, for poetry cannot do so; poetry sings but does not analyze; poetry immortalizes, but transfigures superior beings. The details of their character and genius, the familiar side of their nature, disappear in the grandeur of the portrait. De Musset sang the praises of Maria Malibran; I should like to attempt her portrait.

What was the distinctive trait in her character? The date of her first appearance in Paris may assist us to discover it. She arrived about 1829, that is to say, in the very midst of a poetical, dramatic, pictorial, and musical revolution. *Hernani*, *Der Freischütz*, Beethoven's Symphonies and *Le Naufrage de la Méduse*, had let loose in the domain of art unknown and stormy forces; the atmosphere was heavily charged with electricity. Now, Malibran was the representative of this new art, as Pasta had been the sublime interpreter of classic art. Even in Rossini's works, Pasta combined with emotion a dignity, gravity, and nobleness, which belonged to the old school. She was truly the daughter of Sophocles, of Corneille, and of Racine; Malibran was the daughter of Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Alfred de Musset. Everything in her genius was spontaneous, inspired, and effervescing. But at the same time—and this is one of the most striking characteristics of her highly complex organization—at the same time, by a singular contradiction, nature condemned her to the necessity of effort, to stubborn labor constantly renewed. The mysterious fairy who presided over her birth, endowed her with all the gifts of a great actress and of a great singer except one: a perfect instrument. Alfred de Musset says in his poem:

"Ainsi nous consolait sa voix fraîche et sonore,"

and, further on:

"Où sont-ils ces accents  
Qui voltigeaient le soir sur ta lèvre inspirée  
Comme un parfum léger sur l'aubépine en fleur?"

Nothing of the kind. Malibran's voice did not "flutter" by any means. Malibran's voice had nothing of a "light perfume" about it; and Malibran's voice was not what is termed "fresh and sonorous." Pathetic and powerful, it was harsh and rebellious. When Sontag sang, the sounds which escaped from her throat were so limpid and brilliant that you might have fancied them to be a pure wave of light. Malibran's voice resembled the most precious of all metals: gold; but it had to be torn from the bosom of the earth: it was gold, but it had to be freed from the dross; it was gold, but it had to be forged and rendered supple like iron under a hammer. I heard her one day at Rome, when she had to play in the *Barbiere*, working away several hours at the runs in her cavatina. From time to time she stopped and addressed her voice, saying in a sort of rage:

"I will make you obey me!" The struggle was with her a necessity, a habit, which, combined with her indomitable tenacity and her love of impossibilities, imparted to her talent a character of much greater power and originality than that which the poet has drawn; but by suppressing the effort he has diminished the talent. If we would obtain a just idea of what Malibran was, we should think of the school in which she was formed. Garcia, her father, united to the knowledge of a genuine composer marvellous talent as a virtuoso. Nourrit told me that, previously to coming out, he went to ask Garcia's advice. "What piece have you brought?" "The air from *Il Matrimonio Segreto*: 'Pria che spunti.'" "Sing it." On reaching the *point d'orgue*, Nourrit executed a very pleasing run. "Good, execute another." Nourrit executed a second. "And another." Nourrit threw off a third. "And now another." "I am at the end of my tether," replied Nourrit. "After three *points d'orgue*! a genuine singer should be able to extemporize ten, or twenty, if he chooses, for no one can be a genuine singer who is not a genuine musician."

Such was the admirable but rough and rarely satisfied master who taught Malibran. One day, after an hour's work, he said to her: "You will never be anything more than a chorus singer." "I shall have more talent than you," she replied, with a toss of her little head of fourteen. Two years later, at New York, he entered her room, and, in the tone at which all trembled, said: "You will come out on Saturday with me, in *Otello*." "Saturday! Why, that is only six days." "I am very well aware of the fact." "Six days to rehearse a part like that of Desdemona and get used to the stage!" "No objections! You will come out on Saturday and you will be excellent; because, if you are not, in the last scene . . . when I am only supposed to stab you with the dagger, I will strike in reality!" How was it possible to resist an argument of this kind? Malibran rehearsed the part, played it, and achieved an immense success, introducing at the end a totally unexpected effect, which surprised every one, especially her father. Those who saw her in the part will remember the new aspect she gave it. Mme. Pasta was sublime in it, but played it as a woman of twenty. Malibran made it sixteen. With her, Desdemona was almost a mere girl. Hence resulted a delicious charm of innocence, of touching weakness, and of child-like ingenuousness, mingled with outbursts of indignation or terror, which sent a shudder through the whole house. In the last scene, when *Otello*, with dagger raised, advances towards Desdemona, Pasta, strong in her virtue and her courage, went forward to meet the blow; Malibran fled in fright, running to the windows and the doors, and bounding like a terrified fawn. Now, at her *début*, when her father seized her in her efforts to escape, and drew his weapon, she entered so profoundly into her double part of artist and of daughter, the appalling expression of her terrible father, as he glanced askant at her, seemed so really and truly her death-warrant, that, seizing his hand as it was

descending on her, she bit it till the blood came. Garcia uttered a low cry of pain, which was taken for a cry of fury, and the act finished amid frantic applause. This shows what she really was, and what the stage made her. She was sometimes so violently affected by the dramatic situation as to become like one possessed; unable always to arrange and announce beforehand what she would do, because she did not know it herself—saying to the different *Otellos* who acted with her: "Seize me where you can in the last scene, for at that moment I cannot answer for my movements;" never studying her attitudes and gestures before a glass, but seized on the stage by strange inspirations, which she carried out with an audacity that took the place of address! In the second act of *Otello*, in the great scene of anguish where she is awaiting the result of the duel, she actually on one occasion singled out a poor devil of a supernumerary from a group of his fellows, and, bringing him down to the front of the stage, asked for news of the combat with an outburst of despair and passion which was very nearly exciting the hilarity of the house. But her impetuosity and sincerity carried all before them. The supernumerary was so utterly stupefied that his stupor rendered him motionless and his immobility lent him dignity. What would have been ridiculous with any one else was sublime with her!

These daring strokes which filled her acting were carried by her into her singing—a dangerous thing to do with an organ sometimes so rebellious. Fancy a general endeavoring to carry a position in double quick time with troops who cannot run! What was the result? A double and very singular one. If her imagination was calm, she summoned to her aid her profound science, for I never knew a more skilful virtuosa. She composed on her refractory instrument; she employed temperament and address. The most dexterous horseman would never have got more out of a horse by clever management. I recollect one evening, just as she was going off to play in *La Cenerentola*, one of her friends put the commonplace question: "Well, Madame, are you in voice this evening?" "In voice?" she answered gaily. "Look!" and opening her mouth she showed in her throat one of those patches which are signs of quinsy. "What! are you going to sing with a throat like that?" "Certainly, I am. Oh, we know each other, my throat and I. We have fought often enough, and this evening I will so manage it that it shall carry me on to the end, without any one save myself perceiving what an effort is necessary. Come, and you shall see!" She did as she said she would. But if by chance the instrument was found wanting on one of her days of fiery and reckless inspiration . . . why in that case, so much the worse for the instrument. There was an implacable struggle between them. She would not admit it could resist her; she demanded from it all she felt within herself. It had to obey, even though it might perish in doing so. Sometimes, by an heroic effort of this kind, she obtained prodigious effects which she would not perhaps have

obtained, had it not been necessary for her to carry them by violence, as the Titans wanted to carry heaven. But now and then the weaker combatant was the stronger, the rebellious organ resisted and she fell into exaggeration. . . . Well, would any one believe it! Such very inequalities imparted an additional charm, the charm of surprise, to her talent. With her the audience were always in a state of expectation. She might play the same part twenty times, she was always different. This need of the unforeseen, this love of adventure, sometimes involved her in enterprizes which were more than rash, though she always emerged safely from them by some miracle or other of will. At an extraordinary performance of *Otello*, she once sang in the course of the same evening, *Otello* in the first act, *Iago* in the second, and *Desdemona* in the third. Her voice was a mezzo-soprano, lying, as we know, between a contralto and a soprano. Well, no victorious king, confined between two foreign kingdoms, was ever more tormented with the wish to invade those kingdoms, than Malibran was to make an incursion into the two voices bordering her own. The word limit was unbearable; it was impossible for her to understand that she could not do what anybody else would do; her life was spent in endeavoring to go up as high as Sontag, and down as low as Pisaroni. What was our surprise to hear her one day execute a shake on the extreme note of the soprano-register. We loudly expressed what we felt. "Does that astonish you?" she said languidly. "Oh! the horrible note! It has cost me trouble enough. I have been trying for the last month to get it! When I was dressing, when I was doing my hair, when I was walking, and when I was riding; at last, I hit on it this morning, as I was tying my shoes." "And where did you hit upon it, Madame?" "There!" she replied, laughing. "There!" as she touched her forehead with the tip of her finger in the most charming manner—for one of the characteristics of this strange being was to envelop all her acts of daring in a supple, light, and natural gracefulness not to be described. You felt that her domain was the impossible; she did what she chose there.

#### BJORNSON'S SPEECH AT OLE BULL'S FUNERAL.<sup>1</sup>

Ole Bull was beloved; that we see to-day. He was honored; but it is more to be loved than honored.

If we would understand the origin of this deep sympathy—if we would understand him, and how he became for us what he now is, we must go back to the time when he first became known.

We were a poor little nation of beginners, with great memories from remote centuries; this gave us longings which we could not satisfy, so that we were often laughed at. The scanty inheritance of Danish literature from later times was so divided that almost nothing fell to our share; we were thought incapable of intellectual independence, and the so-called best among us were of the same opinion. A Norse literature was regarded as an impossibility, even with the rich beginning which it had; an independent Norwegian school of history was something ridiculous; our language was not elegant, unless spoken with a Danish

accent and soft consonants, and a Norwegian drama was a thing incredible, even to ourselves.

Politics were in no better condition; we had lately been sold and bought, and the freedom we were bold enough to take, and which we had known how to hold on to and enlarge, still gave us no feeling of security, but much anxiety. We dared not even show an "official" joy, for fear it might be misinterpreted in high places.

But in the meantime a younger generation had succeeded, one that had grown up in the first years of freedom and had not the anxious prudence of their elders, but were rather possessed with a spirit of indignation, defiance, and a restlessness like the ocean; they lived in morning hours of freedom and honor, and on these morning hours stole Ole Bull's notes, like the glittering of the first sunbeams on the mountains.

At that time national airs had just forced their way. In music, too, the democratic had broken in on the aristocratic, the national on the abstract, the individual on the ideally formal. It was our honor and our destiny to come forward then.

When we talk with older people—I was myself a child then—of when they saw the majestic form of the Norwegian who suddenly appeared, not here—no, in the world's highest places, among its emperors and kings, on the great opera stage of a thousand cities, and played with a wild enthusiasm which only one man before him had possessed, but which in Ole Bull was individual, heartfelt and Norwegian; when they read how he stood and sang his national airs from his violin, and felt that the people's soul had melted into ours, while strangers laughed and wept, and behind him caught a glimpse of our people and our beautiful land, . . . then we can understand the promise, the certainty, the faith, the pride he awakened—he first—in the life of Norwegian freedom. This is what Henrik Wergeland expresses, when he bids Norway sing to Ole Bull:

O, vant tie Sønnens Verdensry,  
Mit Oje funkler op paa ny.

Drag hen, min Søn, den samme Lyst,  
Har rørt sig Din Moders Bryst.

Oh, quick to see my children's fame,  
Mine eye light up with brighter flame.

Go forth, my son, thy mother's breast  
Has oft been stirred with like unrest.

When he came home from his first tours, it was a festival just to see him. As he played the melodious tales, which we had hidden away shame-faced with other recollections of childhood, but which had now been admired by kings and emperors, the generation which had then come forward felt itself on the highest summit of existence; Ole Bull became the first and the greatest inspiration in the life of these people; he gave us confidence in ourselves, the greatest thing that at that time could be given us.

This is Ole Bull's undying honor, this is the most essential work of his life.

If you will measure the depth of an impression, go to its expression in literature. Read Welhaven's poem to Ole Bull, written at this time. Those who know something of European literature, do not hesitate to say that it is among the finest specimens of lyric poetry.

How came he to be the one to do this? He was born of a musical race, but this would not have been enough of itself; his genius was fired by love of country. His first childish plays fell in the time of our war of independence, his child's voice joined in the first hurrahs for our new-born liberty, and, when he was a young man—I know this for a certainty—his violin sang our national airs with an unfettered, exultant joy up in Henrik Wergeland's student-garret, and was the overture to his 17th of May speech which vibrated through the land.

With these inspirations Ole Bull set out.

Love of country was the creative power in his life. When he founded a Norwegian theatre, whenever he protected Norwegian art, when he gave his assistance to the National Museum, whenever his mighty violin sang for other patriotic objects, on all occasions when he helped his countrymen, or others who needed it, it was not so much for the sake of the cause or the individual, as for the glory of Norway. He always felt himself our representative. And if there seemed any call for him to appear—abroad or at home—as "Ole Olsen, violinist, the Norwegian Norseman from Norway," he never neglected the occasion. His love of country had something naïve and sensitive about it; at that time it could not be otherwise. But it was something for us that our most "elegant" man, coming from the most *spirituels salons* of Europe, could, and would go arm in arm with our petty Norse-Norwegian beginnings, even less elegant at that time than now. In the nature of things, beginnings cannot be aristocratic; they become so later, when they are fully formed and recognized by all; but then, as a rule, they are done with by that time.

Ole Bull's deep fidelity to all that was in harmony with his nature, spite of all his fickleness, has made him dear to the people; in other words it is his love of country which has done it.

So it was with Henrik Wergeland. These two were contemporaries and equals. One corresponded to the other, as the song of the forest to springtime in the fields, or as the ocean, the reefs, the restless mountain-ranges, the broken gleams of light on the slopes, and the fickle shifting of light and shadow in our westland, answer to the eastland's wooded hills and rich expanse of country with the radiant mirror of Mjøsen. The one was the Westland's blue boy with sea-salt wit and restless Viking-spirit; the other was the Eastland's gray boy; undoubtedly Henrik Wergeland had his share of Westland blood, but his mind took its color from the grand, mild, far-horizoned Eastland landscape, where mountains are seen in the distance.

When Ole Bull spoke of his art, he had a habit of saying that he had learned to sing of the Italians; this was undeniable; the external form of his song was learned there; but its power and coloring were from the soul in our soul, and its message came direct to us in national airs, as they glowed for the fancy of Ole Bull. A mature world's artist once said to me: "Ole Bull's faults are more noticeable, the older he grows; but no artist of our time has possessed his poetic power. A tune has never been better played than he played it in his best moments." I think, every one capable of judging, who has heard him, would say the same.

A complaint has been made that Ole Bull left no great musical works. This is unreasonable. One who could take us captive on the spot so completely as he, could do no more; the conditions for this talent exclude the other, and most completely where the talent is greatest.

But it was something for us at that time, and it is always something for a small nation, to have among them a man of the first order. It quickened our apprehension of what was great, it lengthened our measure of human capabilities, it increased the power of contest, and that through every range of endeavor.

Let us here by the grave of our greatest pronounce all honor to the artists amongst us who open the way for others, who have not only created followers in their own art, but have aroused ambition, rivalry, and a joy in existence, wherever it may be; this increases the moral and intellectual capacity for work—the greatest legacy that can be bequeathed.

I like best to recall him in the great processions in Bergen, on the 17th of May; he was a triumph-

<sup>1</sup> See last number.

ant procession in himself; as his majestic and enchanting figure moved along, a movement of the hand, a glance of the eye, was sufficient to kindle us with enthusiasm.

Thus arm in arm with our whole national movement, ennobling it, taking into his affection the greatest with the least and exalting all; this was his life, and its faithfulness.

Such a patriotism rewards its possessor with miracles. When I read that he who came home every year with the summer-birds, was coming again this year, and that love of country was strong enough to bear him to us, spite of distance, the dissuasion of his physicians and other obstacles, then I thought of Henrik Wergeland's words to Robert Major:

"Først did og saa til Himlen vilde den gamle graa Republikan." (First for home, and then for Heaven he longed, the gray, old Republican.)

His eye would embrace the land he loved ere it closed forever. This constancy in Ole Bull you will reward with constancy. For my part I repeat; I will be faithful to Ole Bull.

Countrymen, let us not go hence without thanking her who did what a whole nation should have done, but what it is hardly in the power of a nation to do with their best will—who made a home of comfort and beauty for his old age, and followed his life in untiring self-sacrifice. In happy, child-like moments he would speak of her to us, his friends, with touching gratitude; to that we can testify.

One thing is certain, what we to-day bury with him are his faults. If there is anything that bears witness to the superiority of good over evil in human nature, it is this, that the moment death enters, he makes clear to us that the faults and excellencies of a life were inseparably bound together. Love, to whom alone all its secrets are known, takes on herself their transfiguration. Ole Bull's faults were those of a spoiled child; of course these are most felt in daily intercourse, so that his wife's task has often been a difficult one. But she has accomplished it with assurance and faithfulness. His last words were a prayer to friends to protect her. We repeat it to the whole country, when we beg that our reverential gratitude may ever follow her footsteps among us.

Hitherto, when we have made a speech in honor of Ole Bull, we have closed with a "Long live Ole Bull!" That we can never do again—although he is not dead for us—he follows each one of us now to our homes. But I will close with an injunction to the young; it cannot invoke their faithfulness to him who is gone, for they have not our understanding of him. But by this grave let them note the miracles worked by love of country, as they are revealed in the rich career here closed.

## THE HISTORY OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

[Herr Ernst Paner has been giving, in London, a course of six lectures on this special branch of musical history, which, as reported in the *Musical Standard*, will be of interest and profit, we believe, to many of our readers. Here is the first, delivered on the 12th November, in the Lecture Theatre of South Kensington Museum.]

### I.

Pianoforte playing, if not exactly a universal occupation, is one in which very many, and ladies especially, take an interest. Through it most of us become acquainted with the art of music, and it is found very conducive to social pleasure, being thus both useful and agreeable. To judge of this occupation rightly, we must know its origin and development, and few phases of musical history have more charm. We have to note its modest beginnings, changes, growth, and the relation and connection of its practical phases with the general development of music. Before considering the present manner of pianoforte playing, we

must understand the nature of the instruments our forefathers used, and how much greater are our means than were theirs. The harpsichord, clavichord, and clavecin had a much smaller compass—only four octaves, instead of seven. Their tone was feeble; that of the modern piano is full and rich. In the old instruments the sound was produced by forks with a plectrum, and the strings were twanged. As the heavier or lighter pressure of the finger on the keys made no difference in the tone, the harpsichord had two key-boards, one for loud, the other for soft sounds; some also had stops for modifying the tone. We see, then, that the business of playing was connected with mechanical contrivances which made it difficult. A kind of soft pedal, *voix celeste*, was latterly introduced into some of the harpsichords, but their resources were always very limited, and not to be compared to those of the pianoforte. The hammers of the latter enabled the player to make the tone loud or soft by the pressure of the finger. The executant thus became more free, and there arose a new spirit, a new mode of execution, and more individual feeling.

Carl Emanuel Bach was the first to see the necessity of adapting the style of composition to the improved instruments. The music of Sebastian Bach was founded on the scientific part of the art; and only in a few of his works, as for instance, the "Chromatic Fantasia," was there a kind of prescience of the future style. Emanuel's method was freer, and he abandoned the Suite for the Sonata form. The Suite, it must be remembered, consisted of a series of short dance movements—prelude, allemande, courante, sarabande, gavotte, or bourrée, and gigue. The prelude was not always strictly in 4-4 time; it might be in 3-4, but the allemande was confined to 4-4 time, and the courante to 3-4 time. Both these were quick movements, but the sarabande was earnest and expressive, and admitted of *agréments* in the parts repeated. While the allemande and courante displayed brilliancy, the sarabande showed grace, taste, and even tenderness. The gavotte or bourrée which followed was lively, in 4-4 time, and the gigue, which closed, was the liveliest of all. The Suite presented rhythm, accent, and expression; but it suffered from monotony, because all the movements were in one key. These dances have a quaint charm, and the frequent use by present composers of the gavotte and gigue shows the vitality of the form. The Sonata is a condensed suite, and represents these dance forms. While the suite depended on rhythm, the Sonata gave play to the composer's feeling and taste, and his capacity for portraying psychological conditions.

These introductory remarks are necessary to map out our ground, and to show the different stages of pianoforte playing till its present high point of perfection. If we can give an undisturbed half-hour to one of Bach's Suites or Partitas, we are struck by its patriarchal, sedate character, showing the earnest, yet genial nature of the composer, so entirely free from the haste and excitement of writers now. We experience a comfortable, soothing sensation, and to be in accord with this, the performance must be without passion or exaggeration, quiet and serene. We must transport ourselves to a time when people lived in a week what we go through in a single day. Bach's own style of playing was quiet and clear, the time rather animated. The fingers were bent, and the points held down in a vertical direction, a position not practicable now; but the polyphonic style of Bach's time necessitated perfect independence of the fingers, in fugues the great difficulty being to give distinctness to the subject, and to mark by the accent its entrance in augmentation or diminution. Fugue-playing is always difficult, requiring, as it does, the most strict attention and loyal devotion from

the performer. A practical example shall now be given of the style of this performance, which is so different from that in which a Nocturne of Chopin or a Polonaise of Weber must be rendered.

Having played the prelude, allemande, courante, sarabande and minuet from Bach's "Partita in B-flat," "Prelude and Fugue in C," and "Gavotte from the Third English Suite," the lecturer passed on to the new style of composition, to which the capacity of playing loudly or softly gave rise.

If formerly an objective or external view had prevailed, the greater facilities of the pianoforte allowed more personal feeling. Emanuel Bach saw the necessity for altering the style, and his successful attempt proved the germ of the ultimate developments of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. He discarded the suite for the sonata, and, as we see, abandoned the polyphonic style; for his melodies are so poorly accompanied that, for the modern ear it is necessary to fill up the parts; this not from any lack of invention on his part, but from his desire to make the melody supreme. "Methinks," he said, "music should move the heart, and this cannot be done by thumping an endless *arpeggio*. Despite the want of sustaining power of the piano, we must endeavor to play in a singing style.

Exactness, brilliancy, and decision in time, a knowledge of thorough bass, a general clearness, a judicious application of graces, and last, not least, the adaptation of individual feeling to the demands of the composition, were further requisites; he also laid stress on punctuation, a due observation of the pauses being as necessary in musical as in rhetorical declamation. The end of a period must be made intelligible by a softer sound, the entrance of a new phrase by a stronger accent, as in speech. Half-cadenences may be compared to the colon, false-cadenences to the comma, intimate indeed being the relations between music and speech. Distinctness is very dependent on right accent, and he, said E. Bach, was the best performer who most nearly imitated the human voice. This composer introduced a warmer life, the germ of the lyrical expression of the later masters. The "Sonata in A" illustrates the difference between the music of father and son.

After giving an appropriate rendering of this work, Herr Paner described the different character of North and South German music. Although Haydn closely followed the model of Emanuel Bach, the spirit and melodies of the sonatas were very different. The difference between the North and South is greater than might be expected. The former is deficient in melody and spontaneity, and is marked by sobriety and a strict adherence to rules; but the spirit of the South is easy-going, jocular, and trustful of its own powers; it does not rest on science, but on art. Yet all the great geniuses knew that science was the foundation of art, and judiciously blended both. Another difference between Haydn and his predecessor is the influence which his orchestral studies had on his piano compositions. Consequently, there is more variety in Haydn than in E. Bach. The relation between a musician's composing and execution is intimate. "Tell me," says the old proverb, "who your friends are, and I will tell you what you are;" and of the musicians we may say: as they wrote, so they played. It is therefore not dangerous to judge of the style of the old composer's playing. Haydn was not a great player, although he played on several instruments; but he could not have had much time for the clavecin. He had an old worn spinet, on which he used to play with musicianly care and thoughtfulness. Haydn's progress on Bach was shown in additional power, strength, life and nerve, and a greater wealth of ideas. The qual-



ities required for playing Haydn are those which characterize the composer—a desire to please with sweet melodies, good nature, refinement, cheerfulness, geniality, and nothing that is fragmentary. The Northern composers are not so popular as the Southern, for “what comes from the heart goes to the heart.” Haydn requires in comparison more variety of treatment, expression, humor, animation, and action, to bring out his beauties.

In summing up, we may say that the basis of Bach was the most solid that could be wished—rule, order, and correctness, and that his music requires strict attention; not much physical effort, but great individuality of tone. With E. Bach the tone-coloring is richer, the rules are relaxed, and individual feeling comes into the foreground; while in Haydn still greater freedom is attained.

Herr Pauer concluded with a performance of Haydn's “Sonata in E-flat.”

### TILTON'S LANDSCAPES.

There are at present in this country some landscapes of very extraordinary character and of the highest merit, the works of an American artist who has for many years been a resident of Rome—J. Rollins Tilton. Though his name may be unfamiliar to the majority of the readers of this journal, yet it is one well-known to art-connoisseurs in European countries, and known with honor. There are in the collection some nineteen oil-paintings, of which seven are large and important works, and the remainder, small, but perfect gems. These landscapes are among the most remarkable which have ever been exposed to public curiosity in this country, and yet they are the legitimate outcome of the highest artistic culture in what may be styled the American school of landscape. This is based upon reverent observation of nature, and a determination to obtain as much of her overflowing fulness as possible. To the student of art, who has enlarged his views by slow and minute observation of European galleries, it is obvious that, if this view of art be not supplemented by a comprehension of the importance of what is known as *treatment*, it will be topography, photographically rendered, but it will not be landscape. The names of many such topographic artists must occur to the mind of the reader at once, but it will be unnecessary to name more than one, a famous one, Frederick Church. This artist represents the basis of Mr. Tilton's style, but upon that foundation Mr. Tilton has erected a glorious superstructure of the highest art. He has developed exactly as Hobbima and Ruysdael developed, and he has done so evidently by the most careful, profound, and absorbing study of the good English landscape painters, Crome, Turner (in his earlier works) and Constable, but more especially of the old masters, Titian and Claude Lorraine. To the study of these men he owes the artistic part of his treatment, and the other half comes from the peculiar character of his own mind. He sees nature as a poet sees it, but he has a special love amounting almost to idolatry for old ruins, for the archaeological side of landscape. In this particular he excels all the men who have ever painted a landscape containing a ruin.

In the attempt to analyze his very peculiar style, I would hazard the supposition that he studied Crome and Turner to understand their methods of painting large spaces of land with considerable detail, and yet preserving a forcible general tone. Next, it seems to me that he studied Constable to get from him his secret of presenting the freshness and the poetic charm of natural scenery. But if I do not mistake, he must have been dissatisfied with their technique, and especially with their chiaroscuro. Crome was patchy. Turner's general color was true at the expense of local truth, and in his effort to obtain chiaroscuro he often sacrificed truth of form. Constable had a technique of laying on colors which was manneristic, and so careless that many of his pictures have gone to pieces and are simple ruins. Our American artist reveals in his pictures, that he was as much impressed by the

faults as he was by the merits of these artists, and he seems to have been so afraid of falling into their errors that he left them as guides and went on to the old masters in pursuit of excellences unblemished by great defects. He found in Claude Lorraine the landscape school which seemed to him pre-eminent for its union of color, clearness of form, abundance of detail, and wide sweep of canvas, joined to deep feeling for nature. Still he did not find in Claude the mystery and charm of shadow, nor did he find a technique giving possibilities of immense power. So he journeyed on till he found Titian, and with him his artistic cravings seem to have been satisfied. The extraordinary impasto of the Venetian, his method of obtaining all the qualities of art, his strong tone, his fine local color, his subtlety and his repose, full of strength, appear to have satisfied Tilton's mind. But though my analysis of his pictures would lead me to suppose that he studied all these men, he never copied them. Here and there are paintings which betray when the influence of Titian or of Claude was more strongly felt than at other times. Broadly, however, it may be stated, that he formed a style of his own, which down in the foundation is truly American. And, moreover, the peculiarity of his temperament, which is distinctively archaeological as well as poetical, made him lay great stress upon those details of his landscapes which are architectural. His subjects are taken from places where this passion could revel and expatiate to the fullest. The noble view of Rome from the Aventine Hill, the landscape of the Alhambra and Granada with a background of the Sierra Nevada, the superb view of Cairo, the (in the opinion of the writer), master-piece of the Temple of Minerva in the Island of Egina, the view of Tivoli with the great Byzantine tower of the convent of Santa Anna in the foreground, the very poetical landscape of the acropolis of Athens, the little gem of the Torre del Schiavo and the Roman Campagna, the other little gem of the Greek Theatre in Sicily, all show the passionate bias in his mind for the archaeology of architecture. The world has been so knit in the latter days by railroads and steamboats that these scenes must be familiar to many of the readers of this sketch who can answer for their extreme fidelity. And yet they are not presented topographically nor photographically. The end which Tilton proposed to himself was to preserve the idea of all American artists of the old school, viz., to present accurately the scenes which they painted, but at the same time to do this artistically. It is to be understood that the severest critic does not demand this in landscape. Turner, in some of his finest pictures of Venetian scenes, presented views that are impossible. But this was no fault, for it is an agreed canon having the force of an axiom that the *treatment* of landscape is the important point. Tilton recognized this clearly, and studied most diligently to obtain it, but he would not let go of his fidelity to his subject which he had learned in America. His dream was to have the minute fidelity of Meissonier as far as large landscapes permit, or in other words, without being microscopic, and at the same time to make his subject wear a fine veil of treatment that should be artistic in the highest degree and poetic too.

I have endeavored to show how he developed the artistic side of his treatment, and what masters he pursued. He realized perfectly that, to get out the poetry that was in him, he must study nobody, but go down into the depths of his own heart. He seems to have done this, and to have found that the secret of success in this was to reproduce those things which struck the chords of poesy in himself and made them eloquent. He, I think, analyzed his emotions, and discovered that the things which made him feel emotional, were great distances and the feeling of atmosphere in them, and skies that were remote, and colors that at the last lingering moment of sunset seemed to fade into the infinitude of space. Everything that suggested the vague and the far away, that linked itself to the highest imaginative faculty of the mind, appealed forcibly to him, and he determined that his treatment should reflect and recall them. And as in his peculiar nature the views that lie scattered so thickly over

the Mediterranean lands were inexpressibly dear, he analyzed that feeling also, and found it proceeded from its connection with long lengths of untold history, vague, but big with possibilities of discoveries yet to be made of heroic marbles yet to be dug up, of literature to be unriched, of poetry to be recovered from Lethæan lands. But such scenes were not only suggestive, they were melancholy in a high degree, the pleasing melancholy of Shakespeare's Jaques, coupled with the sadness which seems inseparable from large horizons, long intervals of time or anything which, recalling the infinite, bids man remember his finiteness and his littleness. It is astonishing how music and color can touch the chords of these emotions and make them thrill melodiously. It is hard to say why certain notes suggest these thoughts, but they do suggest them. Similarly certain arrangements of grays, purples, violets, have the same effect, a fact well-known to the impression school. With them this becomes a mere manneristic trick, being presented without any artistic form, and with the newest and crudest chiaroscuro, so that it is a perfect parallel of Dickens's pathos in the description of death-bed scenes, which resulted in novels that were nothing but a series of deaths, like Bleak House. This is not the way in which Tilton has rendered this melancholy feeling. His temple of Minerva is an admirable instance of the legitimate and artistic use of grays.

This very important picture, which is No. 4 of the collection, is worthy of first mention, not because it is absolutely the best, for in liquidity it is excelled by several of the smaller pictures, and in technical conquest of difficulties it is surpassed by the view of Rome, but because it is the most essentially Tilton, and represents the artist strong with all he has learned from others, but unbiased by them. And this I think was the result of Tilton's overpowering passion for the archaeological, which made him more than usually poetic in his treatment, and compelled him to fall back upon his own intellect for a composition which should tell what he felt in his own mind when he first saw these stupendous ruins. Many of my readers have seen this memorial of the oldest, the grandest civilization of the Hellenic peoples; but those who have, must acknowledge that Tilton has presented the scene not only with the most perfect fidelity, but in a manner that reveals to them much that they never saw, and never felt. They may have delighted in the olive trees, they may have felt the beauty of the blue sea, they may have, though 'tis doubtful, recognized the colossal thought of the architecture, they may have even witnessed the scene at sunset and admired the purple, hazy masses of the mountainous mainland. But to have put all these things together, to have enveloped them in a tone of the tenderest melancholy, and to have made all culminate in a violet sky that recedes and recedes far back until the observation of the mind and the suggestions excited by it mingle together irresistibly, and will not be separated,—to do this was beyond the power of any one but a painter. Yes, and a painter second to none.

In this splendid picture there is an admirable example of the strength and subtlety which accompany simplicity of treatment in the hands of a master-painter. The foreground is most simple. To the right, the rocky ground is encumbered with broken masses of columns, among which grow cactuses and other semi-tropical vegetation; to the left, are olive trees, blooming, flourishing, delightful as they were when the temple was reared, as they were when myriad Hellenic worshippers adored the divine Pallas; as they were when the religion of Christ came to bless the world, and the shrines were abandoned, and the temple ruined; as they were when Turk and Tartar roamed over the island at their free will, robbing all, despoiling all, destroying all. Pallas has passed away, but the gift of Pallas remains. From the foreground the landscape slowly mounts the hilly ground on whose summit the priests of old placed their master-piece of archaic architecture. The artist has faithfully rendered all that remains, the few colossal columns with here and there a huge architrave still in place, and the chaotic litter of fragments lying around. All this,

save the blooming olive trees, is painted in cold, sad tones. The hand of the artist reproduces his feelings. He is awe-struck by the stupendous ruins; he is chilled by inexpressibly complicated emotions of a sadness which is more than melancholy. The gray tones are cheerless, the hues of the columns and the fragments are uncompromisingly, severely sad, almost tragic. Then beyond comes the beautiful Mediterranean, the lovely Levant, with the peculiar hue of the shallow waters where there are soundings, and where the blue is confounded with a delicate feeling of green. We feel more cheerful, and we raise our eyes that were sadly bent upon the ground, and we see the purple gradations of the mountains of the mainland, and we are cheered, and we look still upward, and we see the violet sky that progresses into an indescribable tone of light and color and joy and promise. It is a most wonderful sky. Turner never painted such a one, for with all his powers and feeling for color, he had not the subtlety of the American. The passage of emotion in this picture is a triumph of subtle treatment. At first glance the coldness of the ruins may repel an impatient observer, but those who will give to it a little patient investigation will be amply repaid by the culmination of joyous, exquisite color in the background and sky.

(Conclusion in next number.)

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1881.

ANOTHER YEAR! This New Year's number is the beginning of another volume of our Journal — VOLUME XLI. A Title-page and Index for the past two volumes (to be bound in one) will be furnished in a few weeks.

The *Journal* needs subscribers — twice as many as it has — to be at all remunerative to the editor, who is also sole proprietor, and has it published at his own risk. That beautiful and generous "testimonial" (acknowledged in our last number) to the value of our thirty-nine years of editorial labor in the cause of Music — labor never lucrative — inspires the hope of larger patronage and more assured and adequate support from this time forward. We have set sail once more at a venture; we may be driven back by contrary winds, or find ourselves "becalmed at sea." It rests with our subscribers and with our advertising patrons whether we shall complete a "prosperous voyage," as typified and promised in that concluding Overture of the Testimonial Concert.

If each subscriber, besides renewing his own subscription, will send to our publishers (Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park Street), the name and pledge of *at least one more* (say in the course of the next fortnight), the continuance, and we trust also the improvement of the *Journal* will be secured.

An extra edition of this and several succeeding numbers will be printed for gratuitous distribution. The attention of advertisers is requested to this fact.

### CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

The observance of the great Christian festival grows year by year more general and hearty, conquering the old Puritanic prejudices. Buying and distributing presents seems to have become the business of the season with eager, endless crowds of people, happy, albeit much perplexed in the delicate problems of "selection of the fittest." Many of the churches had inspiring ser-

vices, in which music naturally bore a large part. Each organist and choir director was emulous to bring forth as good as anybody from his stores of old and new, many seizing the occasion to air his own productions in the form of anthem, Benedictus, or Te Deum.

But the grand and central feature of the musical cultus at this season is, and ever will be, the Christmas oratorio, *par excellence*, Handel's *Messiah*. It would be well if we could always have, also, at some time during the same week, some portions of Bach's Christmas oratorio. But we are always thankful for Handel, and our old Handel and Haydn Society keeps up the tradition with all the old enthusiasm and with more knowledge, means and faculty. The performance of last Sunday evening was a remarkably good one, as a whole. The chorus ranks were full in numbers and better placed than heretofore, so as to come in better range with audience and one another. The parts were well balanced, and the superior brilliancy and power of the tone-masses told of large accessions of fresh, select young voices. Their singing was excellent throughout; prompt and sure in attack, clear and true in phrasing, firmly sustained, and sensitive to every hint of light and shade. Such chorus singing made us regret the necessary omission (on account of length) of several of the best choruses, such as: "And with His Stripes," "Great was the Company of Preachers," etc. The orchestra, too, was uncommonly efficient, Mr. Listemann heading the excellent body of first violins; and there were plenty of double basses, while the great organ, under Mr. Lang's hands, lent judicious, unmistakable support wherever it was needed. The additional accompaniments by Robert Franz, in some numbers for which Mozart had failed to do that service, helped greatly to bring out the beauty and the richness of the composer's meaning. In spite of John Bull's critics, who would hold us to the letter of the hasty sketches which Handel left us in his scores, we doubt not that could the old giant have been present, his big wig would have vibrated with true satisfaction at finding his hints so finely apprehended and carried out.

Chief among the solo singers was of course Mr. George Henschel, the distinguished baritone. He was in splendid voice this time, giving out his tones with more than usual brilliancy and power. With the exception of a few lower tones, the voice was musical, rich, freely vibrating, and exceedingly expressive. His execution, technically, was singularly perfect, and his interpretation of the great bass recitatives and arias as satisfactory as any that we ever listened to. Sure of his ground, he takes his own tempos, and, to our feeling, the graphic scene: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light," gained by being taken slower than we have been accustomed to hear it, while in the dramatic spirit, accent, and coloring, this artist always proves himself superior, bringing out the point and passion of the music very vividly. "Why do the heathen rage," and "The trumpet shall sound," were given with an electrifying power. Such an artist and musician, having likewise the imaginative quality, seems to do more than merely sing his part. His part implies the rest, and puts, as it were, a vitalizing gloss upon the oratorio as a whole. It was pleasant to watch the interest he took in the entire performance.

Mr. W. C. Tower has gained in the art of managing his noble and robust tenor voice. He renders the music conscientiously and intelligently; yet there is a good deal of the rough diamond about him, the tones often lacking smoothness, and not very sympathetic in the tender passages, however well conceived. He had his opportunity, however, in the tough, stern melody of

"Thou shalt break them," which he improved emphatically.

Miss Drasdil's wonderfully rich contralto tones seemed somewhat more homogeneous and mutually assimilated than when we have heard her before. She, too, sang carefully and conscientiously, often in a large if not a noble style; but the pathetic melody, like "He was despised," suffered, as it seems to us, from artificial excess of pathos. The soprano solos were entrusted to Mrs. H. F. Knowles, whom we had never heard before upon so large a field. Her voice is of good even calibre, bright and musical in quality, carefully trained, and equal to so sustained an effort, albeit, not particularly sympathetic; a slight shade of hoarseness, too, — whether accidental or chronic, we could not determine — was never wholly lifted from its tones throughout the evening. It was good honest singing; a well-prepared, intelligent and thoughtful rendering and interpretation of the music. A pleasing air at once of dignity and frankness bespoke favor for the lady, who probably will sing with less restraint, and more from heart to heart, when she becomes more at home in so large and difficult a sphere of art.

As an evidence of the increased importance now attached to music in the religious services of Christmas day, we may mention the fact, that in two of our churches, one Catholic, the other Unitarian, the short oratorio of *Noël*, by Saint-Saëns, was performed. It was given entire, with chorus, orchestra and quartet of soli, in the St. James Catholic Church, under the direction of Dr. Bulard. The other performance was under Mr. B. J. Lang's direction, during the service at the Rev. Edward E. Hale's Church, where there was no chorus or orchestra, to be sure, but nearly the whole work was sung by the regular quartet choir of the society (Mrs. Julia Houston West, Mrs. Kate Rametti Winch, and Messrs. W. J. and J. F. Winch), Mr. Lang playing the accompaniment, the pastoral prelude, etc., on the organ. The music proved both edifying and artistically pleasing. Many other programmes of musical services on Christmas day, would be worth recording if we had room.

### NEW MUSIC.

It was a curious study to compare the general run of concert programmes this winter with those of ten or twelve years ago. I mean programmes of concerts of the highest class; symphony concerts and chamber concerts properly so-called. What a flood of new things we are hearing to-day, and how few we got even a taste of then! "*E pur si muove*," cry some. In truth, it does move with a vengeance. Indeed, our musical world whirls round so fast just at present that there seems to be some danger of its sending a good deal of its old music flying off into vacant space by sheer centrifugal force. Long abstinence has so whetted our appetite for the music of the "modern lights," that we now rush at the feast spread before us with all the thoughtless fury of starved men. I say thoughtless, because we show too little regard for our digestion. We cram ourselves with new music in a somewhat insane way, giving ourselves hardly time to judge of the flavor; certainly no time to digest it. So much is provided that few of us can even attempt to do justice to any one dish; we go picking out a bite here, and nibbling a morsel there, in the most superficial way, and flatter ourselves that we are both feeding ourselves, and doing honor to the cooks who prepared the banquet. The truth is, that we are trying to perform a feat that would stagger an ostrich. We used to complain of the new composers being left out in the cold. Do we treat them much better now? By the way many

of our concert programmes are drawn up, we would think that the new composers were the merest skin-deep people in the world, to be heard, enjoyed, understood, and digested in a moment. New compositions of immense proportions, and supposably of very profound purport, are played off before our astonished ears in rapid succession, and we are invited to enjoy the performance.

This is bad. Bad for us, and bad for the music. It is bad for our musical sense to listen continually to music which we do not understand. And, mark this, we do not, and cannot understand one tithe of the new music we hear. Even the most ultra conservative must admit that the decline of musical genius since Robert Schumann cannot have been so rapid and terrible that the works of to-day are so shallow as to be comprehended and done for at a single sitting. The most "advanced" thinker will hardly claim that contemporary music is, as a rule, more clear in fervor, and perspicuous in thought than, say, the Mozart G-minor symphony. If any one tells us that he can appreciate and adequately enjoy the G-minor symphony at the first hearing, we laugh in his face. How much less, then, can he begin to understand most of the compositions written now-a-days? And, I repeat it, listening without understanding is bad for us; it induces a lazy musical habit. There are people who listen to music simply emotionally, and to whom the strongest and most violent emotions and effects are the most welcome. It is mainly those that enjoy themselves to the top of their bent in this whirl of new things. They talk of gorgeous orchestral coloring, overpowering effects, burning passion, and the like. Well, this sort of thing *can* be seen at a glance in the new music, or in most of it. But because you have seen this, do you think you have probed the depths of a composition, or even enjoyed it as it should be enjoyed? If you do, just go and tell Franz Liszt that such, or such an one of his works is made up of coloring effects, and passion, and see what a reception he will give you.

Modern composers have the ambition to write music, and pretty deep music too, and it is doing them the greatest possible injustice to indulge our appetite for novelty with this sort of "snap-listening," which can at least only result in the most imperfect kind of "snap judgment."

W. F. A.

#### CONCERT REVIEW.

We have to resume our record from the beginning of last month. First we try to recall (very imperfectly at best) some of the impressions of two of the concerts of the Harvard Musical Association.

SECOND HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT, Dec. 2, 1880. The Music Hall was not nearly so well filled as it should have been for so excellent an entertainment. How capricious is our Boston public! How careless whether the best music flourishes or languishes for want of steady, loyal, permanent support! How eager to run after novelties and indulge in each new craze about the actress, or the opera that is most advertised! How forgetful of the promise of last year! Well, it was a good concert nevertheless, and heartily enjoyed by the eight or nine hundred of appreciative listeners who were present. The programme was comparatively a light one, including two small symphonies, instead of the usual large one.

Symphony in C (No. 3, Wüllner Ed.). First time. Haydn  
Adagio; Allegro assai. — Andante. — Menuetto. —

Allegro assai.  
Pianoforte concerto, No. 2, in A. First time. . . . Liszt  
Max Pinner.

Symphony, No. 2, in A-minor, Op. 55. First  
time. . . . Saint-Saëns  
Allegro marcato. — Adagio. — Scherzo Presto. —

Prestissimo.  
Andante Spianato and Polonaise, Op. 22. . . . Chopin  
Max Pinner.

Overture to "Euryanthe". . . . . Weber

The little Haydn Symphony, never before heard here, was refreshing by its very simplicity and genial *naïveté*, as well as by its artistic symmetry and grace of form, after so many of the ugly, formless and perplexing new things as we have had of late. It abounds in lovely melody, cheerful, or sedate, or tender, and the various instruments are blended or contrasted with the happiest effect, still repeating the themes, but creating a delicious surprise each time. The andante is particularly beautiful, and has charming passages for the oboe and other wood wind instruments (but no clarinet). The little symphony was nicely played, and was, to many, one of the choice bits of the concert, and of the season.

The symphony by Saint-Saëns is also laid out on a small scale, having no trombones or extra pair of horns. It is in a very different vein from Haydn's, but for the most part full of interest and beauty. It is quite free from the extravagancies of the composer's "Symphonic Poems," and cast in the classical sonata form. The allegro is a vigorous and impassioned, fugue-like movement, sometimes suggesting Schumann. The very short adagio, which employs an English Horn, has a quaint and fascinating three-eight rhythm, and is a most delicate and charming fancy. The scherzo, too, has a seductive melody, and carries you through wonderful and charming places, now and then seeming as if inspired by recollections of the scherzo in the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. The swift Finale is full of fire, but spun out rather too long. The work had been carefully rehearsed, and gave great pleasure. — The *Euryanthe* Overture was splendidly interpreted.

In Mr. Max Pinner, a pupil of Liszt, who has for some years been settled in New York, confining himself mostly to the quiet occupation of a teacher, our Boston audience heard for the first time one of the best pianists in this country. Should he come again, there would certainly be more to hear him, for he made an admirable impression. His touch is singularly clear and life-some; full of character, you feel at once. In technique he is at once exact and free, and highly finished; and his whole style is sound, refined and gentlemanly, combining virile force with fine sensitiveness. There is no nonsense about his playing, no extravagance, or straining after false effect. He interprets honestly, intelligently, and feels and reproduces the spirit of the work in hand. Liszt's Second Concerto, which we like far better than the one in E-flat, although it abounds in startling contrasts, and much not easily understood at once, offers about as many formidable difficulties to the interpreter as any modern work. It has great passionate glooms, in which the whole modern orchestra storms at such a pitch, that it required all the Lisztian skill to write so that the piano could be heard above or through the brazen, deafening accompaniment; and it has moments of relief, strains of sweetest tenderness and beauty. Mr. Pinner was found equal to all its requirements. But it was in the Andante and Polonaise of Chopin that he made all the poetic sensibility and grace of his playing keenly appreciated; here the audience was delighted, and insisted on an encore, to which he responded by a piece of Taussig's. Mr. Max Pinner will be welcomed when he comes again to Boston. His quiet manner, covering so much intrinsic force and feeling, won us all.

— THIRD CONCERT, Dec. 16. Again an audience more select than numerous, despite the attractions of the following programme: —

Overture to "Alceste." First time. . . . . Gluck  
Violin concerto, No. 1, in G-minor. First time. . . . .

Timothée d'Adamowski.  
Symphonie Fantastique: "L'Épisode de la Vie d'un  
Artiste," Op. 14. Second time. . . . . Hector Berlioz

Leporello's aria: "Madamina! Il Catalogo  
è questo," from "Don Giovanni" . . . . . Mozart  
Clarence E. Hay.

Overture to "La Clemenza di Tito" . . . . . Mozart

The strange Opium Symphony of Berlioz, performed here for the first time last winter, was no doubt remembered with very various feelings: some were kept away, others attracted by its second announcement. And of those who came, some got a more agreeable impression of it (taken as a whole) than they did last year, and others were confirmed in their dislike, while yet discovering more beauties, more original imaginative power, more fertile invention in the course of its five scenes, or movements, than they had perceived before. It was also much more adequately interpreted this time, all the instruments being present with the exception of the two harps, for which pianofortes did duty. It cannot be denied that Berlioz had the gift of melody, if we may judge by the really beautiful melodic theme which runs through the whole work like a golden thread, and typifies the loved one of his dream. But why does he use the gift so sparingly, and why pervert it to such sensational, and sometimes monstrous uses? Who can forgive the artist, poet, supposed lover, when in the last scene, that horrid pandemonium, full of gibbering ghosts and monsters, funeral bells and most ingenious travesty of the *Dies iræ*, worked up together with the Rondo of the witches' Sabbath, he transforms that melody into a vulgar jig, and tricks it out with all sorts of twirls and curls and meretricious ornaments, making a wanton of the maid he loves! Is it not monstrous? Is it excuse to say that the whole dream is supposed to pass under the influence of opium? That might be an excuse in the necessities of actual life; but in the free, ideal, heavenly world of Art it has no business at all. When beauty, ideality is lost, there is no Art. It is just here that we feel the issue between the classical composers, and the new, the ingenious, audacious, un-ideal, realistic masters of the so-called "programme music." What a God-send, what a precious bit of heaven's sunshine, is the smallest, thinnest, most conventional symphony of Father Haydn, after such desperate graspings at originality! We can bear the preceding scene, the "March to Execution," for that is really grand and solemn, and does not descend to the ridiculous. In the first three scenes we find, as we did before, much beautiful, expressive, graphic, powerful music. The Scene in the Fields (*adagio*) pleasantly reminds one of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, and shows how strongly Berlioz was possessed by the Beethoven influence.

The two short overtures of Gluck and Mozart served well for introduction and conclusion (or say for gentle ascent and descent) to a concert dominated by such a great symphonic mountain in the middle. The overture to *Alceste*, simple as it is, is very dramatic and impressive, a worthy prelude to the old Greek tragedy; and Mozart's short overture to his last opera is spirited and brilliant.

Mr. Adamowski gave a very artistic, satisfactory rendering of the violin concerto by Bruch, a composition fresh and vigorous, free from all commonplace, and full of fire and beauty. At the same time it is very difficult. The young Polish artist played the first movement in a broad, firm, sustained style, with excellent phrasing and a great deal of nerve. The andante was interpreted — one might say sung upon the strings — with charming delicacy and truth of feeling. In the exacting, swift Finale, though he achieved it without flaw, we felt that he needs to develop into manlier strength before he can cope to good advantage with such a relentless stretch of difficult bravura; there was too much appearance of effort, and much of it sounded thin. But the audience were much delighted with his playing. Mr. Hay made a capital selection for himself in Leporello's aria, although he is no Italian to the manner born, and his solid, rich bass tones have hardly the unctuous quality to which the Italian buffos have accustomed us. His delivery, however, was extremely creditable, and the beauty of the Mozart music, with the fascinating orchestral accompaniment, made the piece highly acceptable after the *Sabbath* of the Berlioz Symphony.



**PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.** These concerts make almost a speciality of the new music. The programmes are full of the orchestral works of Liszt, Wagner, Brahms, Tschaiakowski, Svendsen, Berlioz, etc., sometimes "heaping Ossa upon Pelion" of exceptional and heavy novelties, which fatigue an audience and spoil musical digestion. We have no objection to the introduction of a reasonable allowance of these specimens into a programme mainly classical and familiar; but we are sure these concerts suffer, and many people are discouraged from attending them, by the fact that so much of the music is entirely new and unintelligible on a first hearing.

The third concert (Dec. 3,) was less overloaded in this way. There was the relief of a Beethoven Symphony—the *Pastorale*—which was beautifully played and very much appreciated. The concert opened with a new work, the long, elaborate, partly strong and brilliant, partly pathetic and dramatic overture to "Penthesilea," Op. 31, by Goldmark. It made so good an impression that we shall be glad to hear it again; and an opportunity is offered in the Harvard Concert of next Thursday. Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood gave a magnificent performance of Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasia, in C, as adapted for piano and orchestra by Liszt. The other orchestral selections were: a couple of rather pleasing Character Pieces, Op. 15, by Hoffmann ("Rest in the shadow of a Ruin," and "In the Sunshine,") and the "Pesther Carnival" by Liszt. Miss Fannie L. Barnes sang in good voice and style, and very pleasingly, the Rec. and Aria "Dove Sono," from Mozart's *Figaro*, and a canzonetta: "Mia Picciarella" from *Salvatore Rosa* by Gomez.

The fourth concert (Dec. 17) opened with the "Faust Symphonie," by Liszt, in three parts, a work over an hour in length, and mostly of the most strange and indigestible character, at least on a first hearing. The first part typifies Faust in his discontent and unrest; it is all groans and yearning, kept up at a fearful length, as if it were meant to describe mere physical colic agonies. Part II, "Gretchen" (*Andante Soave*) is in a sweeter strain, containing delicate, poetic passages; but that also is prolonged to weariness, and a certain uncomfortable feeling of unrest pervades it. In Part III, (*Allegro vivace, ironico*) Mephistopheles is introduced by somewhat the same sudden, sharp little piccolo phrase as that used by Berlioz. The movement is Mephistophelian and *ironical* enough, inasmuch as it travesties the motives of the preceding characters. All the daring and fantastic modern extravagancies of instrumental writing are made to startle and confuse us here. At the end comes in a chorus of voices, singing the symbolical final chorus of the Second Part of Goethe's *Faust*, about "the ever-Womanly," etc. The singing was unfortunate. The total impression of the work was most bewildering, much of the music seeming positively ugly; and the whole experience was depressing, wearisome and most unedifying. These are merely first impressions; we do not pretend to criticize until we know the work much better.

The same programme closed with the noisy *Kaiser Marsch* of Wagner. More agreeable things were: an *Andante Cantabile* for string orchestra, by Tschaiakowski, and two Hungarian Dances by Brahms.—Mr. Adolphe Fischer (first appearance in Boston) proved himself an admirable violoncellist by his performance of the Concerto in A-minor by Goltermann, and some smaller solos. His tone is remarkably clear and pure and telling, very even throughout the whole range, and his mastery of the instrument seems perfect. He plays in a charmingly unconstrained and genial style, and with great expression.

We need not say that Mr. Listemann's orchestra maintains its character for finished and effective execution. The last concert (Matinée) is postponed to next Wednesday, Jan. 5, when Mr. Ferabó will play his favorite piano-concerto by Norbert Burgmüller, and a MS. "Symphonie Waltz," by Mr. G. W. Chadwick, will be given for the first time.

We still lack room for the completion of our concert notices.

**CORRECTION.** Our ever welcome correspondent, Mrs. Ritter, speaking (in her letter in our last number) of the performance of the *Damnation de Faust* in New York, says: "The part of Mephistopheles, having been found, on the first performance, unsuited to Mr. Henschel, has been resumed by Mr. Remmert," etc. We parenthesized a query to this statement, and we have since learned that Mrs. R. was misinformed in this particular, the fact being that Mr. Henschel gave such satisfaction in the first performance, that he was at once re-engaged for all the subsequent performances; but, as he found himself bound to sing in *Elijah* at Chicago on the second night of *Faust* in New York, his place had to be supplied by Mr. Remmert.

#### MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 1880. On Saturday evening, Dec. 18, the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society gave its 2d concert with the following programme:

Ode to St. Cecilia's Day, . . . . . Handel  
(Miss Beebe, Soprano, Mr. W. C. Tower, Tenor.)  
Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra.  
4th Symphony, Op. 120, . . . . . Schumann  
"Welding of the Sword," . . . . . Wagner  
(Siegfried.)  
Mr. Tower and Mr. Trevmann.  
Symphonic Poem, "Orpheus," . . . . . Liszt  
Chorus of Dervishes,  
Turkish March,  
March and Chorus,  
(Ruins of Athens,) . . . . . Beethoven

Handel's quaint old composition was carefully given, and of course proved interesting as a relic of a past age; it apparently belongs to the Silurian epoch, and therefore must possess, so to speak, a certain geological value [Pshaw!] The chorus work was really effective, and much credit is due to Mr. Thomas for the large amount of patient drill, which must have been requisite in order to bring his forces to the point reached on this occasion. The sopranos were active and energetic, the male voices really excellent, while the contralto were weak and timorous; still the ensemble was creditable, and doubtless future concerts will develop noteworthy progress.

Of the soloists it is only necessary to say that Mr. Tower's force and manly vigor are most acceptable, and were especially manifested in the Wagner selection, which is unquestionably very trying to any human throat. It is evident that Wagner treats the voice precisely like an orchestral instrument, and that such trifling matters as fatigue or overstraining are not to be considered for a single moment.

The attraction of the evening was the superb symphony, which is simply perfect in form, and is full of genius from the first note to the last. This was well done, albeit a careful critic would wish that a few more orchestral rehearsals had been had. For some reason this work was substituted for the 3d Symphony (Op. 97) by the same composer.

Joseffy and Theo. Thomas have given four concerts at Steinway Hall, (the dates being Dec. 14, 16, 18, and 21,) and the following works have been given:—

Orchestral.	
Symphony, (G-minor), . . . . .	Mozart
3d Suite, "Roma," . . . . .	Bizet
Symphony, (F), . . . . .	Goetz
Symphonic Poem, "Joan of Arc," . . . . .	Moszkowsky
Concertos.	
Concerto, E-flat, Op. 73, (twice) . . . . .	Beethoven
1st Concerto, E-minor, . . . . .	Chopin
Concerto, F-minor, . . . . .	Henselt
2d Concerto, F-minor, . . . . .	Chopin
Concerto, (E-flat), . . . . .	Liszt

As will be observed, three of the symphonic works are rather new, and one of them, ("Joan of Arc") entirely so. Bizet's Suite is certainly a very attractive composition, especially the *Allegro Vivace* (2d movement,) which is full of grace and elegance, and most deftly instrumented. Mr. Thomas first produced it at the Metropolitan Hall Concerts, where it was quite successful. Goetz's Symphony—familiar, I think, to Bostonians—surprised and charmed us with its melodic phrases and its comparative freshness. The Moszkowsky "Poem" is a noble work, although it might as well be called anything as "Joan of Arc": its instrumentation is rich and varied, (although perilously resembling that of Raff, who is certainly the master of tone-coloring and instrumentation, while the themes are mostly original, and always full of meaning. It is to be hoped that it may again be heard during the present season; it proved a puzzle to our critics who, in most cases, do not dare to have an opinion of their own, but wisely wait until they have consulted their friends in the profession; this is the way in which our criticism is often managed, and it also explains why that criticism is so often uncertain and occasionally worthless. Bulwer used to say that it terribly warped his judgment to read a book before criticising it; and doubtless these wiseacres act upon that principle.

Joseffy was at home, as ever, in the Chopin Concertos, in which he always seems to revel; his touch has all the characteristic delicacy to which we have become so accustomed, and it will be exceedingly difficult for any one to give a more exquisite interpretation of those two lovely inspirations. But—Joseffy was guilty of the execrable taste of introducing octave passages, which are entirely out of consonance with the Chopin spirit, and which were very seldom well executed; this is simply atrocious, and as a display of impudence is unparalleled.

His rendering of the Beethoven Concerto was not as excellent as it should have been, for he took all kinds of liberty with the marks of expression, and even failed, in several instances, to play the notes correctly. It is to be deplored that so finished an artist and so admirable a pianist should consent to leave a sphere in which he is so pre-eminent in order to undertake works which have none of the genius of the piano-forte, and which were not even written for that instrument as it now exists.

Joseffy should confine himself to those things which are unmistakably within his province, and should decline to enter a territory so entirely foreign to his ability and—in a certain sense—so entirely beyond his ken.

There is a temporary lull in the musical season: the Italian Opera has emigrated to other regions; and we must wait until January 4, when Mr. Henschel will give his Second Recital, and the N. Y. Philharmonic Club its Third Soirée. I had forgotten for the moment, that Dr. Damrosch's Oratorio Society will give the *Messiah* on Wednesday evening, December 29, F.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23, 1880. Since my last letter to the *Journal*, our Beethoven Society have had their first concert. The performance consisted of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which was given by a chorus of one hundred and thirty, an orchestra of thirty men, the organ, and Miss Dutton, Mrs. Shippen, Mr. Charles Knorr, and the celebrated baritone, Mr. George Henschel, as soloists, with Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, conductor. Taking the

concert as a whole, it was one of the best performances that the Society has ever given us. Of course the interest centred about the rôle of *Elijah*, for much was expected from Mr. Henschel. His voice was not as large as we had expected, although he used it to its best advantage. The lower tones were weak for our hall, although the upper part of the voice seemed full and telling. His interpretation of *Elijah* differs widely from that of many singers I have heard. He gives dignity and calmness to the picture, but hardly that dramatic intensity that seems in keeping with the ideal *Elijah*. In the air: "Lord, God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel," the supplicating tones in the uttered prayer were given with much feeling. Yet there was not that picture of the emotional condition of the old prophets that should be indicated by a proper word-coloring. For *Elijah* was not only asking God's help, but he was also proclaiming His matchless power; and it is a prayer that shows faith, as well as a desire for aid. *Elijah* proclaimed the universality of God's power, for he called Him, not only the Lord of Abraham, but also of Isaac and all Israel. This matchless dignity that comes from a passion that is born of faith, was not pictured in Mr. Henschel's interpretation of the rôle. So also in the air: "It is enough, Lord, now take away my life," *Elijah*, when uttering such words, must have been mentally picturing out his whole life. He must have realized his own weakness, while the sins, sufferings, and troubles of the world and the people dear to him, came to his heart with such overpowering force, that his own nature was touched to its very core, and the whole man cried in very anguish "It is enough! Lord, now take away my life." It was good singing, from an educated and refined musician, but not a great effort. While I point out some things which seem in my humble opinion drawbacks to an adequate interpretation of the part of *Elijah*, I would most frankly admit that there was very much in his singing to enjoy. His style of delivery and his musicianship pleased me greatly, and delighted his audience. Some two evenings afterward he gave a song recital, with the following very fine programme:—

Novellets for Piano, Violin and Cello, . . . . .	Gade
a. <i>Allegro vivace</i> —b. <i>Andante con moto</i> .	
Messrs. Wolfsohn, Heimendahl and Liesegang.	
a. "Vittoria" Cantata, . . . . .	Carissini, 1650
b. Vieni, oh Cara, from "Agrappina," . . . . .	Handel
c. Mi da speranza, from "Almira," . . . . .	Handel
Mr. George Henschel.	
Rondo for Piano and Violin, B minor, . . . . .	Schubert
Messrs. Wolfsohn and Heimendahl.	
Songs: a. In questa tomba, . . . . .	Beethoven
b. Wolin, . . . . .	Schubert
c. Eifersucht und Stolz, . . . . .	Schubert
d. Es blinkt der Thau, . . . . .	Rubinstein
Mr. George Henschel.	
Fantasiestueck, "Begegnung," for Piano and Violoncello, . . . . .	Raff
Messrs. Wolfsohn and Liesegang.	
Ballade: "The Two Grenadiers," . . . . .	Schumann
Mr. George Henschel.	
Piano Solos: a. Nocturne, G-major, Op. 35, No. 2, . . . . .	Henschel
b. Gavotte in C-major, . . . . .	Henschel
Mr. George Henschel.	
Andante Sostenuto, from "Sonata," Op. 35, Piano and Violin, . . . . .	Dvorack
Messrs. Heimendahl and Wolfsohn.	
Three Songs from the "Trumpeter of Saeckingen," Op. 25, . . . . .	Henschel
Mr. George Henschel.	
Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello, D-major, . . . . .	Beethoven
<i>Allegro vivace e con brio</i> —Largo assai ed espressivo—Presto.	
Messrs. Wolfsohn, Heimendahl and Liesegang.	

His songs were all given with a great charm of manner and style, and were highly enjoyable. I admired his singing of Handel particularly. In the airs which he gave us from the early operas of this composer, the execution and method of delivery was very fine. In the German songs there was a life and power quite electrifying. He played his own accompaniments so that the whole conception indicated one soul united to one purpose. His delivery of the German songs was a great benefit to us, for in them there was an example worthy of emulation. We have to thank the Beethoven Society for bringing this cultivated musician to our city.

The new opera, *Mefistofele*, has been given three times in our city. So much has been written in regard to the work that I will but simply mention it. The great length of the opera, and its want of dramatic connection, seems to unfit it for stage representation. Goethe's great poem is too long and complex for a drama, although as a life of Faust it is a consistent work. To try to connect the two parts of the poem into one drama is a bold undertaking. Without a full knowledge of the poem, the stage representation, as given in this opera, would be difficult to understand. It might be called Scenes from Goethe's *Faust*, with much truth. Musically the work has some happy moments; but taken as a whole, it seems to lack that unity of idea that would give it beauty. I have strong doubts about its ever taking much of a position among the great operas.

Some mention has been made in regard to my hiding my identity in this correspondence with the *Journal*. I have endeavored to make my comments as dispassionate as possible, and had hoped to treat every one with all due courtesy; but in order that there may be no responsibility attached to any one but myself for my opinions, I will, hereafter, with your kind permission, sign my name in full. C. H. BRITAN.

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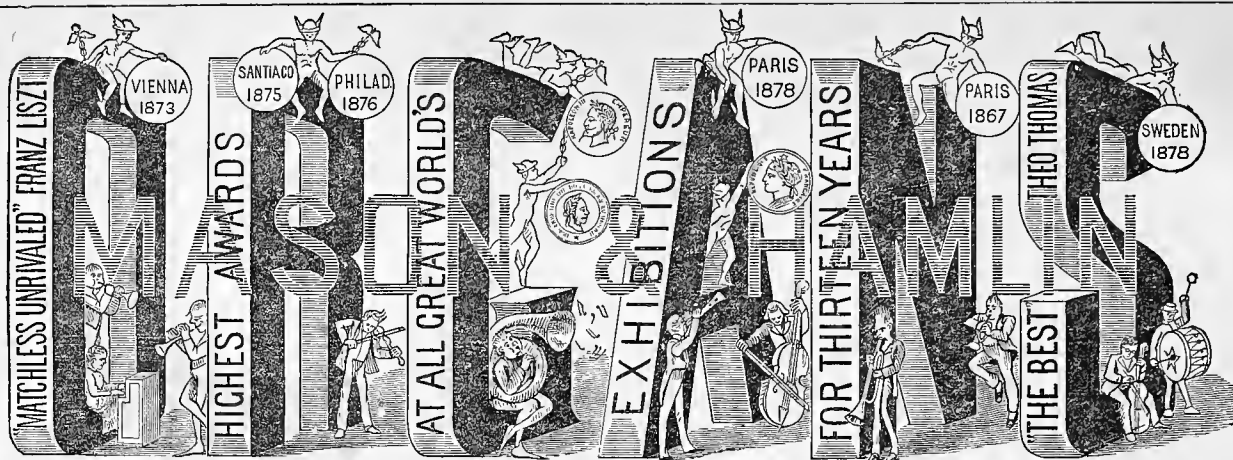
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Calendar of the Musical Season.

JANUARY, 1881.

15. Matinée of the Russian Pianist, Constantin Sternberg, Wilhelm, etc.
17. First Vocal Recital of Georg Henschel, with Miss Lillian Bailey, at the Meisnagon.
19. Second Concert of the Boylston Club, Music Hall.
20. Fifth Harvard Symphony Concert.
24. Second Cecilia — *Probably*.
24. First Thomas Orchestra Concert, with Joseffi, &c.
25. Second Piano Recital of Otto Bendix, at Wesleyan Hall.
26. Second Thomas Orchestra Concert, Music Hall.
28. Third Thomas Orchestra, "Damnation de Faust."
29. Matinee Thomas Orchestra, " " "
30. Handel and Haydn: Mozart's Requiem; Beethoven's Mount of Olives.
31. Second Recital of Georg Henschel.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

2. Third Euterpe. Beethoven Quintet Club.
3. Sixth Harvard Symphony.
- 4 and 9. Second Apollo Concerts.
8. Third Recital of Otto Bendix.
17. Seventh Harvard Symphony.

MARCH, 1881.

3. Eighth (Last) Harvard Symphony Concert.
14. Third Cecilia (*Probably*).
16. Third Concert of the Boylston Club.

APRIL, 1881.

15. (Good Friday). Handel and Haydn: Bach's Passion Music.
18. (Easter Sunday). Handel and Haydn Society: "St. Paul."

MAY, 1881.

2. Fourth Cecilia Concert (*Probably*).
18. Fourth Concert of the Boylston Club.

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The "*Sursum Corda*" destined to rescue Beethoven from his melancholy and restore him to the art to which he was the glory, came from Pesth, the ancient city of the Magyars. A large theatre was in course of erection there, and it was proposed to open it on the 4th October, 1811, so as to celebrate in a becoming manner the Emperor Francis' birthday. The inaugural programme included a lyrical prologue, a drama taken from Hungarian history, and a sort of allegorical and musical piece, like the prologue, to terminate the entertainment. The organizers of the scheme applied first to Henry von Collin, but the latter mistrusted his powers and declined the task. Kotzebue took advantage of Collin's scruples, and, relying on his own inexhaustible fecundity, accepted without hesitation. He proposed then and there the subjects for three pieces. *King Stephen* for the prologue, *The Ruins of Athens* to finish the entertainment, and *The Flight of King Bela* for a national drama. The last subject, however, was declined, and, of a truth, it seemed rather ill-advised to select it, when we reflect that, in the short space of five years, the Emperor Francis had on two occasions found himself under the hard necessity of leaving his capital before the invasion of French armies.

Kotzebue quickly completed his task and lost no time in handing over the MSS. of *King Stephen* and *The Ruins of Athens* to Beethoven, who had been chosen as his musical colleague. The two pieces are somewhat sorry lucubrations. Kotzebue, as Marx ingeniously expressed it, was a Midas reversed. The celebrated King of Phrygia was endowed

with the power of changing into gold all he touched; Kotzebue converted into vapid and vulgar prose the most poetical subjects, the instant he took them in hand.

The subject of *King Stephen, or the first Benefactor of Hungary*, is tolerably supportable. It is an episode from the life of Saint Stephen, the real founder of the Arpad dynasty. For this legend Beethoven wrote an overture, a triumphal march, six choruses, and some melo-dramatic music. With regard to the symbolical fable of *The Ruins of Athens*, it is distressingly puerile. Let the reader judge for himself from a summary analysis. Envious of his wisdom, Minerva does not protect Socrates from the iniquity of his judges. As a punishment, Jupiter sentences her to sleep for 2,000 years. Amid a savage district, in the recesses of a devastated cave, she lies buried in lethargic slumber, like Brunnhilde, the Valkyre, behind her rampart of flame. But the hour of her awakening has struck. Mysterious voices recall her to life, and Mercury, dispatched by the Master of the gods, comes to announce that the period of expiation is at an end. Scarcely has she recovered her senses ere she speeds off to Athens. But how is her heart wrung with grief! Her favorite city has lost its ancient splendor, and the whole of Greece is nothing more than a heap of ruins, submerged beneath the invading waves of the sectaries of Mahomet. Struck to the soul by the sight, she thinks of going to seek an asylum in Rome, but Mercury saves her the useless journey, by informing her that the old Latin city, like Athens, has become the prey of barbarians. The Muses, in affright, have fled from the inhospitable soil and sought a refuge—who would ever have thought it?—in the city of Pesth. So, to the Hungarian capital, on the banks of the Danube, we are transported at the signal given by the stage-carpenter's whistle. In the midst of a splendid triumphal procession, the cars of Thalia and Melpomene are beheld advancing, and the statues of the two goddesses are placed upon an altar. Suddenly, however, the lightning flashes through the sky, the thunder crashes, and, amid the hubbub of the tempest, Jupiter announces his will by the mouth of his High Priest: the bust of the Emperor must also be placed on the altar. This wish of the Master of the gods is too flattering for any hesitation to be manifested in carrying it out: the statue of the sovereign soon rises between Thalia and Melpomene, and the curtain falls while the smoke of incense and the multi-colored hues of Bengal fires envelop the Emperor in the brilliancy of an apotheosis. It would be impossible to imagine anything more vapid and more ridiculous, and it certainly needed all Beethoven's genius not to be wrecked on so grotesque a scenarium; but who would be so ill-advised as to dwell on these trifles, when he gives himself up to the whirling intoxication of the chorus of Dervishes; when he hears the march of Janissaries, with its coquettish coloring, or the stately flourishes of the triumphal procession! One thing surprises me, and that is that a man with such a literary mind as Mendelssohn

should have been mistaken as to the literary value of Kotzebue's lucubration. According to Henry Chorley, who travelled about in Switzerland with him, Mendelssohn held this stupid fable in high esteem. One day that the two companions were discussing the value of opera-librettos, Mendelssohn said: "We have not in all Germany a single poet capable of writing a good scenario for a lyric drama. Ah! if Kotzebue were only alive! He, at least, had ideas!" He then proceeded to praise *The Ruins of Athens*, "a simple occasional piece, for which the poet invented so simple and yet so ingenious a plan." "But there is no help for it," he added. "As Kotzebue is no longer here, I must be contented with Geibel's *Loreley*. The poor fellow has taken all kinds of trouble with the book." Then, in a fit of melancholy, and with a presentiment of his approaching end, he buried his head in his hands, and uttered the prophetic words: "But what good is it to make projects: I shall not live to carry them out."

Wretched as it is, Kotzebue's book is, however, indispensable for the full comprehension of Beethoven's score. Without it, more than one of the numbers, the overture, for instance, become an inexplicable enigma. At the Société des Concerts, where we have sometimes the delight of hearing fragments from *The Ruins of Athens*, the music ought, in my opinion, to be accompanied by a spoken programme, as in Germany. Such a literary guide, if written by a skillful pen, would leave the ridiculous features of Kotzebue's imaginings in desirable shade, while it cast a full light on Beethoven's fine conception. But, however this may be, the astounding inequality between the literary and the musical text, in *King Stephen* as well as in *The Ruins of Athens*, exhibits once more the superhuman grandeur of Beethoven's artistic character. Pressed for time, and quick at getting rid of an irksome task, Kotzebue slipped on the table a hastily scribbled manuscript. Beethoven was too familiar with the masters of poetry not to perceive at the first glance the inadequacy of the text, the nullity of which he had to disguise with his music. He knew, however, that the two works he had been asked to supply were intended for a special occasion, and doomed to perish with the festival which called them into being. No matter! He matured them in his mind, and did not let them issue from his hands till he had set upon them the stamp of his genius. Is not such profound respect as this for art deserving of the utmost veneration?

The first performance of *King Stephen* and *The Ruins of Athens* could not take place on the day originally fixed, as the inauguration of the Pesth Theatre had been postponed till Sunday, 9th February, 1812. Beethoven was not present at the ceremony, being detained in Vienna by his bad state of health. But the Hungarians welcomed most cordially his "original and magnificent music," as it is styled by the paper called *The Collector*, which has left us a summary account of it. The *Vienna Gazette* of the 19th February, 1812, wrote as follows:

"The new Theatre Royal, Pesth, was sol-

<sup>1</sup>From the article: "Beethoven's Later Years," in *Le Ménestrel*.

emly inaugurated on the 9th February, the edifice being very tastefully illuminated, both inside and out. The curtain rose on a prologue with choruses, entitled *The First Benefactor of Hungary*, and this was followed by a historical picture, *The Elevation of Pesth to the Rank of a Free City of the Empire*. The entertainment concluded with a piece with songs and chorus, *The Ruins of Athens*. The last, as well as the prologue, emanates from the pen of our celebrated dramatist, Herr Kotzebue, who wrote both to order and for this particular occasion. The music is by our worthy composer, Beethoven. The house was full and the success general."

In those days, as we perceive, reporters did not take advantage of their readers, but indulged in what some persons may consider an excessive degree of reserve. After all, I am not sure that this simple account was not as good as the inexhaustible information and the critical digressions of modern aristarchs. The two cantatas reawakened in Beethoven a wish to write for the stage. His correspondence at this period shows that he was again trying to find a subject for an opera. The first he thought of choosing was a French melodrama, *Les Ruines de Babylone*, which a Berlin amateur, Baron Dreiberg, sent him together with a collection of other pieces brought by the Baron from Paris. Beethoven forwarded the melodrama to his friend, the poet Treitschke, whom he asked to work with him. The following is what he wrote, under date of the 11th June, 1811, in reference to this matter:

"Have you time, my worthy Treitschke, to read the piece I have entrusted to you, and may I hope you will consent to set to work on it? Answer me on this point as soon as possible, for I am prevented from coming to you. When you have run through the pamphlet, be good enough to return it, for I should like to read it again myself before you took it in hand. I must particularly beg you to oblige me in this, if, that is to say, you consent to let my muse soar on the wings of your poetry."

The project assumed a certain amount of consistency, for Beethoven felt bound to mention it to Count Palfy, one of the directors of the Opera House, Vienna, and that gentleman appears to have lent a favorable ear to what the composer said, for, under date of the 3d July, 1811, we find another letter addressed to Treitschke:

"I have received the translation of the melodrama with a line from Palfy authorizing me to settle with you all the details of the matter. Nothing now hinders you from keeping your word. I put, therefore, the frank, straightforward question: Are you ready to fulfil your promise? I must know what I may expect."

The poet's reply was doubtless conformable to his correspondent's wish, for Beethoven was still devoting his attention to the piece, when he suddenly heard that a German translation of it by Castelli was about to be performed at the Theater an der Wien for the benefit of one of the actors there.

This "benefit," said Beethoven, venturing upon a verbal joke, was for him a thorough "malefit,"<sup>1</sup> and put an end to his project. He did not, however, renounce his idea, but set about looking for another subject and a fresh collaborator. For a moment, he thought he had found his man. It was Theodore

Koerner, both poet and musician, and seemingly predestined to produce lyrical dramas. He had come to Vienna during the month of August, 1811, and was introduced by Prince Lobkowitz to Beethoven. The two began almost directly to work together, though their collaboration eventually led to nothing. Koerner proposed as a subject, "The Return of Ulysses." It was well calculated to please the master whose favorite work was the *Odyssey*. Unfortunately, Koerner, engaged on other theatrical work, did not hurry himself in carrying out the plan which, with all its details, he and the illustrious composer had discussed at length together. Subsequently, when perhaps thinking of finishing the task he had so readily undertaken, the martial sound of the clarion suddenly tore him from his labors. Carried away by patriotic enthusiasm, he hastened to enlist in Lützow's Black Chasseurs, and ere long met with a glorious death on the field of battle. The project, like so many others which we have seen or shall see spring into existence, was consequently abandoned, and Beethoven had to return once more to his instrumental compositions. It seemed, indeed, as though some superior fatality obliged him, despite himself, to finish his symphonic labors and crown them by the colossal composition which is, at one and the same time, the supreme utterance of his genius and the culminating point of the style in which he rendered himself illustrious.

VICTOR WILDER.

## THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

MR. WILLIAM F. APTHORP'S LECTURES BEFORE  
THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.<sup>1</sup>

### I.

THE AMBROSIAN AND GREGORIAN CHANT.  
FIRST ATTEMPTS AT HARMONY.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:* In the course of the lectures which I shall have the honor to give you, I shall invite you to consider with me the main facts in the history, growth and development of the art of music from the early middle ages to the present day. In so condensed a review of so vast a subject it will be necessary for me to leave many topics unnoticed. It is not so much my purpose to make you personally better acquainted with the great composers and their works, as with the influence which they exerted upon the great development of the art in general. Thus the mere fact that a composer produces a work of great genius, and that his composition has become famous, will not always entitle the man or his work to a place in the present study.

We shall only have time to occupy ourselves with those great men who have come into the world just at the time for their particular genius to have a strong influence on the growth of the art in general.

A musical event will be important to us not from its intrinsic brilliancy, but from the magnitude of its artistic result.

We shall have to pass by many great names in silence, and some periods of rich musical productions, in which we might be tempted to linger fondly. And even here we must make a careful selection, choosing only those of importance, and discarding the rest. Taking this ground, we shall see that the history of the growth of the art of music is essentially the his-

tory of the gradual discovery of the natural laws which govern the art, and which are not empirical rules laid down by this or that composer, to be followed blindly because they have his sanction, and the breaking of which is nothing more than a contempt of authority. They are just as much natural laws, firmly founded on the nature of music, as the law of gravitation is founded on the nature of the physical universe. In no single instance has their discovery been like that of the planet Neptune, and their unconscious application has in every case preceded their recognition as the true principles of the art.

True musical science has always been based upon musical practice. Its method is purely inductive. Whenever the opposite or deductive method has been employed it has resulted in chimerical hypotheses and unnatural rules, made only to be broken and swept away. Musical laws are not promulgated in the imperative mood. The art of music knows no "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not." The laws merely proclaim what is in accordance with the essential nature of the art and what is not. The law of gravitation does not say "Thou shalt not suspend an apple in mid air;" it merely says, "If you do not give your apple some support it will fall to the ground." In the same way a musical law does not say, "Thou shalt not write so or so," but it says: if you write certain progressions they will sound badly, unless you have some means of making them pass unperceived by the musical ear. It is fortunate for us that in our examination of the various steps by which music has arrived at its present pitch of complex perfection, we do not have to begin very far back; else we might share the fate of several noted musical historians, who, beginning at the very cradle of the art, have died before they got past the seventeenth century. It is not necessary for us to go back to the deluge, nor to the building of the pyramids, but it will be amply sufficient for us to begin with the fourth century of the Christian era. The perplexing and often fantastic subtleties of ancient music were found to be wholly unsuited to the wants of the early Christian Church. Yet there existed certain simple forms in the music of the ancient Greeks and Romans which were not above the comprehension of the musical laity, and these the church naturally appropriated to its own uses. We have no reason to believe that the chants sung by the early Christians differed in character from the easier and more simple forms of Greek music. These chants were regulated by no canon of the church, and the traditions which governed the manner of singing them differed in different localities. But so thoroughly systematic an organization as the Catholic Church could not long suffer an important element in its service like music to remain in a disorderly and unsystematized condition. The first step towards introducing the desirable order into church music was taken about the middle of the fourth century by St. Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan, who collected the best chants then used, and probably added some new ones of his own composition, known as the Ambrosian Antiphonal.

For a long time the Ambrosian chant was virtually synonymous with church music. Definite knowledge of its exact character is something utterly beyond our reach. We still have, or think we have, the notes of many of these chants; but tradition has long been silent as to the manner in which they were sung. In view of this fact, the Ambrosian antiphonal would only deserve a passing mention as a noteworthy historical fact, were it not that a most important circumstance, bearing directly upon a very essential point in the development of music, is connected with it. St

<sup>1</sup> Nun soll wegen einem Benefice eines Schauspielers für mich ein Malefice entstehen."

<sup>1</sup> Reported for the Boston Traveller.

Ambrose not only made a collection of chants suited to divine worship, but determined precisely in what modes all church chants should be written.

This question of modes is to some extent an abstruse one, but too important to pass by. Its full value may not be felt till we come to notice a step in the growth of music which will form part of a future lecture. Our modern musical system is so based upon the musical scale that our ear cannot help telling us that this is the natural scale.

If we begin in the middle of it, instead of at the bottom, we instinctively feel that we do not begin with a firm foot upon the ground, and that we end with one foot in the air. As a basis of a musical system, this scale is natural only as it contains in itself the power of certain musical developments of which other systems are incapable. It is not natural at all in the sense that the musical ear of man favored it in the very beginning and recognized it at once as supremely satisfying to its artistic wants. If we care to study our music intelligently we must forget that this scale has any peculiar virtue by which it satisfies our musical sense more fully than any other series. Now waiving our acquired sense of the peculiar features of our own scale, and entering as far as possible into sympathy with the musical sense of a bygone age, we can appreciate that two scales have a different character, which will be felt in the music based upon them. This is the important point.

The fact is that in ancient Greece, and afterwards in Rome, a great variety of musical scales were recognized as equally satisfactory to the ear. It is somewhat curious that our modern scale, which seems so strong to us that we can hardly imagine any other, was entirely unknown then. From the time of the establishment of the Ambrosian chant the art of music remained in a virtually stationary condition for over two centuries. Much was done toward extending musical education in the way of founding singing schools in which the proper style of rendering the church chants was taught and capable singers were formed, but no advance was made in the art of musical composition. It was not till the end of the sixth century that a new impulse was given to the work so well begun by St. Ambrose. Pope Gregory the Great made a new and larger collection of chants, taking care that they should be written in something approaching a definite musical notation. How many of the chants in this new collection were actually written by Gregory the Great himself is a matter of conjecture; but it is probable that not a few of them came from his pen. Yet Gregory's most important step in the direction of musical development was the authoritative sanction of four new modes.

From each of the Ambrosian authentic modes he derived a new one by a simple process. The scale of every Ambrosian mode was divided into two unequal parts; the first part consisting of five notes, called a pentachord; and the second of four notes, a tetrachord; the fifth note of the scale forming the boundary between pentachord and tetrachord. This process gave a new set of scales which had the peculiarity of the tonic coming near the middle instead of the beginning and end. These new modes were called plagal, or derived modes. The great German musical historian Ambros (whom we must not confound with St. Ambrose) thus describes the difference of character between the modes: The plagal mode always seems to strive to rise to its middle point, as to its true fundamental note, in order to rest there; it is the middle note upon which the whole musical structure bases itself. But as the real first note of the mode has a certain prominence from its important position in the system, and from its very position has a tendency to make itself ac-

cepted as the fundamental, which it really is not, the plagal modes have something wavering and undecided in their nature, a striving after their respective firm and firmly founded authentic modes. In the authentic mode, this striving toward the middle note is not a seeking after rest, but a vigorous struggling aloft, a departing from the point of repose which can only be reached again by returning to the point of departure. The authentic mode enters the domain of the plagal mode, not as one asking for help, but in the spirit of loving greeting. It thus gives a picture of self-dependent, hearty manhood; while the plagal mode, in its striving after its authentic mode, shows us a picture of wavering womanhood, in need of a firm prop and support. Although the octave of the third plagal mode appears to be the same as that of our modern major scale, the two must not be confounded. Our major mode is essentially authentic in character. Its fundamental note is at the beginning of its scale (C), whereas the fundamental or tonic of the third plagal mode is F. The modes of the Gregorian chant were known by the names of the different modes of ancient Greek music; but in applying these Greek names to the church modes a sad blunder was made. In the Gregorian system the mode which begins with the lowest note then in use was the second, the plagal mode beginning with A. The first Greek mode was also founded on the note A, and was called the Hypo-Dorian. It was known that the Greek modes were named in a certain order; so it was agreed to name the church modes in the same order. So, starting with the Hypo-Dorian (founded on A), the next mode in order (the plagal mode in B) was called the Hypo-Phrygian, and so on, with Hypo-Lydian and the Hypo-mixolydian, which latter was the last plagal mode founded on D. Next in order came the authentic modes. It will be remembered that each plagal mode was derived from its relative authentic mode, by inverting the position of the pentachord and tetrachord. Thus the plagal mode in A was derived from the authentic mode in D.

It was known that the Greek Hypo-Dorian mode was similarly related to another mode, called the Dorian, the next the Phrygian, the next the Lydian, and the last the mixolydian, following the Greek order of names. The term Hypo-mixolydian was not recognized in ancient Greek music, but was used in the Gregorian modal system for the sake of uniformity, each plagal mode having the same name as its relative authentic mode, with the prefix *hypo* (beneath) to indicate that its scale began a perfect fourth lower than that of its corresponding authentic mode. This system of nomenclature was in itself excellent, yet two great blunders were made in establishing it, which have been productive of much confusion in musical history. The innovation of four plagal modes was not the only element in the Gregorian chant that distinguished it from the Ambrosian. If no other difference had existed, Gregorian melodies written in the authentic modes would not have differed essentially in character from the older Ambrosian melodies. Yet all authorities agree that the general character of the Gregorian and Ambrosian chants was distinctly different. In what this difference consisted is not so plain, and is to-day a question open to discussion. Gregory the Great included many of the old Ambrosian melodies in his collection, so that the difference between the two forms of chant could not have been a purely melodic one. The very imperfect system of notation in which the Ambrosian and Gregorian chants were originally written does not furnish us with any distinctive mark by which we can tell one from the other. The written melodies have essentially the same character. But as this notation only hinted

at the relative pitch of the various notes of the melody, but did not indicate the rhythm or measure in the least, it is evident that what difference did exist between the two forms must have been rhythmic rather than melodic.

The Ambrosian chant did not by any means die out as soon as the Gregorian was established. The Ambrosian ritual is still in use in Milan, although all the musical traditions bearing on the manner of performance have long since been lost. We no longer hear the Ambrosian chant in its original form. But while the Gregorian manner of singing was continued in Rome, the Ambrosian style was preserved in all its purity in Milan and Northern Italy for several centuries. Radulf, of Tongern, whose testimony can be implicitly trusted, declares that he found the Ambrosian chant entirely different from the Roman Gregorian. He calls the Ambrosian "solemn and vigorous," the Gregorian "more simply sweet and well-ordered." Yet this testimony does not mean much to us, as, according to our present notions of music, the terms solemn and vigorous apply very well to the Gregorian chant.

According to the best authorities, the difference seems to have been really this, — In St. Ambrose's day (fourth century) Latin was still the vernacular language, and the laws of Latin versification were still in force. The ietus in a verse of poetry fell upon certain syllables which were long by the rules of prosody. But this accent or ietus fell upon syllables according to their position in the verse, not according to their position in the words of which the verse was made up. Thus it often happened that syllables were accented in poetry, which were unaccented in prose. But in Gregory the Great's day, Latin became a dead language, and when monks wrote Latin hymns they applied the modes of modern versification, so arranging words in their verses that the rhythmic accent coincided with the habitual accentuation of everyday prose as in English poetry to-day. Now, in the Ambrosian chant, the rhythm of the melody, its division into long and short notes, followed the prosodial quantity of the syllables of the text. In the Gregorian chant, the rhythm of the melody, its division into long and short notes, followed the natural accentuation of the words of the text.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the position which the Gregorian chant occupies in musical history. It forms the basis of almost all the musical growth of ten centuries. We have already seen in a very general way, what the main characteristics of the church modes are. The general scheme of the chant is now before us. It was a slow, solemn melody in this or that mode, sung either by a single voice or by a whole chorus in unison. It may be said to form the culminating point of what I will call the antique period of musical history. To us it is interesting as the basis upon which a new development in the art of music rests; a development so utterly different from all that went before it, that with it a wholly new musical era was begun. About the beginning of the 9th century a style of composition founded upon the Gregorian chant sprang up, which was first treated of theoretically by Hucbald of Saint Amand, a Benedictine monk of the 10th century, who lived in the monastery of Saint Amand in Flanders. He has often been called its inventor or discoverer, but this is probably not true.

This style of musical writing was called the *Organum*, and was the first rude attempt at harmony, and is nothing but the Gregorian chant harmonized for two voices, progressing together in an unbroken series of perfect fifths. The harmonic interval of the perfect fifth was admitted to be pleasant to the ear by the theorists of the day. Together with the perfect octave it was accepted as consonant. In some phases of



popular music the musical ear of the period had become accustomed to hearing it, and had found delight in it. That now neglected little instrument, the hurdy-gurdy (then known as the organistrum), had two of its three strings tuned to this interval, and as those two strings kept up a persistent droning when the instrument was played, people's ears had quite sufficient opportunity to taste the sweet of the perfect fifth. Thus this was the interval which the scholastic musicians of the day pitched upon in their first attempts at harmony. It is astonishing to see how totally devoid of that which we call musical genius the church and the clergy were from the 8th to the 11th century. The musical genius came from the people. It is even noteworthy that the first attempts made by the church to appropriate to its own use the fruits of this popular genius were generally exceedingly bungling.

Hucbald's organum is so highly offensive to the ear, so diametrically opposed to all that is beautiful in music, that some modern historians have even doubted whether Hucbald himself could really ever have heard it. One characteristic all these organa had in common. One of the two voices sang the plain Gregorian chant, the other sang a part which depended on the discretion of the composer of the organum. At this period, what we call original composition did not exist. Composers invariably took one of the church melodies, and as we should say, harmonized it. The Gregorian chant was the basis of all musical composition. When used as the basis of an organum or other form of composition it was called the *cantus firmus*, or stable song; the voice that sang it was called the tenor (from the Latin *teneo*, to hold). The oblique organum was also known by the name of *discantus*, in which the voices sang apart from each other, each taking its own melody. The discantus for two or more voices, with the Gregorian *cantus firmus* as its backbone, was the form of composition which contained the germ from which all the nobler forms of music were to be developed in time. The great triumph of scholastic musicians, from Guido d' Arezzo in the 11th century to the middle of the 14th century, was the establishment of what is known as the memorial [numerical?] notation. . . .

Ambros says that the Gregorian chant and the popular song were the two great ruling powers in music up to the 15th century. The part which the people's song played in the gradual development of the discantus depended more upon its actual existence as a musical form than upon its special characteristics. We can safely assume that if the distinctive musical character of the popular song had been very different from what it was, its function in the development of the art of musical composition and its influence upon the discantus would still have been virtually unchanged.

The first result of the engrafting of the popular song upon the Gregorian chant was no doubt to give a superior melodic character to the discanting voices, but it also tended to make their mutual agreement exceedingly precarious. The first attempts at this sort of composition were simply horrible. But it was soon found that by utterly disregarding the rhythm of the then misused popular song, by doubling or trebling the length of some notes, and halving the length of others, the different voices could be made to harmonize very tolerably. The use of popular melodies as descanting voices to accompany a given *cantus firmus*, not only furnished composers with excellent material for contrapuntal practice, and raised the general standard of melodic writing, but also led to a very important discovery. When a composer wished to combine popular and Gregorian material into a discantus he did not al-

ways select different songs for his accompanying voices. He sometimes let two or even three voices sing the same song, one beginning after the other. Thus it happened that a single phrase of a melody, having been sung by one voice, was repeated by another, while the first voice continued with the next phrase. Who the discoverer of contrapuntal imitation was, we do not know, but the discovery may be dated approximately in the early part of the 14th century. The origin of the discantus was French. The Gregorian chant had made its way to France, as it had to most of the Christianized world. In my next lecture we shall see what this discantus became in the hands of the Netherlanders and Belgians.

## THE HISTORY OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

### II.

There was a large attendance of ladies in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum on the 19th inst., to hear Herr Pauer's second lecture on the above subject. He said:—

It will be remembered that in our last lecture we spoke of freshness and geniality as distinguishing characteristics of Haydn; so also were they of Mozart. Both these illustrious composers gave proof of genius in their earliest childhood; both were perfectly natural and practical, and possessed quick perception, instinctively recognizing rules which other musicians had to master with time and trouble. Mozart was born twenty-four years later than Haydn, and enjoyed several extra material advantages. Haydn was the son of a wheelwright; Mozart of a musician, who gave him good musical instruction; and at an age when Haydn was earning money as a chorister in the imperial schools, Mozart travelled over the continent, and nothing worthy of note escaped his quick observation. While Mozart depended on his father, Haydn was left to his own resources, and thus learned economy, but in money matters Mozart always remained a child. Haydn was not a public performer, but at seven years of age Mozart surprised the world by his wonderful playing; he was indeed one of the best executants of all times. He used to say that a performer should possess a quiet hand, lightness and smoothness, the notes flowing like oil. He did not like the 6ths and 8ths used by Clementi, thinking they spoilt the evenness of the hand. This antipathy rested on natural reasons, for one of his biographers says that Mozart had small and beautiful hands, which moved so gracefully that it was no less a pleasure to see than to hear him play, and that he always instinctively held his hands as if on the key-board. His steadiness, he himself said, he owed to the practice of Bach's works, especially his preludes and fugues, and he followed his fingering. We have here to remember that before Bach the thumb was not used at all in scales for the right hand, and the use of the little finger very restricted, but that he disregarded these old principles and used all the fingers freely. Some writers say that this practice was first introduced by Couperin in his "*L'Art de Toucher le Clavecin*," and that Bach was thus indebted to the Frenchman; but the two methods essentially differed in everything but the use of the thumb. From the application of Bach's system Mozart acquired his evenness of playing, also his neatness, all slovenliness and disorder being most distasteful to him. He remarked that it was much easier to play fast than slowly, and that it was quite a mistake for players to imagine that they could throw fire into a piece by playing it fast. In the matter of time he was unrivalled. He allowed much freedom to the right hand, but the left marked the time. He would not suffer any

grimaces, contortions, or affectations. Three things, he said, were necessary to a good performer: he would point to head, heart and fingertips as signifying comprehension, sympathy, and technical skill.

Before proceeding to our illustration, it will be well to consider the relation of Mozart's clavichord to his larger works. He was harassed by poverty and want after he left the paternal roof, being to the last utterly incapable of managing money affairs. His extravagance, indeed, is almost beyond belief. So careless was he that when he discovered that he had been swindled, he would merely exclaim, "*der Lump*." After his marriage he became more and more needy, had no fixed appointment, but lived from hand to mouth. So oppressed indeed was he by his poverty as to be unable to finish his quartets for the king of Prussia. He was thus obliged to give lessons, and waste his time in writing sonatas and small pieces of all kinds. This explains the inferiority of some of his smaller writings. No composer ever wrote in so many forms and styles. Of his twenty-one sets of variations, no less than eighteen are on airs by other composers. He tried to imitate the style of Handel, and so amiable was he that he endeavored to write in sympathy with any friend he wished to please. It is still a vexed question whether it is right for a composer to subject his taste to that of the public. It may be said that Mozart was ready at all times to consult the taste of the public, and this readiness has been ridiculed by those who did not appreciate his kind disposition. The sonata in A-minor, C-minor, the fantasia in C-minor, the duet variations in G, and some other pianoforte pieces, are quite worthy of his genius, being full of nobility, grandeur, grace, and warmth.

The question now is, what progress do Mozart's pianoforte works show on those of his predecessors. Over and over has it been seen that as a man writes, so he plays. We may therefore enumerate the high qualities of Mozart's playing without ever having heard him. In taste, refinement, roundness and polish, Mozart shows an advance on Haydn, and never lets us see the skeleton of his musical forms as Haydn sometimes does. If Haydn is humorous, even to occasional coarseness, Mozart is witty, and displays a happy union of science and art. The slow movement of the C-minor sonata is a wonderful example of the use of ornament. The technical figures in it seem very easy and simple now, but it must be remembered that Mozart did not regard technique as being of prime importance, but rather strength in melody, expression and character.

Having given as an illustration Mozart's fantasia and sonata in C-minor, Herr Pauer passed to Muzio Clementi. This clever composer, he said, holds one of the foremost places, and marks an epoch in pianoforte music. Until his time, the technical phase had not been regarded as of much importance, but now it was recognized as more than the mere necessary garb for a composition. The splendor of technical means now brought before us with such frequency that it ceases to surprise, was unknown to our forefathers. Much, however, of that sameness was owing to the imperfect state of the instruments. "Clementi played on the superior English pianos, whilst for those used by Haydn and Mozart, little technical force was necessary. Clementi, feeling that in originality and melody it was impossible for him to compete with these composers, directed his attention to another phase—technical execution. Mozart's opinion of him, if harsh, is also true. He said, in a letter to his sister, "Clementi plays well as regards execution, but he has no sentiment; he is a handicraftsman. I beg you not to occupy yourself too much with his music, that you may not spoil your smooth hand. Clementi requires

the greatest rapidity in passages in which it is impossible even for him to attain it."

Clementi's improvements in technical execution were however most important. His "Gradus ad Parnassum" shows the wider, grander view which he took of the art of playing. Without at all desiring to rob him of his fame, we cannot admit that all his improvements were his own; they were suggested by the new instruments. The compass of Mozart's pianos was five or five and a half octaves, but soon after his death, the English pianos were made with six octaves, had a better tone, and stronger mechanism. In 1800, Clementi went into partnership with Collard, and by study obtained a mastery of the minutest details of pianoforte making. Haydn and Mozart's means are narrow in comparison. Clementi is used for manual dexterity, but he lacks grace and warmth. He said to Berger that after hearing Mozart and other great artists, he had altered his playing. His contemporaries praised him for his velocity, fulness of touch, and judicious delivery of slow movements. He never wrote for the voice or the orchestra. He wrote a few symphonies in 1820, when he was 60 years of age, but his every idea was devoted to the piano, and his sonatas may be regarded as types of piano forte composition. Like Columbus, he was the discoverer of the new world, and Beethoven preferred his sonatas to those of Mozart.

The illustration was Clementi's sonata in C, Herr Pauer resuming his remarks by saying, Clementi's extraordinary effects made hosts of admirers, and gave rise to two schools, the Viennese and the Clementi. The latter used the English pianos which were more sonorous and fuller than the Vienna pianos adopted by the former. In these instruments the tone was thin, but agreeable, and the action light, whence the expression to "breathe over the keys." The Vienna School tended to make the piano an instrument for chamber, the Clementi for orchestral music.

Clementi's pupils may be divided into two classes, the direct and indirect; among the former are Cramer, Berger, Field, and Klengel; among the latter, Dussek, Kalkbrenner, and Mayer. The Russian Field, as John Field is called to distinguish him from another composer of the same name, was an Irishman, and went with his master Clementi to Paris and St. Petersburg, in which latter city he was most successful; his touch being surpassingly sweet, his playing neat and correct. He paid special attention to the cantabile style, and was the inventor of the nocturne. His playing (1810-20) was sedate and tranquil, and he made a very moderate use of the pedal. Indeed his tone was so rich that he scarcely needed to use it at all. The effects of his nocturnes played with an accompaniment of strings, *con sordini* was most beautiful. Although Field's works are not much used now, he was a most prolific composer, and wrote seven concertos, besides all his small pieces. In conclusion, we may say that to Mozart we owe grace, tenderness and lyrical feeling; that Clementi widened the sphere of piano forte playing, and imposed greater tests on the strength of the performer; and that John Field introduced a graceful sentimental feeling.

Herr Pauer concluded by performing Field's Nocturne in B-flat, Pastoral Nocturne, and "Midnight" Rondo.

#### TILTON'S LANDSCAPES.

[Concluded from page 6.]

The picture of Rome is No. 1, and is placed in the centre as it well deserves. If No. 4 is the acme of treatment of a single thought, No. 1 is the culmination of treatment of a most complex theme. The description in the catalogue is well done, for it is

terse, and at the same time gives a good idea of the bony skeleton of the picture. I reproduce it textually.

"Rome from the Aventine, in the convent ground of Santa Sabina, sloping to the open ground of Bocca della Verità, near the river bank. To the right the Palatine and ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars. Up the Tiber three arches of the Ponte Rotto, the Ponte Quattro Capi with the Tiberine island; and the arches and segments of arches joining it to the mainland; farther on, the Ponte Sisto. To the left is Trastevere San Pietro in Montorio, and the long ridge of Janiculum with the green fringe of Pamphili Doria. In the distance the stream and the great mass of the Vatican and St. Peters crowning all. Twilight."

The readers who have not seen the picture, naturally imagine one of two things when they read the description. They think that it must either contain all that is claimed, and be topographic, or that it is a mere indistinct generalization, artistic in tone: and so it must have been had not the artist gone in a spirit of child-like respect to the pictures of Titian for instruction how to handle so complex, so mighty a theme, and yet preserve its homogeneity. The brave Tilton wanted to paint a portrait of the immortal city, and he knew that it could only be done in the way that Titian painted his portraits, for his exquisite nudes are portraits without any doubt. His success in this most difficult undertaking has been complete. This landscape is a monument of faithful, distinct portraiture of a city, of strong, local color, and of fascinating general tone. It is luminous, it is mellow, it is so subtle in its chiaroscuro that the observer is penetrated by its effects, and yet, when he attempts to analyze, it escapes him. And 'tis curious to notice how Tilton, flushed with the consciousness that he held his Rome in his hand, and that he had successfully grappled with the problem, gives full swing to his darling archaeology and to his favorite Byzantine structures, and introduces them into a foreground of magnificent strength. Foreground of Santa Sabina church and tower, of Roman ruins, and of monkish garden with its olives and its pine trees, middle distance of Rome city and of Tiber river, background of Janiculum heights, and of sunset sky, are all so blended together as to be one and indivisible. The observer feels in presence of one picture, not of a series of studies. The homogeneity and the comprehensiveness of the picture strike him as forcibly as its luminousness, the subtlety of its chiaroscuro and the strength of its local color. The general tone is exactly Dante's idea: "E bruno, bruno," one magnificent diaphanous of brown, or as Ruskin would say, of russet. But the local colors are of excessive strength and excessive fidelity. The brick of the Roman ruin, the gray walls of Santa Sabina, and the delightful Byzantine tower of brick, are of a depth and warmth that surprise the man that analyzes them. And then the middle distance—exact as a photograph, faithful as a portrait, and yet with all its varied objects blended into one perfect whole. This extraordinary fidelity, this determination to have all that the eye could get, even to the trees upon the summit of far Janiculum, made Bonnat, the leading portrait painter of France, say of this picture, (which is famous over Europe, though not well known here) "This Tilton is the Meissonier of landscape art." It is to be hoped that the artist will commission Wallner to etch it, for it is a Rome that everybody will wish to have, and it can only be rendered by etching. If Jaquemart were alive, what an etching he could make of it! But he is dead, and his successor as head of the profession is an admirable man, though he has not his sweep of gradations.

A grand picture, also, is No. 3, a landscape of Granada, and the slopes and curl of the Sierra Nevada. This one presents difficulties of color which have been successfully vanquished, but those who will recognize this are few in number.

Rome to many readers is as familiar as Brooklyn, but the number of those who make pilgrimages to Spain is comparatively small. We are so feasted and coshed in our own city that the traveller who sees Spain in his mind's eye as a possibility, is deterred by confused recollections of readings whose

writers have expatiated much more upon their privations, upon their anguish from insects, upon their tortures from *diligencias*, and their poisonings with garlic, than upon the glorious landscapes, and the artistic and archaeological treasures of Spain. All are not so weak. The writer himself is proud to boast that he followed on foot the windings of the Ter and the Llobregat, and that in the same way he traversed the vast plain of Ampierdan a great brown sea covered with islands of olive groves, in the centre of each of which hides an old Byzantine church surrounded by the clustering houses of the village. To those who have been on the Alhambra pilgrimage the difficulties of the landscape are familiar. The snowy crest of the Sierra Nevada is a hard thing to combine with the browns and whites of the city of Granada, and the prevailing red tones of the Alhambra palace and fortress, and of the vermillion tower of Phœnician origin. But Tilton has succeeded in harmonizing them all, by getting his view from the rising slope of the meadows opposite to the city, as at this distance the atmosphere blends all things into unity when at sunset the light begins to fade from the sky, when the direct light is gone, and the air is filled with the lingering diffused light of that perfect atmosphere. The foreground is a marvel of subtle color. In the very centre is a roadway, so subdued that it actually steals into notice, so gradual is the transition from the warm mellow meadow lands to the right and left. The ground is unequal and throws from eminences long shadows to the eastward. There are enclosed gardens with exquisitely painted walls, to the left and to the right, groves of olive trees, through whose subdued green tints the river shows itself suddenly in patches of blue that harmonize perfectly. And towards the right hand, too, the landscape, pastoral as an eclogue of Virgil, stretches out and stretches out as if there were no end to it. Far away in the background beyond the red towers of the Alhambra rise slope upon slope the rocky ridges that culminate in the snowy crest of the Sierra Nevada. How exquisitely the brown is graded into purple, the purple into gray, the gray into fainter gray, and then with a sudden flash into the white of the glacier. But that white that seems so white is in reality intensely gray, and the observer has only to put a piece of white paper beside it to convince himself of the fact.

But if one were to describe all these pictures even cursorily, an octavo volume would be required. It is hard not to speak of the landscape of Tivoli, in which the artist, true to his perfect sympathy with archaeology, presents as the most important feature the convent church with its tiled roof, and its Byzantine tower, and allows the falls which have been so vulgarized by painters generally, to become a mere detail, and not very important even. It is harder still not to speak of the view of the Acropolis with its grand conception of the holdest originality in composition, and with a most delicious background and sky. It is equally hard not to speak of the Cairo, with its landscape background that goes off into infinitude. But it is hardest of all to pass by the little pictures, the Meissonier-like gems such as the Lake Avernus, the Plain of Thebes, the Torre delle Schiave, — a most exquisite bit of color and a most poetical rendering of a subject that has been vulgarized beyond endurance by hundreds of artists, — the temple of Jupiter Olympus in Greece, with a lovely background, a view of a Greek theatre in Sicily, the Bay of Baiæ, with a background of Vesuvius, a Claude-like landscape of the valley of the Tiber with view of Mount Soracte (a gem of gems) and a fine study of Caesar Borgia's castle, not a composition, but an out-door study which is like a Byzantine landscape, having actually the same faults and the same merits. It is, I think, a reproduction purposely made of the earliest Italian landscape school, for all the foreground is warm, and all the background cool, so that one is tormented, and the other cool and full of repose.

MR. CHARLES HALLE, to whom we owe the popularization of many valuable works, produced on Thursday night, Dec. 30, at Manchester, Berlioz's "The Childhood of Christ" (*L'Enfance du Christ*) for the first time in England. Mr. Hallé entrusted the principal soprano music to Miss Edith Santley, a daughter of the popular baritone, and who already a few years ago made a premature debut in Manchester and Liverpool in "Der Freischütz" and in Cherubini's "The Water Carrier" with the Carl Rosa Company.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1881.

## CONCERT REVIEW.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The fourth Symphony (Thursday afternoon, Jan. 6,) fell on the stormiest day of the season, which made the attendance much smaller than the attractive programme would otherwise have drawn.

Pastorale, from the Christmas Oratorio. . . . J. S. Bach  
Recit. and Aria: "Sirée, m'ascolta," from the  
Opera "Sirée." (First time in Boston). . . Handel  
Georg Henschel.

Symphony in E-flat, No. 3. . . . . Schumann  
Vivace. — Scherzo. — Andante. — Religioso  
(suggested by a religious ceremonial in the  
Cologne Cathedral). — Allegro.

Scena and Aria: "Wo berg' ich mich," from  
"Euryanthe." (First time). . . . . Weber  
Georg Henschel.

Overture to "Penthesilea." (First time). . . Goldmark

The divine little Pastoral of Bach, full of serene heavenly ecstasy and sweetness, so lovely in its two alternating melodies, so rich and warm, yet chaste in its orchestral coloring, — the exquisite blending of the reed tones being finely realized by Robert Franz's substitution of modern for some of the obsolete instruments of Bach's time (except the *oboi di caccia*, which were well represented by a pair of cornets softly played,) put the attentive listener in the true receptive mood for genuine good music. It is well that the first piece on a programme, even if it be not of a "smashing," or even of a brilliant and commanding quality, should be something out of the sincere heart and soul of music, something to transport one from all thought of audience and onward surroundings, into the pure realm of the ideal, giving a foretaste of heaven and the life immortal. If you can offer us a purer cup of the quintessence, of the very life and soul of music, than this *Pastorale*, we should like to taste it. Strange that there should be any need for saying this! yet the critic of an influential "daily" speaks of it as merely "a study and a relic," as "dampening one's anticipations" by its "monotonous simplicity," and as wholly out of place in such a concert! Verily there is no accounting for men's tastes. Such judgments must be counted among the symptoms of the spoiled appetite that comes of too much feeding on the highly spiced, exceptional and indigestible compounds of the heavy and monotonously phenomenal "new" music. We drink so much harsh, bad wine that we have almost ceased to know the taste of good. But we would be willing to have the vote taken in that audience, sure of a majority who would declare themselves edified and delighted by Bach's little Pastoral Symphony, even taken out of its connection with the Christmas Oratorio, — for it was so nicely played as to leave no excuse on that ground for not liking it. If we have spent many words upon the smallest number of the programme, you must remember the trite maxim about "quality before quantity."

It has been the habit in these concerts to present all the four Symphonies of Schumann in their turn, sometimes two, sometimes only one in a season. But the so-called "Rhenish," or "Cologne" symphony (the last that he wrote, though published as No. 3) had not been given for four years. This was its sixth appearance in these symphony programmes. We do not wonder if some, who heard it for the first time, found it "vague;" we had the same experience on hearing it for the first of three or four times in Berlin; but with each repetition, its power and breadth and inspiration grew upon us. It is full of grandeur, beauty and nobility. The first movement, with its broad, buoyant rhythm, and its swelling harmony, gives one a glorious feeling as

of sailing down upon the full tide of the Rhine, "*den heiligen Strom*;" if technical faults are found with the instrumentation, it is at least rich and splendid, and its themes are noble and uplifting. The Scherzo has a hearty, free and glorious swing to it, as if the vintagers were in high tide of merriment upon the river's banks. The short Andante gives the serious and thoughtful mood of the voyager approaching the city of the great cathedral; it is a very tender, lovely, fascinating piece of harmony, and speaks to the soul. The extremely solemn, and at the same time somewhat quaint and bizarre Adagio, suggested by a religious ceremony, might be puzzling, perhaps even "dreary" to one who has not got the clew to it, or who has not heard mass (as we have) in the Cologne cathedral. As we listen, it really transports us to that scene, with all its imposing circumstances, its awe-inspiring sounds of chorus and of organ, mingled with queer sounding phrases from the ministrant at the altar (bassoon, echoed in all parts of the orchestra). Those phrases linger in the mind of the composer, and are humorously recalled in the midst of the vigorous, exultant on-sweep of the final movement, in which our voyagers seem to be on their homeward way rejoicing and talking over the strange things which they have heard and seen. We think this E-flat symphony, upon the whole, one of the grandest specimens of Schumann's genius. Perhaps he uses his trombones too freely, and might have done better to practice the Mozart economy (in *Don Juan*), and reserve their strength until the *Religioso* movement. Perhaps too, the brass might have been a little more subdued in the execution, though the interpretation by Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra, upon the whole, was excellent.

How anybody can reflect upon the Schumann Symphony as "noisy," and not say that with tenfold emphasis about the "Penthesilea" overture of Goldmark, is past our comprehension. But then, this is "modern" music; and the modern music has a right to be noisy, and make vociferous assertion of its claim; where would it be without it? This Overture is very long, extremely noisy and even discordant in the opening and some other parts of it; but in the middle portions there is some tenderness and beauty, with great wealth of instrumental coloring; and it ends with an impressive dirge, suggestive of the death of Penthesilea, the queen of the Amazons, who came to the aid of the Trojans and was slain in battle by Achilles. Perhaps there is some argument or "programme" to the Overture, which would have made it more intelligible as a whole. Evidently there is some terrible tragedy and strife in it from the outset, relieved by strains of sentiment and sadness, and finally of solemn mourning. Possibly Achilles found that he had slain one dearer than he knew.

The enthusiasm of the audience was fairly roused by the splendid vocal interpretations of Mr. Henschel. The great German baritone was at his best — in voice, in spirit, in animation, in forcible delivery, fine expression and artistic style. He had selected two grand arias, both of them extremely difficult, and both heretofore unsung in Boston. The first, from Handel's *Sirée* — one of his Italian operas of which we can find no account, though somewhere we have seen it called "Cyrus" — is in a stern, defiant, threatening tone, the aria (after the strong recitative) giving Handelian vent to the passion implied in such words as: "Thou rob'st me of pity; thou alone, O traitor, mak'st me a tyrant; it is thine own cruel desire, ungrateful one, it is not I who condemn thee." This aria seems in parts as much like Bach as Handel; and with such an interpreter, — one of the few competent to sing it, as well as to make the orchestral accompaniments

available — it is exceedingly effective. This singer wields the Handel roulades and figurative passages with masterly ease and evenness and clearness, making every phrase significant.

The great scena of Lysiart, the evil genius in Weber's mystifying *Euryanthe*, an outpouring of baffled love and rage and terrible vindictive fury, — tender love strains alternating with vehement and angry recitative — was, with its more modern forms of dramatic melody, and its full modern orchestration, of which Weber was such a master, more generally appreciated than the Handel aria. It made an immense effect, and was followed by an imperative recall, when Mr. Henschel seated himself at the pianoforte, and, playing the very full and difficult accompaniment himself, sang with equal power and freedom another operatic aria of Handel, new to everybody here. One of the wise critics of the newspapers shows more wit than musical appreciation when he says: "The free and gallant style in which Mr. Henschel grappled and flourished these *pre-historic monstrosities* (!) of music, so as to show the musical spirit and artistic purpose of the composer was as exhilarating as though some contemporary young gentleman should seize and brandish a huge two-handed sword as Richilieu does in the play, or should dash into a game of polo clad in the iron pot and full suit of armor worn by the doughty knights of old. There is, to be sure, something of the Towser ferocity of shake in his delivery of these tough roulades; but how are they to be dealt with otherwise than with some such grip?" A clever and amusing description! But he means, so far as the "prehistoric" author of *The Messiah* is concerned, that "there were giants in those days."

— In next Thursday's concert Schumann's never-tiring piano concerto will be played by Mr. F. H. Lewis, a very accomplished young pianist, formerly a pupil of Mr. J. C. D. Parker; and Mr. Julius Jordan, the young tenor who made so good an impression in the last performance of the *Damnation de Faust*, will sing a choice group of songs by Schubert, Schumann, Franz and Rubinstein. The orchestral pieces will be the good old *Freyshütz* Overture; the little "Marche Nocturne" of Berlioz, which pleased so much last year; and (for the first time) a comparatively light and pleasing symphony (No. 4), without trombones, by Raff.

PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA. — The fifth and last of this second season of these concerts was given as a *matinée* on Friday, Jan. 7, with the following programme, free, it will be seen, alike from overwhelming modern and from "pre-historic" monstrosities.

Overture, "Tannhäuser. . . . . Wagner  
Suite, Op. 43, (two movements). . . . . Tchaikowski  
a. Divertimento. b. Intermezzo.

New. First time in Boston.  
Piano Concerto. F-sharp minor. . . . . Norbert Burgmüller  
a. Allegro. b. Larghetto. c. Finale.

Mr. Ernst Perabo.  
"Waldweben," from music drama "Siegfried."  
(Nibelungen Cycleus.) Wagner  
New. Second time in Boston.

Andante of the Unfinished Symphony. . . . . Schubert  
"Beautiful Munich" Symphonique Waltz  
(Manuscript.) . . . . . G. W. Chadwick  
New. First time in Boston.

Piano Solo.  
Overture to "Egmont" . . . . . Beethoven

The *Tannhäuser* overture was splendidly rendered by Mr. Listemann's well-drilled orchestra, and seemed fresher to our ears than it has for a long time past. The Divertimento and the Intermezzo from Tchaikowski's Suite proved to be very charming pieces, the first being of a pastoral character, beginning with a long, pensive, dreamy monologue on the clarinet, afterwards responded to in kind by the oboe. It is all melodious, sweet, and richly delicately harmonized. The Intermezzo, which is stronger, was also very interesting. Wagner's "Waldweben," descriptive of the mysterious interweaving of the multitude of sounds in the forest — creeping breezes, rushing winds, stirring, shivering



leaves, birds and murmuring streams, with their effect on the senses and imagination of the wondering young hero, forms a most intricate and crowded, and yet graphic picture. The instrumentation is extremely complicated and ingenious, a web not easily unwoven by the most intent listener, but free from "monstrosity," and full of a strange fascination. To execute it so well must have cost nice and critical rehearsal.

The Schubert Andante and the *Egmont* overture, being of the truest metal, were of course enjoyable. Mr. Chadwick's "Beautiful Munich" is a graceful, genial, charming set of waltzes, after the Strauss Vienna style, showing a clever, ready hand in such light composition—useful practice for more serious work; but in what sense they could be called "symphonic" was a conundrum, for the solution of which we listened to the end in vain.

The appearance of Mr. Perabo, after so long a withdrawal from large concert halls, was welcomed with enthusiasm. We all know that he is one of our very first pianists, and very earnest in his art, having the courage of his convictions when he has made up his mind on any question of taste not quite in accordance with the taste of others. We cannot but regret, however, the eccentricity displayed in his devotion to certain pet idols among composers and neglected works to which he seems to feel that associations bind him to the extreme verge of an undying loyalty. After now a third hearing of the Bargmüller Concerto (he played it twice in the Harvard Concerts some ten years ago), we are constrained to confess that we wonder at his admiration for the work. It has many pleasing passages, to be sure, it is flowing and melodious, full of graceful flowers of ornament, but it seems to us to lack force and point, to wander vaguely on, and to be superficial, light and tedious. The applause it elicited was meant, we are sure, perhaps unconsciously, more for the charm of Perabo's playing, which was altogether admirable, than for the work itself. Far be it from us to deny the genius of the lamented young composer, who won Robert Schumann's hearty recognition; but we cannot feel that this concerto is in any marked degree inspired.

The audience at this last Philharmonic concert, was discouragingly small; and we regret to learn that this is probably the last experiment of the organization (for some time at least) in this field of concert giving. The want of adequate support is due, we doubt not, both in this case and in that of the Harvard Symphony concerts, to the successive "crazes" into which our people like to work themselves about each new phenomenal attraction—the costlier, the more seductive—Sara Bernhardt, Salvini, Her Majesty's Opera, etc., etc.,—after which intoxications so many persons, who have fancied themselves musical, find symphonies and mere concerts, in the quiet, ordinary way comparatively tame affairs, and, having spent so largely, grow economical toward cheaper entertainments, and forget all loyalty and local pride toward our own home institutions. Is this a musical city? And are all concerts of the highest order only for the few?

**EUTERPE.** The second concert drew a large audience to the Meinaon on Wednesday evening, Jan. 5, and all seemed highly edified by the two string quartets which constituted the entire short programme, namely:

- Quartet, . . . . . George W. Chadwick  
Number 2. Dedicated to S. Jadassohn.  
{ Andante, . . . . . C-major, 12-8  
{ Allegro con brio, . . . . . C-major, 3-4  
Andante espressivo, ma non troppo lento, G-major, 3-4  
{ Scherzo: Allegro risoluto ma moderato, E-minor, 3-4  
{ Un poco più mosso, . . . . . G-major and E-major, 3-4  
Allegro molto vivace, . . . . . C-major, 4-4
- Quartet, . . . . . Franz Schubert  
Composed in 1826. Posthumous publication.  
Allegro, . . . . . D-minor, 4-4  
Aria con variazioni: Andante con moto, G-minor, 4-4  
{ Scherzo, . . . . . D-minor, 3-4  
{ Trio, . . . . . D-major, 3-4  
Presto, . . . . . D-minor, 6-8

The effort of our young native composer in this most exacting form of writing was heartily applauded after every movement, and it had all been

followed with the closest interest. We cannot enter into any critical analysis of the work. Sufficient to say that it is fresh and pregnant in its themes, musician-like in treatment, original and yet free from extravagance, and full of spirit and legitimate effect. It will be welcome to us all again, and so will any further efforts of the genial young artist in the same kind. Being persistently called out, he stepped upon the platform and modestly bowed his thanks. He has expressed himself as altogether well pleased with the interpretation which his work received at the hands of the Beethoven Quintet Club, under the lead of Mr. Danneurether.

Schubert's D-minor quartet, beautiful in all its movements, superlatively so in its dirge-like andante con moto and variations, was led by Mr. Allen, and was heard with heart-felt delight from beginning to end.

MR. OTTO BENDIX, with the assistance of Mrs. L. S. Ipsen (both from Denmark, now established here), gave the first of three Piano Recitals on Tuesday afternoon at Wesleyan Hall. The programme was interesting:

1. Op. 53. Sonata in C. . . . . Beethoven
2. Three Songs. (Mrs. L. S. Ipsen). . . . . Grieg
  - a. The Voyage.
  - b. With a Water Lily.
  - c. Autumn Storms.
3. Ballade in the form of variations on a Norwegian melody. . . . . Grieg
  - First time in Boston.
4. a. Kennst Du das Land? . . . . . Liszt
  - b. Margerethe am Spinnrade. (Mrs. L. S. Ipsen) Schubert
5. a. The Chase. . . . . Heller
  - The hounds are loosed,
  - The hounds are loosed,
  - The hounds are loosed.

King Philip upon his fiery charger, seeks to dispel the anguish caused by the death of his dearly beloved Agnes von Merance.

b. Ave Maria. . . . . Liszt  
c. Rhapsodie Hongroise. No. 12. . . . . Liszt  
Mr. Bendix is evidently at home in the sonatas of Beethoven, and played the well known Op. 53, carefully, clearly, and with vigor; yet somehow we missed the fine poetic feeling. The tones (was it the instrument? or the reverberation of the half filled room?) seemed almost uniformly to stand out too much, with aggressive brightness which conceals all color. But in the Norwegian Ballade by Grieg, — very charming, dreamy and poetic both in the sad musing melody, and the highly interesting and imaginative variations—we felt him to be a true and delicate interpreter. Stephen Heller's little hunting piece has a smart, exhilarating movement, and is so original and fresh that we wonder we have not before now heard it in the concert room. Indeed we wonder why Heller's compositions, many of which are so genial, so characteristic, so elegant, and of the best piano writing of the day, are heard so seldom. Mr. Bendix played it finely.

Mrs. Ipsen's very beautiful, rich, sympathetic contralto voice was heard to excellent advantage in the three unique, and highly poetic and romantic Norse songs by Grieg. Both the music and the singing was touchingly expressive and enjoyable. She made Liszt's Mignon Song come nearer to being enjoyable than we ever found it before; but we cannot say we like the song; it lacks simplicity, and the leading motive of the melody is very morbid ("advanced") for a child.

MR. LOUIS MAAS. We very much regret our inability to attend the little semi-private concert at Mr. John Orth's rooms on Monday afternoon, and therefore copy from the *Transcript* the following account of the man and his achievements by one altogether competent to speak of them.

"Those who had the privilege of hearing Mr. Louis Maas, from Leipzig, Germany, pianist and composer, render some works of his own composition at Mr. Orth's rooms on West Street, this afternoon, enjoyed a musical treat that they will never forget. Mr. Maas is considered by many of the best authorities as one of the foremost musicians of the age, and his work here elicited the warmest enthusiasm. He was born in Wiesbaden, Germany, about 1853, educated as a child in England, was assisted late in his musical studies by Joachim Raff, in Wiesbaden. He became one of the most renowned pupils of Kullak and Liszt, both of whom

have spoken in unqualified terms of him and his works, Kullak employing him as assistant teacher, Liszt considering a string quartet of his composition equal to the best of Raff or Brahms. For the last five years he has been teaching music at the Leipzig Conservatory, having had in that time over 200 English and American pupils alone under his instruction. A symphony, a suite of five orchestral pieces, and an overture of his had been played at the Gewandhaus Symphony Concerts in Leipzig, over which orchestra he has also had the position of director upon different occasions.

"He is completely master of the great forms of musical composition, of orchestration, and equally so of the art of piano playing and of playing music at sight. The writer of this never knew of any one excepting Liszt himself, able to surpass him in this last-named particular. His power upon the piano is magnificent, his tone of rare beauty and sympathetic quality, albeit not as capable of crisp and piquant effects or coloring as that of some other pianists. He never pounds nor forces the tone; still it is doubtful if another pianist in America can play with greater power.

"Mr. Maas has revised the Breitkopf and Härtel editions of Mozart's concertos, etc., apparently without being influenced by the spirit of Mozart, for his compositions are more in the modern *genre* of Berlioz, Wagner, Liszt, occasionally reminding one of Schumann. His originality is powerful and striking, especially in rich harmonic and rhythmic treatment of his subjects and in sustained power. The broad, massive development of his themes, the perspective of his climaxes, were imposing and overpowering; their dissolving as it were into blue ether itself is at times irresistible.

"It takes a musician to understand and appreciate such works upon a first hearing; and they may be perhaps devoid of certain elements of popularity, but dignified, impressive, and an unanswerable argument for the nobility and infinite power of music they certainly are. He was heard with Mr. Sherwood in three piano duets, entitled "Neckereien" (chaffing or teasing), "Am Abend" (evening) and "Das Fest" (The Festival); in a concerto, Op. 12 (the orchestral parts supplied on a second piano by Mr. A. B. Whiting, a talented pupil of Mr. Sherwood); an overture arranged for four hands, played with Mr. Orth; an impromptu—all by Maas; a Chopin nocturne, and Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice." Mr. Maas, owing to an engagement with an American impresario to travel five months in this country with Wilhelmj and Clara Louise Kellogg in concert, severed his connection at Leipzig last summer. Before getting ready to start he was taken with typhoid fever, and the concert project was broken up. About a month ago he arrived in New York, where he has already found his services in demand as a teacher and director, seconding Mr. Theodore Thomas in training his chorus. He has appeared in New York as a pianist, meeting with immediate recognition from all quarters. For the sake of the cause of good music, it is to be hoped that Mr. Maas may be heard here in concert with orchestra this season, that we may judge more fully of the beauties of his ability in concerto and symphony; and were it not for the chronic anxiety in some quarters lest something new, or some great artist should come among us, we would venture the hope that he might be induced to make Boston his home." C. W.

Boston, Jan. 10, 1881.

#### MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, JAN. 8. — The Apollo Club celebrated Christmas week by their yearly performance of *The Messiah*. Miss Norton, Miss Crauch, Dr. Barnes, and Mr. Hill were the soloists. They had an orchestra and also the great organ, Mr. Tomlinson acting as conductor. It is always pleasant to make mention of a performance of Handel's great oratorio, for we hear the work but seldom in these days, when a love for novelty seems to be the ruling desire among our concert-goers. A place should always be given to these time-honored works in our yearly programme of musical offerings. Thus it is highly gratifying to know that our Apollo Club will always find an evening for a yearly performance of Handel's noble work. The chorus was far better than the soloists in their work. Miss Norton has a fresh and sweet voice, but hardly the schooling of a finished oratorio singer. Miss Crauch made a refined effort in her delivery of "He was despised," and won the hearty recognition of her audience; but Mr. Hill, the new bass, made a failure. Dr. Barnes sang some of his numbers well, while others were marred by false intonation.

The Apollo Club numbers about one hundred and fifty voices, and while they sing with much effect and are a well-balanced chorus, the volume of tone is hardly great enough for such a grand work as *The Messiah*.

We have in the Beethoven Society, the Bach and Handel Society, and in other smaller organizations enough voices to make a very large and noble chorus, and it seems a great pity that they cannot be brought together at least once a year, for a grand performance of the Christmas-time offering — *The Messiah*. Once united in an effort for the good of art, and a great step would be made toward a festival. Concentration of effort, with disinterested motives, would develop a love for music that would lift our city into prominence as a musical centre.

It is with sadness that I am forced to record the death of Mr. George B. Carpenter, the late manager of Central Music Hall. He was taken suddenly ill on Monday evening last, and on Friday morning passed away. Mr. Carpenter was a gentleman of fine talents, and possessed with great energy. For some years he has been most active in the musical interests of our city, and by his instrumentality many fine entertainments have taken place, which would have been otherwise impossible. Through his energy and business ability Chicago has been provided with a fine Music Hall. For a number of years we had no adequate home for our musical entertainments, and it was through the indefatigable energy of this gentleman that our great want was realized. Mr. Carpenter was a gentleman of much culture, a good writer, and a very active manager. He always kept his promises to the public, and seemed to understand the taste of our concert-goers to a nicety. He will be greatly missed from among us, and his place cannot be filled. Memory will seek to retain the picture of his kindly face, and his name will be honored by a large number of sincere mourners. As the circle of time rolls on, each human soul is gathered into eternity. From the busy-world of matter, into the home of the spirit. But when the mind can look back upon an earth-life that had accomplished something for the benefit of humanity, the memory must be rich in fond recollections, and the happy knowledge that the labor was not in vain must bring a heaven of contentment to the soul.

Thus it is those that remain earth-bound who mourn, for in the finished life there is joy and rest.

C. H. BRITTAN.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1881. On Wednesday evening, Dec. 29, Dr. Damrosch's Oratorio Society gave a performance of the *Messiah*, with Miss Bailey, Miss Drasdil, Mr. Toedt, and Mr. Henschel for the soloists. The chorus was really excellent, and deserves especial commendation. Dr. Damrosch seems to have been able to induce his small army to recognize the fact that it is possible to sing in time and softly at the same moment. With vocalists in general it seems to be an unwritten and perfectly incompressible law that anything which is *piano* must inevitably be funereal and *draggy* to the last degree.

And now for the soloists. Miss Bailey is at all times a pleasing singer; her fresh, pure voice has a certain charm that cannot fail to find its way to the hearts of her hearers, but she has but little power and very little breadth of style, and — he it said in all kindness — the oratorio is evidently not her peculiar field.

Miss Drasdil was not in her best voice upon this occasion, and hardly did herself justice; yet her efforts were, as always, so thoroughly artistic that they could not fail to be enjoyable.

Mr. Toedt brought to his task a clear, sweet voice, a refined manner, and a good method; his intonation is good and his conception intelligent, but he is hardly equal to some of the work allotted to him.

Mr. Henschel was by far the most satisfactory artist of the four. As has been frequently said, the quality of his voice is peculiar and perhaps not exactly pleasant; yet his style is so broad and so massive, his conception so clear, and his vocalization so masterly, that he satisfies the hearer: one can scarcely accord him greater praise.

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 4, Mr. Henschel gave his second recital at Steinway Hall. Although the weather was very unpropitious, there was a goodly number of music lovers ready and willing to brave anything in order to enjoy such a treat. The programme included a cyclis of songs: "To the Distant Beloved," by Beethoven; seven songs from the "Maid of the Mill," by Schubert, and three romances from Brahms's "Die Schöne Magellone." One of the most attractive features of this programme was the "Wie soll ich die Wonne" of Brahms. For an encore Mr. Henschel gave two selections from Handel's *Admiral*, accompanying himself in an admirable manner. Toward the last Mr. Henschel showed fatigue, especially in one of the Brahms romances; in this his intonation was somewhat inaccurate, but after so much delightful work one could readily excuse this slight error.

On the same evening the New York Philharmonic Club gave its third soirée at Chickering Hall, with the following programme: —

String Quartet, D-minor, . . . . . Raff  
Romance, (Flute) . . . . . St. Sæns  
"Trout" Quintet, . . . . . Schubert  
(With Mr. S. B. Mills).

The wretched weather had its effect upon this concert also, but yet there was a very fair audience (and certainly a most intelligent and appreciative one) to listen to this fine series of attractive selections.

The club played well, and their best work was shown in the lovely quartet, which was played *con amore*. The Andante, full of the most exquisite and harmonic transitions, furnished as fine a piece of ensemble playing as has been heard in this city for a long time. The second movement also (a sort of Scherzo) went with a dash and brilliance that were at once bewildering and dazzling.

Nor must the beautiful Schubert Quintet be forgotten. Mr. Mills has greatly improved in his playing, and no longer seemed to be assiduously bent upon "drowning out" the other performers; indeed, most of our pianists have felt the Joseffy influence to that degree that their own pianism has undergone a much needed toning down. The Rev. E. E. Hale is reported to have said that Unitarianism had served the same purpose as homeopathy; the latter had greatly modified the allopathic practice, and the liberal religion had achieved the same result with regard to orthodoxy. An analogous effect has been produced by Joseffy, who plays the piano as such, and makes no vain attempt to take it from its own inapproachable ground. If Mr. Mills goes on in his present path, he will probably become a very excellent pianist. The St. Sæns Romance was interesting as a novelty, and was well played by Mr. Winner; but it is difficult to believe that it possesses any especial intrinsic merit.

The fourth soirée will occur on Tuesday, February 8. On Saturday evening, January 8, we had the third concert of the Symphony Society, with the appended programme:

Fourth Symphony . . . . . Beethoven  
Concerto (violin) . . . . . Max Bruch  
(Herr Wilhelmj.)  
Spring-Fantasy . . . . . Von Bronsart  
Chaconne . . . . . Bach  
(Herr Wilhelmj.)

Overture, Tannhäuser . . . . . Wagner

Surely a memorable concert. Wilhelmj appeared for the first time this season, unless one excepts a curious beer-garden engagement accepted by him during November. His rendering of the noble concerto was most admirable, and, for the first time of which I have any knowledge, there seemed to be some warmth and human emotion within him; to his dignified and broad style was superadded a tenderness that has hitherto been conspicuously absent, and the result was certainly delightful. It is needless to add that the immense audience rapturously applauded him. He came out and bowed thrice, but resolutely declined to play.

In the Chaconne he was almost perfect; all the difficulties of the masterly composition were as nothing in his grasp, and in the feeling that his technical capacity was boundless, one had leisure to listen to the lovely work itself. When a lesser artist attempts it, one is perpetually impressed with the fear that each new difficulty will prove well-nigh insurmountable. To an enthusiastic encore he responded with the "Preistied" from Wagner's "Meistersinger."

An amusing incident occurred during the performance of the concerto. Wilhelmj was unconsciously beating time with his foot, and this was perfectly audible to those who sat near the stage, and was naturally very distasteful to Dr. Damrosch, who at once turned his head toward the soloist and riveted his eyes upon the foot of the latter, while still beating time with his baton; when this had lasted for perhaps half a minute, Wilhelmj took the hint and left the time in Dr. D.'s hands, where it properly belonged.

Von Bronsart's work is divided into five sections, and is full of interest from the beginning of the first section to the end of the fourth. The last division is commonplace and almost trivial; this remark applies only to the theme, for the orchestration is masterly, throughout the entire work. I send you a printed programme (couched in curious English) of the author's intention, and will add only a few words of my own.

The first division opens upon the dominant of C-sharp minor, and ultimately takes the tonic. We now become acquainted with a peculiar rhythm which is heard more or less frequently through the whole work. The second division is in E-major, and is certainly very at-

tractive and winning. The third division is in A-flat major, but arrives there only after a long detour, in which figures a lovely episode in F-major; in this same section is a violin obligato passage, and one for the clarinet. The fourth division is in C-sharp minor again, and seems more or less labored and wanting in spontaneity. From this we proceed to the fifth and last division, which opens upon the dominant of C-sharp major, passes to the tonic, and arrives lastly at E-major, in which key the "Fantasy" terminates.

I have given you but an outline of this work, but you can supplement it with the elaborate "programme" which I enclose.

F.

#### BRONSART'S SPRING-FANTASY.

"HANS VON BRONSART'S *Fruehlings-Fantasie* (Spring-Fantasy) was performed for the first time in 1859, from the manuscript, but withdrawn then by the author, to make some important changes.

"In its new form it was performed two years ago at a music festival given by the "Association of German Musicians," in Wiesbaden. There it was pronounced to be one of the most important of modern works, by an audience competent to pass judgment, which included both the Abbé Liszt and Hans von Bülow, who conducted on this occasion. The work has recently been published by Breitkopf & Haertel, in Leipzig.

"The fantasy is indeed a very original work, remarkable for its thematic as well as its poetical development and tonal charm. The piece begins with a slow movement, *The Desolation of Winter*. Above a long roll, *pp.*, on the kettle-drum, arise gloomy sounds from the wind instruments. This rhythm,



is treated as a *motif*, and runs thematically through the whole work. It is heard, for instance, when the storms of life buffet the heart, and in other places. In the fifteenth bar of the first movement, in which only the sombre-toned strings (violas, violoncellos and contrabasses) are employed, another *motif* of a gloomy character enters. It is fugued later and interrupted occasionally by a melody from the wood-wind choir, which shines like a gleam of hope into the almost congealed heart. Suddenly there is a rustling and murmuring in the air, mild zephyrs are awakening; it is *The Coming of Spring* (second movement).

"Beginning *pp.* (violins tremolo and clarinet) there is a gradual growth, until finally, in a jubilant *fortissimo*, the spring melody echoes and re-echoes from mountain and valley, intoned in canonic imitations, now by oboes and trumpets, and anon by the strings. Now the soul, rendered susceptible to new and tender feelings, and breathing in the odor of bursting buds and opening blossoms, indulges in *Love's Dream* (third movement).

"The sweet hopes and aspirations of the heart are sung by a solo violin, and when, shortly after, anxieties and fears come to disturb the dream of love, the old German chorale melody, *Wie schön leuchtet uns der Morgenstern* (How Fair Beams forth the Morning Star), intoned in serene solemnity by the trumpet, comes to infuse hope into the troubled heart. As though filled with the new hope, the love melody unites for a moment with the chorale, and then pours forth its tender passion (all the first violins) in soft melisms. Once more, in deep and quiet rapture, the solo violin lifts its voice, and when a shadow again threatens to darken the happy soul, the chorale re-appears as a presage of hope, this time chanted by the mellow-voiced horn. But alas! it is not yet given to the soul to surrender itself wholly to its happiness, for soon it is seized and tossed by *Life's Storms* (fourth movement). All the blossoms seem ruthlessly bent and broken, all the hopes destroyed, all the inimical powers loosed. The gloomy rhythms of *The Desolation of Winter* are heard again, but this time they are much more vehement and incisive than before; we tremble for the fate of the tempest-tossed soul. Even the chorale, which again returns, seems to have lost its comforting power, when dirhythmic sounds announce *The Hymn of Spring* (fifth movement), and Nature, in all her potency, freshness and fullness, re-animates the depressed spirit. The hymn, with its ever-growing majesty, fills the heart with religious emotions, and now, with augmented power, the chorale comes sweeping along (oboes and trumpets), followed closely by the love melody, which soon spreads its pinions in contrapuntal union with the chorale. These three *motifs*, the hymn (Nature), the chorale (faith), and the melody of the second movement (love) are united at last, and assert themselves simultaneously, a symbol of the essential and everlasting unity of Nature, God, and love, despite their varied manifestations."



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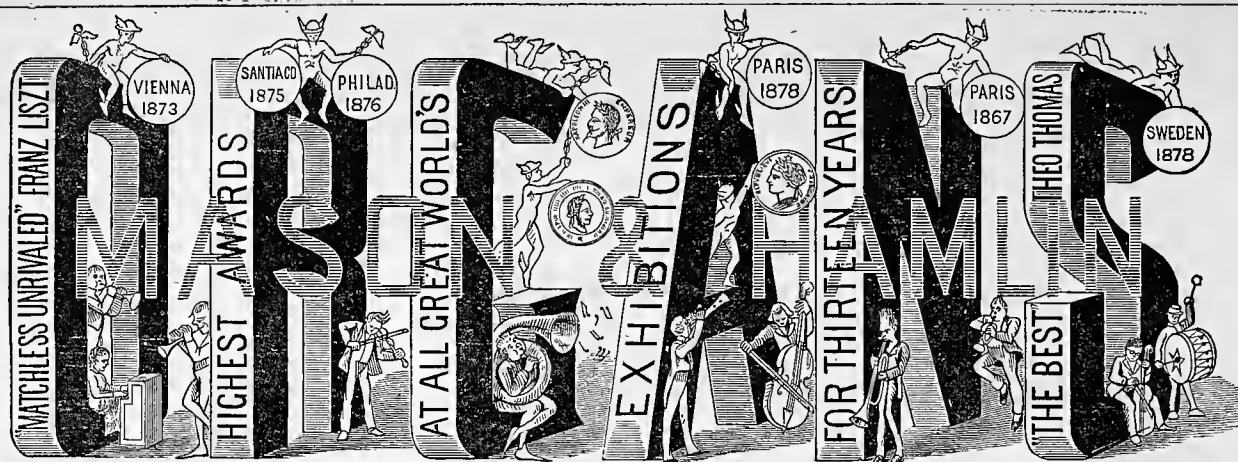
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2. Third Euterpe. Beethoven Quintet Club.
3. Sixth Harvard Symphony.
- 4 and 9. Second Apollo Concerts.
- 5, 12, 19, and 26. Mr. Arthur Foote's Trio Concerts at Chickering's.
8. Third Recital of Otto Bendix.
17. Fourth Chamber Concert, Sever Hall, Cambridge.
17. Seventh Harvard Symphony.

MARCH, 1881.

3. Fifth (last) Chamber Concert, Sever Hall, Cambridge.
3. Eighth (Last) Harvard Symphony Concert.
4. Second Concert of Gustave Satter, Meionnaon.
- 5, 11, 19, and 26. Mr. Arthur Foote's 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th Trio Concerts.
9. Third Concert of Gustave Satter.
11. Last Matinée of Gustave Satter.
14. Third Cecilia (Probably).
16. Third Concert of the Boylston Club.

APRIL, 1881.

15. (Good Friday). Handel and Haydn: Bach's Passion Music.
18. (Easter Sunday). Handel and Haydn Society: "St. Paul."

MAY, 1881.

2. Fourth Cecilia Concert (Probably).
18. Fourth Concert of the Boylston Club.

**Harvard Musical Association.****SIXTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.**

Music Hall, Thursday, February 3, 1881, at 3 P. M.

CARL ZERRAHN,  
Conductor.

B. LISTEMANN,  
Violin Leader.

PROGRAMME.

Overture to "Manfred," . . . . . Schumann  
Aria; "Deh per questo istadte" from "Tito," . . . . . Mozart  
(Miss MAY BRYANT.)

"Spring," Symphony, (second time),  
(J. K. PAINE.)

Songs; a, "Willst du dein Herz mir Schenken," Bach  
b, "Zuleika" (No. 2) . . . . . Schubert  
(Miss MAY BRYANT.)

Overture, "The Fair Melusina," . . . . . Mendelssohn  
Admission \$1.00, with reserved seats, \$1.25.

BOSTON, JANUARY 29, 1881.

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## ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS IN LONDON.

(From *The Musical Directory, Annual, and Almanack*, for 1881.)

THE PHILHARMONIC AND LONDON ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS. — On referring to the musical events in London during the past year, there is nothing we think will interest our subscribers more than to draw their attention to the orchestral concerts especially, and to the position of the Philharmonic Society at the present time. The programmes of the society for the last season show the same liberal mixture of the works of the older with the more modern and living composers which has always characterized them. Of the eight symphonies given, there were three of Beethoven, one Haydn, one Mendelssohn, one Schumann, one Sullivan, and one Brahms; of the eighteen overtures, half were by Beethoven, Mozart, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Weber, the other half all by living composers, excepting one by Auber; and among these the English preponderate, if we may claim Benedict as English, whose overture to *Twelfth Night* was given. There were *Recollections of the Past*, by C. E. Stephens (first time in London); *St. John the Baptist*, by G. A. Macfarren; *Hero and Leander*, by W. Macfarren; and *Mountain, Lake and Moorland* (first time), by Harold Thomas. The same order is observed as to concertos, among which there is one with the pianoforte as solo instrument, by an English composer, A. H. Jackson. The transactions of this admirable institution, which has existed upwards of two-thirds of a century, and has been the origin and pattern of so many which have sprung up, and are springing up, with a similar object, in England, Ireland, and Scotland, as well as in London, and which has such a high reputation on the Continent, have a paramount claim upon the attention of all who are interested in the musical art and its progress.

We learn that the society has of late been going through one of those financial trials which have occasionally before attended it in its long career. We trust that no apology will be needed from us for referring to a circular letter sent lately to the members and subscribers by the secretary, Mr. Stanley Lucas, calling upon them to form a guarantee fund as a security for the directors. We take the liberty of quoting a part of this letter, the issuing of which has been followed by the immediate formation of the required fund — the only result that could be anticipated: — "The directors of the Philharmonic Society having lately submitted to the general meeting of members a report showing the impaired

financial position of the society (the losses upon the last three seasons having averaged nearly £300 per annum), it was resolved to institute a guarantee fund of not less than £1,500, to enable the society to continue its efforts in the cause of music, and to avert the abandonment of the concerts, which have been intimately concerned with the history of the art during the last sixty-eight years." It appears from a brief but comprehensive history of the society, given in Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, that the Philharmonic has experienced similar critical times before in its long career, and "has on more than one occasion been rescued from pecuniary difficulty, and placed again in a state of prosperity," but that, as quoted in the same article from the *Times*, on the occasion of its Jubilee Concert: — "Nevertheless, even in its darkest and most threatening periods, it has never once departed from the high standard which it set itself from the beginning; never once by lowering the standard endeavored pusillanimously to minister to a taste less scrupulous and refined than that to which it made its first appeal, and to which it is indebted for its world-wide celebrity. Thus it has never forfeited the good opinion of those who actually constitute the tribunal which, in this country, adjudges the real position of the musical art, and invariably rallied round the 'Philharmonic' in its moments of temporary trial. Amid all kinds of well-intended, however bigoted, opposition, the society has submitted to reform after reform, and preserved its moral equilibrium — a sign that its constitution is of the strongest and healthiest."

We gather from the same article that there have been about two hundred important orchestral works performed for the first time in this country by this society, viz., between forty and fifty symphonies, between fifty and sixty overtures, upwards of forty concertos, etc.; and that of these, thirty were composed expressly to the order and at the expense of the society, including thirteen symphonies, among which may be mentioned Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, one by Spohr and two by Cherubini — also nine overtures, of which one was by Spohr, one by Mendelssohn, and two by Cherubini, etc. For exact details and other important information upon this subject we must refer to the able article, "The Philharmonic Society," in Grove's *Dictionary*, just quoted. For a long period the Philharmonic Society was the only institution at which great orchestral works could be heard in London. To their concerts only could professor and amateur formerly look to hear such music. The case is different now. With the increased cultivation of music generally, the demand for that of the highest class has been increased, and other channels have been opened up. One of the first changes in the programmes of the society was that of leaving out quartets, trios, and other forms of chamber-music, which formed an essential part in their original construction. This branch of the art, enriched to such an extent as it is by the works of the greatest masters, has since taken root for itself and grown into an independent source of attraction, as seen in the

different chamber-concerts which have been established, and especially in the singular and increasing success of the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts, which draw together not only the lovers of orchestral music, but immense crowds of others to whom "classical music" of any kind was formerly unknown, and without which their taste for such music could not have been cultivated.

Other orchestral concerts, with the same object as the Philharmonic, have since been instituted. The New Philharmonic Society was established in 1854. The conductors at first were M. Berlioz and Dr. Wylde; afterwards Dr. Wylde only. The programmes of these concerts were of much the same character as those of the parent society. For a few years Mr. Ganz became conductor of them conjointly with Dr. Wylde, and, for the last two seasons, he has been carrying on concerts in the same style, and with the same band, and gives them in his own name as "Ganz's Orchestral Concerts." There was in the last season the same adherence to the acknowledged highest models, without which every concert of the kind loses its chief attraction, combined with a portion of the more modern school. During the five concerts given, there were two symphonies by Beethoven, one by Mozart, one by Mendelssohn, one by Rubinstein, and one by Berlioz, with a similar arrangement as to the overtures and concertos. In this respect Mr. Ganz has followed out the same plan as that adopted by Dr. Wylde and by the Philharmonic.

The great success of the Crystal Palace Concerts forms also a very remarkable instance of the extension of a taste for the best orchestral music. Owing to the objects and exigencies of the Crystal Palace, it has been possible and has proved desirable to maintain there a full orchestra throughout the year, and although it is some distance from London, not only are these concerts a source of gratification to the general visitors, but they have become the chief attraction to large numbers. So long and so ably conducted by Mr. Manns, with a band so thoroughly trained by playing daily together, they have been the means of making this class of music intelligible to a large section of the public, to whom it would otherwise have remained an unknown language. In the programmes for the past year only, there are fifty-one symphonies, viz., thirty-five of the older masters, and sixteen by modern and living composers. Of these, fifteen are by Beethoven, nine by Haydn, four by Mozart, etc. Of overtures there are eighty-four, twenty-nine of which are by the earlier and fifty-five by later and living composers. The much larger number performed of the highest form of orchestral music — the symphony — evinces the same catholic tendency as marks the programmes of the Philharmonic and Ganz's Concerts; while, as in those institutions, there has been no indifference exhibited to the claims of what is new. On the contrary, from the large number of concerts given annually, more opportunities have been afforded of introducing very much that is new and good. It is, indeed, to these concerts we chiefly look for novelties, and the

ambitious artist seeks the opportunity of showing of what mettle he is made.

In the last two seasons, also, similar orchestral concerts have been successfully given in London, especially those of last season, conducted by Herr Richter, and the same course has been pursued as by the Philharmonic, Mr. Ganz, and at the Crystal Palace, in the formation of the programmes. The great success which attended the "Richter Orchestral Concerts" is no doubt mainly attributable to Herr Richter's reputation and ability as a conductor. But there are other causes which have helped very much to contribute to it. There seems to be in London an enthusiastic party of devoted admirers of the most modern German School of Music, and, although a few of the most intelligent and cultivated among them loyally give the precedence to Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, there is yet a large number who speak of even the best of these composers "with bated breath," and there are also many wild enthusiasts who can see no merit in any music but that of the modern gods of their idolatry. Herr Richter, however, belonging to neither party, is eminently conservative. When it was announced that the conductor of Wagner's most important works was to give concerts, all warm-hearted adherents of the new school flocked to welcome him, so that Tories, Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals in music, met together. With excellent judgment Herr Richter made one of the symphonies of Beethoven the *pièce de résistance* in each of his concerts, and gave them in chronological succession. He gave also symphonies by Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms. His programmes, indeed, contained fewer works of the modern school than have for many years been found in those of the Philharmonic. If the same rule be adhered to through another season, there is every reason to predict a similar success.

Besides the societies and institutions to which we have alluded for the periodical performances by a full orchestra of music of the highest class, other channels have been opened out in London. Among these, Promenade Concerts, commenced upwards of a third of a century since, although, when first begun, appealing almost exclusively to the widest circle of music lovers through what is comparatively familiar and fleeting in the art, have so far changed and improved in character that it has been long found possible and desirable, as an attraction, to give what are termed "Classical Nights." In the past season, also, at Covent Garden, with a band that contained many of the finest performers in the country, under the conductorship of Mr. F. H. Cowen, the bold and excellent example set by Mr. Arthur Sullivan in the previous year has been followed of going through the symphonies of Beethoven in the course of the performances, crowds unaccustomed to such music being awed into respectful silence by their grandeur and beauty. Mr. Riviere also gave and conducted with success a series of Promenade Concerts, from October 6th, to November 10th, in 1879. With all these counter-attractions, which have arisen since the Philharmonic was the only

institution at which the highest order of instrumental music could be heard, before the hundred "Philharmonics" existed which in England have adopted that name, this society has never swerved from the principles it first adopted, but has set a worthy example to all. Its members and friends must rejoice therefore, to know that the proposal of a guarantee fund, put forth to secure the directors from loss, has been so quickly and so nobly taken up. There is one great cause, which may be mentioned, of the long and successful career of the Philharmonic, and that is, that it is not a commercial speculation. The seven directors who manage its affairs, who engage the artists and form the programmes, do their work gratuitously for the love of art, and being selected by the general body of members, every phase of musical taste is represented. There is thus the fullest security that the best, and nothing but the best, in the different branches of the art will be selected, and its most enduring interests consulted.

#### THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

MR. WILLIAM F. APTHORP'S LECTURES BEFORE THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.<sup>1</sup>

II. (Nov. 25, 1880.)

FROM DUFAY TO PALESTRINA.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—With the last quarter of the 14th century, we enter upon one of the glorious epochs in musical history. Long experimenting upon the discantus had led to a worthy appreciation of the true principles of counterpoint, and under the guidance of these principles composers had acquired no mean degree of skill in the technique of musical composition. The system of musical notation if not yet wholly perfected was still a sufficiently handy musical language for composers to write in with ease and without fear of misapprehension; music was out of its swaddling-clothes, and had done with its primary schooling; a career was open not only to talent but to genius. This great musical epoch which began about the year 1380 in the Low Countries, and arrived at its culminating point of splendor in Italy in the 16th century, has been so misappreciated in various ways, that it will be well for us before going into the detail of its history to consider carefully the general character of the music which makes it famous in the annals of the art.

The general form of this music was that of strict counterpoint. The old modes of the Gregorian chant with several new ones which were not in use in earlier days, but which were founded upon the same system, were still in universal use. Our modern tonal system had not been discovered. The laws of composition were the strictest and most strictly observed that the art of music has ever known. The harmonic structure of the music of this period was very simple. Purely consonant harmonies formed the basis of this structure; dissonances were rarely used, and these only as strictly prepared and resolved suspensions, or as passing notes. What we call a discord, the chord of the dominant 7th for instance, was unheard of. The interval of the tritone was still the *diabolus in musica*, and was severely tabooed. Contrapuntal imitation, both in its freer forms and in the strict form of the canon, was one of the commonest musical devices although the highest development of imitative writing (the fugue) is of somewhat later date. All this seems to us now rather a meagre musical material; mere direct or inverted triads with a few suspensions.

<sup>1</sup> Reported for the Boston Traveller.

But the composers of that epoch had this material thoroughly at their command, and worked positive wonders with it. The music sounds strangely enough to our ears when we first hear it. Many persons do not hesitate to set it down as hopelessly antiquated and monotonous, as belonging to a period when the art of music was as yet in its infancy, and not fit to be listened to now. But let us consider a little. In the first place a complex, highly organized, thoroughly perfected, artistic form cannot possibly have been the product of a period when the art was in its infancy. A form of composition at once so subtle and exacting that hardly any one now can write in it freely and naturally, but which the composers of that time handled with the most consummate ease and grace, is not to be set down as mere child's play. But other people, well appreciating the fact that this music cannot be called infantile, go to the other extreme and object to it on the ground of its being very learned but very ugly. Very learned it certainly is, but there may be two opinions about its ugliness. There are, undoubtedly, many points about it which to our unaccustomed ears sound ugly and harsh at first. But we must remember how our modern musical ear has been trained exclusively in our modern musical system, and our diatonic scale has so gained the ascendancy over our musical perceptions that we have great difficulty in making our ear accept another series of notes as a scale at all. This scale contains within itself the potency and power of our whole modern musical system. Certain harmonic progressions or successions of chords sound ugly to our ears because they contradict the peculiar character of this scale. The explanation why they are inconsistent with its whole nature belongs to one of the most profound problems in the science of harmony. The mere statement of the fact must be enough for us now. But it has been proved beyond a doubt that the ugliness of certain harmonic progressions lies solely in their contravening the nature of our musical scale. But we already know that the old music of which I now speak was not based upon this scale at all. Harmonic progressions which are inconsistent with the nature of our scale, are perfectly consistent with the nature of the church modes. So soon as we are able to rid ourselves of all exclusive prejudice in favor of our modern scale and the musical system based thereon, we find that the ugliness of these harmonies vanishes at once. No doubt we do not find certain beauties in this old music which are unattainable save through our modern musical system; we must be content not to look for them where it is impossible to find them. In looking for intense emotional expression in classic Greek sculpture we must surely count without our host. We must be content with absolute beauty of form, and that unqualified dignity and repose which has vanished from all representative art since the day of Phidias. We must not expect to find the bewitching prettiness of a Greuze head in one of Michael Angelo's Sibyls. Now the beauty that is to be found in the old music of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is very much of that sort we deservy in Greek sculpture, in so far as it is possible to compare together two utterly different arts. The technical skill of the old masters lay in their perfect command over their musical material, and their consequent thrifty use of it. They had the keenest eye for every possibility of beauty that lay hidden in a given melody, and knew how to develop those dormant potencies into musical existence and life.

For the expression of passion and violent emotion they had no musical means. That subjective quality in modern music which seems to lift the veil from the sanctuary of the composer's very heart and initiate us into the mystery of his per-



sonal, emotional life is wholly foreign to their writings. But what their music did express in a more transcendent degree than it has ever been expressed since, was that super-earthly state of being for which the Hindoos found the word *Nirvana*, and which Christian philosophers call ecstasy. Leaving the question of intrinsic beauty, the music of later periods may be characterized as an ideal mirror, in which man sees a transfigured reflection of himself, of human joys, sorrows, passions, struggles, defeats and victories. The old music is a mirror placed at such an angle that in it we see reflected the very bliss of heaven itself. It has been objected again, that those old composers expended a great portion of their powers in solving nice technical difficulties in composition, in working out sheer musical puzzles. Well, this was hardly avoidable. We have seen how, for a couple of centuries, composers had been at work on the discantus; how their various experiments in this style of writing had led to the discovery of the true principles of counterpoint, and notably to that of the fine musical results to be obtained by contrapuntal imitation; that is, by letting one voice in the harmony imitate a melodic phrase previously sung by one of the other voices. The manifold technical difficulties of this style had been so far conquered that composers could write in it easily and freely, thus giving full scope to their musical imagination and melodic inventiveness. The musical form was firmly established and found to be most excellent. How natural was it then for composers to try to push this form to its farthest practicable limits; to try to find out what new subtleties it might be capable of and then exhaust its æsthetic possibilities!

The simplest laws of imitative counterpoint were at first mere trammels upon the composer's genius; but time and practice showed that they were natural and productive of the best musical results when intelligently followed. What was at first a galling shackle soon became a source of power. Might it not be found, then, that new and more intricate contrapuntal forms, more difficult to work in than the already established ones, would in their turn prove themselves to be new sources of musical power, when once thoroughly mastered? At the worst the technical skill acquired in mastering them would of itself make the game worth the candle. So composers set to work with a will, imposing upon themselves the most varied, difficult and intricate contrapuntal tasks in the hope that their more and more complex musical webs might in time furnish material for a worthy garment for creative genius to wear. It is true that this passion for musical experimenting often led to purely fantastic results; many compositions proved themselves to be in the end mere curiosities. Many intricate contrapuntal devices were found to be nothing more than musical puzzles of no real artistic value. But the true men of genius soon stopped toying with them, not sorry, however, to have made the experiment if only to have seen the folly of it for themselves. Upon the whole the real value of these Netherlandish tricks has been vastly underrated. These apparently childish experiments, fantastic and artificial as they now seem to us, gave people such an insight into the possibilities of counterpoint, that it is safe to say that the great musicians of later days, the Händels, Sebastian Bachs, and Beethovens, would have been able to write with far less freedom and mastery, had not their musical material been previously so thoroughly worked and rendered pliable by the old Netherlanders and Italians. Again it is very wrong to think that a highly developed technique was the only result of these musical experiments in the Low Countries. Some of the compositions of that period even in very intricate forms can only be

ranked with what is most beautiful in all music. And even if we call some of the artistic failures mere bits of toying with complex contrapuntal devices, and sheer musical play, we must own that they are by no means child's play, and as Ambros says, only great minds could play so. It is difficult to give an exact idea of what these feats of composition were without using an amount of technical terms that would be out of place here. They belong to the most recondite mysteries of the art of counterpoint, and it would take a whole evening to explain them. But some notion of their general character can be given by means of analogy. The anagram, the palindrome verse, the equivocal rhyme in poetry are feats of a very similar nature. Some of the old musical tricks were very much of this sort; for instance, a composer would write a piece of music which would be acceptable to the ear, when read in the ordinary way. Turn the paper upside down and read it, and you get an equally acceptable composition. Musical anagrams, or what is very like an anagram were in vogue. This device has even come down to modern times. Sebastian Bach and Schumann were quite fond of them. The letters of Bach's name, indeed, form a very good theme for a fugue. But other more legitimately contrapuntal tricks were more difficult to describe; so I will leave them to your imagination. For a full technical description of what was called the *enigmatic canon*, I beg to refer to F. J. Fétis's treatise on Counterpoint. I would by no means be understood to say, as some enthusiasts have done, that all the music of this period was fine. It is as impossible to respect that judgment which says that a thing must be good because it is old, as that carping which declares that what is old must needs be antiquated and unpleasant. Much poor music was written then, and musical historians have as a rule been too careless in selecting examples; sufficient care has rarely been taken in distinguishing between the good and the worthless.

Yet there is a certain difference between the poor quality of much of this old music and the vileness of some of the musical atrocities that are perpetrated now-a-days. I once heard a distinguished musician say: Those old fellows did not always write good music; inspiration came and went then as now. But their poor productions were as innocent as possible. They were dry, uninspiring, pedantic, artificial and tiresome; but since then people have gone much farther and have discovered the art of writing an essentially vulgar melody—a feat which no mediæval composer knew how to accomplish.

It is curious to note how this peculiar quality which we call vulgarity is not to be found in the productions belonging to the classic period of any art. We do not find it in Greek architecture, sculpture or poetry. It is wholly absent from Egyptian art. We do not find it in the earlier period of Italian painting, and only rarely in the works of the Medicean period. The music of the great Netherlandish and Italian era is equally free from the taint of vulgarity.

[To be continued.]

#### WAGNERIUS IN EXTREMIS.

Richard Wagner's long and stormy career has placed him, from time to time, in strange situations, and more than once exemplified the bitter irony of Fate; but perhaps the strangest and most ironic episode of all is that in which we see him accepting from the King of Bavaria the means wherewith to produce his new music-drama, *Parsifal*. For a long time past the Wagnerian propaganda, a well-organized and enthusiastic body, not wanting in assurance or strength of lungs, has been beating up for subscribers, and especially for subscriptions to the new Bühnenfestspiel, spurred on thereto by a powerful and healthy stimulus. The master learned a lesson

in 1870, at the famous festival of the *Nibelungen Ring*. He was then a sanguine man, mayhap through mistaking the stentorian applause of a few for the measured approval of many, and eventually Dame Fortune played him a trick. At the time when all artistic Europe had journeyed to Bayreuth, or was listening intently for such sounds as might travel from the curious edifice near the lunatic asylum of that Franconian town, it was said in these columns that Wagner had reason for more pride than falls to the lot of any one below heroic rank. He had brought the King of Bavaria and the German emperor within a measurable distance of each other, the recluse running out of Bayreuth just before the warrior entered it. He had heard from the frank tongue of Kaiser Wilhelm that, though the imperial mind was a blank upon the merits of the case, the imperial duty was to honor a "national" movement, and he had told an enthusiastic supper party, amid noisy approval, that Germany had received from his hands a "new art." All this was dazzling, intoxicating; but when the emperor escaped from the toils of the old Revolutionist, when the king safely shut himself up again, and Bayreuth relapsed into sleepiness, the reckoning had to be paid. We all felt for Richard Wagner during that very bad and seriously-prolonged quarter of an hour, measuring its bitterness, as we had a right to do, by the fact that it drove him to seek funds in skeptical, not to say unbelieving, London. "The burnt child dreads the fire," says a homely proverb, and Wagner, as the burnt child of Bayreuth, resolved to touch no more the fire of speculative performances. "Master, let us have *Parsifal*," chorused his adherents. "So you shall, my children," was the answer, "when every farthing of expense is guaranteed." Upon which, of course, the propaganda drums began to beat all over Europe. Unfortunately, Wagner chose to fetter his lieutenants with conditions that, while making success impossible, as the event proved, accurately gauged the strength and devotion of the new school. They were forbidden to touch the money of the heathen. In 1876 the heathen swarmed into Bayreuth, and, under the very shadow of the Festival Theatre, opened fire on the whole concern—big guns, light artillery and small arms blazing away together. This is not to be repeated. Every *Parsifal* ticket has its billet carefully ascertained and accurately directed beforehand. No Philistines need apply. In a pecuniary sense, the limitation has proved fatal. Sanguine yet, perhaps, to some extent, Wagner may have looked to see a run on the box-office by the elect everywhere; but either the elect were few or their devotion was faint. So it came to pass that, albeit Dr. von Bülow went up and down playing a Bechstein piano for the good of the cause, the money did not come in, nor was there any prospect of *Parsifal* coming out, until King Ludwig opened his heart and his purse to the tune, it is said, of fifteen thousand pounds.

Doubtless Richard Wagner is grateful to his royal friend for helping him through a difficulty, but the need for such assistance must have touched his proud and sensitive nature to the quick. Is this, then, the end of all his labors—the outcome of so much magnificent assumption, the result of four years' study of the "new art" embodied in as many volumes of *Nibelungen* music? Was the applause of 1876 but a glittering bubble that rose into the air and burst? and did the European "sensation" of that memorable year resemble the loud voice of a storm, forgotten when nature recovers her equilibrium? If so, the experience is not new in the lives of artistic men. Music, like religion, has its martyrs, upon whom every lover of the art looks with profound respect, sympathy and gratitude. But somehow, when Wagner is humiliated, musicians think of Nemesis. There comes to them a voice like that which proclaimed, "Great Pan is dead," and the voice says that Justice still lives. It would be strange, indeed, if this were not the case. Needs must that an art-loving public mingle pity with reverence when contemplating the life-struggle of a Mozart, a Schubert, or a Beethoven. These illustrious masters suffered as it behoves the great to suffer, in silence, and were content to be judged by their works, though the true and final verdict might not come until long after they had passed out of hearing. The path of Richard Wagner, on the other hand, is littered with the traces of almost ferocious onslaughts upon those of his fellow-artists whom the world holds dear. He has visited churchyards and wreaked spite upon the tombs of the dead. One after another, great and cherished reputations have felt the sting of his keen and acrid pen. He has mocked at Meyerbeer, treated Mendelssohn with disdain, struck fiercely at poor, gentle Schumann, laughed at Berlioz, patronized Mozart, and, so to speak, made a post-mortem examination of Beethoven to lecture upon his diseases. What

he thinks of the living Brahms we shall, it is said, soon know more fully, and then perforce this truculent master must rest until some one else is guilty of eminence. All this may be the result of extreme fervor — of that "noble rage" which makes a man spurn the restraints even of decency for the sake of the cause he champions. It is just possible that Wagner may weep for the victim while he tries to annihilate the artist — that he may admire the image while he puts forth all his strength to overthrow the idol; though this is hardly probable, since he would plant himself on the vacant pedestal. Yet whether or no feeling struggle with a sense of duty, the effect upon onlookers is the same. Wagner is not yet to all men the "chartered libertine" of music. No universal consensus has given him letters of marque, with power to wreck, burn, and destroy on the high seas of art. Keen, therefore, is the resentment called forth by his unprovoked and savage onslaughts, and if at this moment, when the liberality of King Ludwig is a sweet which turns to bitter at thought of its necessity, there should be for him no widespread sympathy, he has only himself and human nature to thank.

It may be said that all such personal considerations should be foreign to the domain of art. That is very true, but in this case who is responsible for their intrusion? Ever since "unconscious necessity" — the vague, impersonal thing which Wagner speaks of as a "familiar" — led the master to embrace what he would have us believe are new ideas, he has been unable to separate the ideas from himself. The world is always required to take the one with the other. Accept the principles, if you will, but at the same time recognize the man and be prepared to stand up for him and all his works. It would, perhaps, be rash to speculate upon the power Wagner's artistic theories would by this time have exercised had he not so intimately associated them with his own personality; besides, we are not now criticizing, even indirectly, the "new art." On the other hand, it is quite safe to assume that the master's cause has suffered heavily from the atmosphere of contention, vituperation, and bitterness in which he has chosen to live. Probably Wagner will never alter, but fight to the last with all the grim persistence of Sir Richard Witherington at Chevy Chase. At the same time the lamentable failure of an artistic cult which, though spread through the world, cannot raise money enough to pay the expenses of a new deliverance by its high priest in its chief temple, should give him pause. If this be the result of so many years of "personal government," Wagner might do better by joining Royal Ludwig in his retreat, and leaving the "cause" to a council of ministers. Meanwhile amateurs may devoutly hope that, even though Wagner's music be in truth the music of the future, the composer of the future will not appear as a reproduction of himself. Imagine twenty such men, either in substance or in pretence, each with a Bayreuth and a convenient each little journal, with ideas and a sharp quill, and each assailing the rest tooth and nail. Before this picture the mind recoils in alarm, praying to be delivered from the evil day. There is, however, little cause to fear the realization of so dreadful a dream. A Wagner, like a Napoleon, comes far less often than the aloe blossom, and, when he goes, the things he has turned topsy-turvy right themselves with marvelous facility, while he is soon regarded with no more than the languid interest attaching to last week's nightmare. — D. T., *Lond. Mus. World.*

of subscribers and advertising patrons. At all events, the paralyzing doubt removed, may we not trust the good genius to inspire our work, for some time at least, with a little more new life than it has shown or felt for some time past?

#### CONCERT REVIEW.

A crowd of concerts — more than we can make a note of, more than we could even attend, — have occurred during the past two weeks. First in order of time were three (Jan. 13, 14 and 15), by

CONSTANTIN STERNBERG, the Russian pianist, with WILHELMINI, the great violinist, and a new soprano singer by the name of LETITIA LOUISE FRITCH. These were given in the great Music Hall before discouragingly thin audiences. Mr. Sternberg, both by his selections and interpretations, impressed us as a straightforward, conscientious, tasteful and accomplished artist, free from affectation or extravagance; a master of his instrument (would that the instrument had been a better one!), and always true to the composer. He played no concertos, for there was no orchestra; but the F-minor Fantaisie, the C-sharp minor Etude, and the F-major Nocturne of Chopin; the D-flat major Etude of Liszt; a Prelude in G-minor, by Bargiel; a Fugue in the same key (very interesting) and an Impromptu ("The Hunt") by Rheinberger; a brilliant Scherzo and an Etude by Moskowski; a Bach Prelude in G-minor and a Fugue in D-major by Kirnberger (another of the ancients); also a pleasing and original Gavotte of his own composing, — were enough to show his quality, and win the respect and liking of his audience.

Wilhelmini played the violin like the strong giant that he is, — a giant largely blessed with soul and brain. He also took a giant's liberty in playing what he pleased with slight regard to what was set down on the bill. Thus in the first concert, instead of the "new Concerto by Max Bruch," which people tried to imagine they were hearing, he really gave a Romanza, — a single slow and very grand, broad, deep-felt movement, by Maximilian Vogrich, who, by the way, played all the accompaniments, both for violin and voice, both German and Italian, in such a thoroughly musical and masterly manner, as to make himself a peer among his principals. Wilhelmini also played the first Concerto of Bruch — the same which Adamowsky played — almost as well, — instead of the one promised, by "Lipinski"; a most difficult and brilliant Concert Polonaise by Laub (whom we remember so well in Berlin); and, instead of the great "Chaconne by Bach" (which we went on purpose to hear!), the Reverie by Vieuxtemps. All his work told and held the hearer spell-bound. Of the singer we can only say that she seemed to have been brought up on such cast-iron melody as Verdi's "Ernani, involami," which she sang with great vigor and brilliancy; that her voice is more *éclatante* than sweet or sympathetic, and that her *forte* consists apparently in flashy bird-like passages and trills, and high tones held out beyond all reason.

A most delightful and purely artistic occasion was MR. HENSCHEL'S FIRST VOCAL RECITAL at the Meionaon on Monday evening, January 17. Miss Lillian Bailey was the only assistant (for he played all the accompaniments) in the following choice programme:

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| a. Aria nel Opera, "Orfeo" . . . . .   | Haydn      |
| b. Serenata, "Vieni oh cara," (Agrippa) . . . . .  | Handel     |
| c. Aria, "Mi da speranza," (Almira) . . . . .  |            |
| Mr. Henschel.  |            |
| a. Nacht und Träume . . . . .  | Schubert   |
| b. Der Nussbaum . . . . .  | Schumann   |
| c. Lullaby . . . . .   | Brahms     |
| Miss Bailey.   |            |
| Piano Solo. a. Nocturne in G (op. 35, 11) . . . . .  | Henschel   |
| b. Gavotte in C . . . . .  |            |
| Mr. Henschel.  |            |
| "Oh that we two were Maying" . . . . .   | Henschel   |
| Miss Bailey and Mr. Henschel.  |            |
| a. Minnelied . . . . .   | Brahms     |
| b. Der Asra . . . . .  | Rubinstein |
| c. Widmung . . . . .   | Franz      |
| d. Ich grolle nicht . . . . .  | Schumann   |
| Mr. Henschel.  |            |
| a. "Oh, hush thee, my babe" . . . . .  |            |
| b. "Sing Heigho" . . . . .   | Henschel   |
| Miss Bailey.   |            |
| Five songs from the cyclus: "Die schöne Müllerin," Das Wandern; Wohin? Der Neugierige; Pause; Eifersucht und Stolz . . . . . | Schubert   |
| Mr. Henschel.  |            |

An imperative engagement robbed us of all that preceded the "Widmung" of Robert Franz; but on entering the well-filled room one felt at once the atmosphere of poetry and music; it was plain that that large, appreciative company had been and was completely enjoying itself. Mr. Henschel sang the Franz song and Schumann's impassioned "Ich grolle nicht" with great feeling and expression, as moist eyes in the audience witnessed. His selections, too, from Schubert's *Schöne Müllerin*, in all their contrasted moods, were most effectively and beautifully rendered, song and accompaniment being in perfect sympathy, the freedom of the voice not fettered by the occupation of the hands.

It was a rare treat to hear Miss Bailey's pure, sweet, flexible and sympathetic voice in those charming settings by Mr. Henschel of a couple of those "Water Babies" songs. They suit her admirably, and were sung with fascinating grace and delicacy. The second recital will be given in the larger Tremont Temple next Monday evening.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. — The fifth Symphony Concert (January 20) offered the following programme:

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| Overture to "Der Freyschütz," . . . . .                        | Weber    |
| Piano-forte Concerto in A-minor, Op. 54, . . . . .             | Schumann |
| Allegro affettuoso. — Intermezzo (Andantino grazioso). . . . . |          |
| — Allegro vivace.  |          |
| Frederick H. Lewis.  |          |

Marche Nocturne. from "L'Enfance du Christ," Berlioz  
[This March, now given for the second time in Boston, is from the First Part ("Herod's Dream") of "L'Enfance du Christ." It is the midnight patrol of Roman soldiers through the streets of Jerusalem.]

Songs, with Piano-forte: —

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|---|------------|
| a. Love's Message (No. 1 of the "Swan Songs") . . . . . | Schubert   |
| b. Silent Tears, Op. 35, No. 10, . . . . .              | Schumann   |
| c. "Hark! how still," ("Stille Sicherheit") . . . . .   | Franz      |
| d. "Gold rolls here beneath me," . . . . .              | Rubinstein |
| Julius Jordan.  |            |

Symphony, No. 4, in G-minor. (First time), . . . . . Raff  
I. Allegro. — II. Allegro molto. — III. Andante non troppo mosso. — IV. Allegro.

Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra was in fine condition, and everybody appeared to enjoy the entire concert heartily. Weber's romantic Overture, still unsurpassed in its kind, was heard with real zest, even by those who had heard it a hundred times before; but it was long since it had figured in these programmes. The picturesque, bizarre, mysterious little *Marche Nocturne*, by Berlioz, renewed the strange impression of last year; the melodic theme which sets in after the vague and distant-sounding introduction, is interesting and rather Schubert-like.

The G-minor Symphony by Raff, though not the most ambitious, is one of the most fresh and pleasing of his many elaborate orchestral works. It is without trombones. The first Allegro has a beautiful theme, which is very finely worked up, in alternating with charming wood-wind passages — one especially, where upon their measured *staccato* chords a lovely *legato* melody steals in from the violoncello. The second movement, though in 2-4 measure, is a most swift and frolic Scherzo, sparkling and flashing like dancing water in the sunshine. Its trio takes a pastoral color, clarinet and oboe soliloquizing "at their own sweet will" and at length, in quaint, meditative, melodic passages.

The Andante, though too long, is the most important portion of the work, full of melodic invention, of suggestive episode, of depth of sentiment, and wealth of harmony and color. It begins unpretendingly in a religious, almost choral-like strain. Presently the bassoon tells an interesting story, which seems to interest his comrades, whatever it may all be about. The crowd of thoughts thickens, and the tone and feeling deepens. If the movement were not so long, it would leave a profound impression. The Finale is constructed on a happy plan, in that it builds on reminiscences of the preceding movements. It starts with the very theme of the first Allegro, but with a new development, and after a while we have again the sparkling ripples of the Scherzo. The Symphony was nicely played.

Mr. Lewis, whom most of us heard for the first time, gave us a very manly, clear, intelligent and adequate interpretation of the ever beautiful Schumann Concerto. His touch is musical and decided, his technique faultless, and his tempo perfectly even and unflagging. Plainly he had studied his matter well, and mastered it. Mr. Lewis, who resides and teaches in Manchester, N. H., was formerly a pupil of Mr. J. C. D. Parker, in the Boston College of Music. — Mr. Julius Jordan,

#### Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1881.

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE. Our readers must have seen, what we too painfully have felt, that so far, since the beginning of the New Year, our Journal has been somewhat in a state of suspended animation. The truth is, during these weeks, what with stunted patronage, and our own utter dissatisfaction with such work as we have been able to perform within such narrow limits, our thought and feeling have been gravitating toward the resolution to cut the knot peremptorily, and suddenly stop the Journal, and go free! A freedom for which we have intensely longed, although it would be coupled with sincere regret!

But now the question is decided, and the Journal of Music will go on. How long, and (what is more important) how well, how good a musical journal it will be, must depend not only on the Editor, nor on the Publishers, but on the number



gave a tasteful and expressive rendering of the charming group of songs, although his voice had scarce the weight and volume for the vast hall. — Other concerts (Thomas, the Cecilia, Mr. Satter, Mr. Perry, etc., etc.) must still wait for notice, since the Index so contracts our space.

**IN PROSPECT.** The immediate future (here in Boston) will be rich in music. — This afternoon, the second performance, by Theodore Thomas, of the *Damnation of Faust*. — Tomorrow (Sunday) Mozart's *Requiem* will be heard here for the first time since 1857, and that was only its second performance in a concert-room, though it has once been given in the Catholic Cathedral. Also Beethoven's Oratorio "The Mount of Olives," almost as great a rarity for many years past. The solos in both works will be sung by Miss Hattie Louise Simms, Miss Ita Welsh, Mr. William Courtney, and Mr. C. E. Hay.

— Second Vocal Recital of Miss Bailey and Mr. Henschel on Monday evening. — Third Euterpe Concert (at Mechanics Hall) on Wednesday evening, Feb. 2, by the Beethoven Quintette Club.

— The sixth Harvard Symphony Concert (Thursday afternoon, Feb. 3,) will present for the second time, Prof. Paine's "Spring" Symphony, which made so marked an impression last year. It has been published — score, parts and four-hand arrangement — in Germany, and may be had at Schmidt's music store. The concert will begin and end with Schumann's Overture to *Manfred*, and Mendelssohn's *Die schöne Melusine*. Miss May Bryant will sing an aria from Mozart's *Titus*, and songs by Bach and Schubert.

In the seventh Harvard Concert (Feb. 17) another American Symphony, though by a German, — Prof. F. L. Ritter, of Vassar College, — will be presented. It is his second of four symphonies, and was suggested after reading Byron's *Sardanapalus*. It was performed some years ago in the New York Philharmonic concerts, under Carl Bergmann, and made a decidedly good impression. For this concert, also, are assigned an Aria, (probably from *Freyschutz*), by Mrs. Humphrey Allen, and Mozart's Concerto for two pianos, by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Sherwood. — For the eighth and last concert of the season Miss Lillian Bailey and Mr. Henschel have generously volunteered their valuable services, and the feast will be largely vocal, with a short symphony, — Beethoven's ever-fresh and exhilarating No. 8.

— Our energetic and progressive young pianist — and much more than pianist — Mr. Arthur Foote, has bespoken all the Saturday evenings of February and March for eight Trio Concerts at Chickering's rooms. He will be assisted by Miss May Bryant, and by Messrs. Allen, Dannreuther, Heindl and Fries. The entertainment will be unique, and certainly attractive, each programme consisting of two trios, (piano, violin, and 'cello), with some songs. For the first concert: Trio in D. (Op. 70, No. 1), by Beethoven; Trio in F, by Rubinstein.

### MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

**NEW YORK, Jan. 24.** — On Saturday evening, Jan. 22, we had the third concert of the New York Philharmonic Society.

Symphony, G-minor, . . . . . Mozart  
Recit. and Aria, "Sirée," . . . . . Handel  
(Mr. Henschel).  
Introduction, 3d Act, "Medea," . . . . . Cherubini  
Scene and Aria, "Wo berg ich mich," "Euryanthe,"  
(Mr. Henschel.) Weber  
2d Symphony, Op. 61, C, . . . . . Schumann

Nothing amazingly new about this list of pieces; but they were all well worth hearing. Mr. Thomas perhaps feels that in former seasons he may have gone a little too far with novelties, and that public taste has only followed him at a very safe distance. At all events, for whatever reasons, he adhered closely to beaten paths and produces no new symphonic works, either at the Brooklyn or at the New York Philharmonic concerts. Dr. Damrosch seems to enjoy a monopoly of novelties, as, indeed, he did last winter.

To return to our programme: The concert was a successful one, albeit there was but little enthusiasm over either of the symphonies — well played, as in the main they were. The Mozart was neatly performed and left but little to be desired; but the Schumann — one of the noblest symphonies ever penned by human fingers — was less admirably executed. The *ritenutos* in the scherzo (that is, in the first trio) were badly managed, and there was very little unity of action; and it is also true that the sustained violin trills in the exquisite andante might have been toned down and modified to very good advantage. To sum it all up, either the Philharmonic orchestra is less efficient than we have

always been anxious and proud to believe and to assert, or such works as the Schumann Symphonies need far more careful rehearsal. I am perfectly willing to grant that the general musical public knows nothing whatever of Schumann (in any real sense) and that it cares less; but there are those who do know, and to whom any carelessness in the production of his works seems like a musical sin.

Mr. Henschel sang admirably; indeed he always does. He is so manly, earnest, conscientious, that we must be satisfied with him. He takes us by storm, and we are forced to admire him and to acknowledge his exceptional merit and ability. Mr. Henschel accepted an encore after the Weber air, and gave us the "Two Grenadiers," by Schumann.

The audience was a very large one, and was composed of the usual small percentage of real music lovers and the very large percentage of babbling idiots, who are so sadly out of place at such an entertainment, and who would find it very difficult to give a satisfactory reason for being there; their one merit is that they (usually) pay for their tickets.

A young violinist named Maurice Dengremont has been astonishing every one here by his marvellous playing. As a rule, I resolutely decline to believe in musical prodigies; but this Brazilian lad — for he cannot be older than 15 — is the eighth wonder of the world; in hearing him you do not say to yourself that he plays astonishingly well for a boy: he is simply a masterly artist, with a most admirably pure, clear, and accurate intonation, with consummate technical dexterity and intelligent musical conception. The next few years will add, without doubt, largeness to his tone; he lacks nothing but that. He is to play at Dr. Damrosch's fourth Symphony Concert on Saturday, Feb. 5, and at the public rehearsal on Thursday, Feb. 3. He will also play at the first rehearsal of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society (for its fourth concert) on Friday, Feb. 4. In each instance he will play Mendelssohn's Concerto, and also a classic Nocturne, arranged by Sarasate. I will add one word: Young Dengremont has thus far escaped the *spoiling* which is sure to attach itself to prodigies; how long he will continue to play like a true artist and to act like a gentleman is of course problematical.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 22, the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society gave its third concert, with this programme:

Symphony, G-minor, . . . . . Mozart  
Scene and Aria, "Wo berg ich mich," . . . . . Weber  
(Mr. Henschel).  
A Faust Overture, . . . . . Wagner  
Septet, Op. 20, . . . . . Beethoven  
"Two Grenadiers," . . . . . "Schumann"  
(Mr. Henschel).  
Ball Scene from Dramatic Symphony, . . . . . Berlioz

There is but little to say of this concert, except that it passed off pleasantly; that Mr. Henschel made a great sensation, and that he responded to an encore with a recitative and aria from Handel's "Sirée." The Society will give its fourth concert on Feb. 19, when the Ninth Symphony by Beethoven will be given.

**BALTIMORE, Jan. 18.** The last four students' concerts, at the Conservatory, embraced the following selections: —

String-Quartet, Op. 41, No. 1,  
Fantasie Stück, Op. 88. For piano, violin and 'cello,  
Serenade for alto voice,  
"Mädchenlied," for soprano and alto, . . . Schumann  
a. String Quartet, C-major, Work 59, No. 3,  
The Russian,  
b. Sacred Songs. Work 48. For mezzo-soprano, organ, and violoncello,  
Nature's Praise of God,  
Penitential psalm,  
c. Scene and Air. From the opera "Fidelio,"  
Work 72,  
d. Piano-Trio, D-major. Work 70. No. 1, . . . Beethoven  
String-Quartet, A-minor. Work 1, . . . . . Svendsen  
The Nightingale. Song with piano, . . . . . Volkmann  
Slumber Song, with piano, . . . . . Wagner  
Novelettes, A-minor. Work 29. For Piano, violin and violoncello, . . . . . Gade  
String-Quartet, E-flat-major. No. 14. Composed 1783, and dedicated to J. Haydn, . . . . . Mozart  
Tender and True Douglas, Ballad for soprano and piano, . . . . . Alfred H. Pease  
String-Quartet, E-minor. Work 47. No. 1, A. Rubinstein

The first Symphony Concert, of which there will be but five this season, is announced for the 29th inst.

The musical world is for the most part in a state of enthusiastic excitement over the establishment of our Oratorio Society, which held its first rehearsal last Thursday, with some 350 voices in attendance. The

idea of founding an Oratorio Society here is by no means new. Something has been written about it and a great deal more said about it for some time; but the labor of bringing together a large and heterogeneous body of singers from the different musical societies and church choirs has always appeared so monstrously difficult that a direct and earnest effort to unite these elements under one head has always seemed more possible than probable. To Mr. Otto Sutro, well known here in musical circles, is due the credit of having taken up the subject in an energetic and business-like manner, and of giving the long-sought-for grand chorus some tangible shape. The constitution and by-laws are formed principally on the basis of those of the "Handel and Haydn Society" of Boston. The chorus when complete will probably consist of some 400 voices, the whole being under the direction of Prof. Fritz Fincke, of the Peabody Conservatory. The *Messiah* is the work with which a beginning is to be made, and it is expected to give the first performance toward the close of spring.

The officers of the Society are: — Mr. Otis Hinckley, President; Mr. Edgar Miller, Vice-President; Mr. Otto Sutro, Treasurer; Mr. A. K. Shriver, Librarian; Mr. W. R. von Antwerp, Secretary. Board of Directors: Mr. D. L. Bartlett, Mr. John Curlett, Mr. F. M. Colston, Mr. Frank P. Clark, Mr. James Gibson, Rev. Dr. Hammond, Mr. W. A. Hanway, Prof. E. G. Daves, Mr. John Schomann; all of whom have either taken an active part in the general progress of our city, or have become more or less identified with the best interests of music and the drama in Baltimore.

The immediate wants of the Society have been provided for by special subscription, and it now devolves on our representative men to further the undertaking in a generous and substantial manner. To come down to plain, practical facts, good music can't be had without money, — a pity 'tis, 'tis true. Our merchants and other citizens of means, however, will no doubt see the necessity of stepping to the front, putting their hands into their pockets and contributing handsomely to the support of the first successful attempt to establish an Oratorio Society in Baltimore.

**CHICAGO, Jan. 21, 1881.** Our home efforts in music are often made to bend before foreign attractions, which seem to be regarded with an interest not always fully merited. It has been my opinion, for a long time, that the first duty of a city in matters of art is to support those efforts that are made by home talent; for thus encouragement is given in a true direction, and a groundwork for future progress becomes established. A truth is supposed, by all reasonable people, to be a truth the world over; and if good music can be made by those at home, one would suppose that its goodness was not lessened because it was not imported. Yet very often our home efforts meet with very little appreciation from the general public, and they are only kept alive by the earnest work of a few faithful souls. I am led to these remarks by this fact, that while German and other European cities are eager to support worthy entertainments, we in this country look more to so-called novelties, or sensational importations, than to our home efforts in the way of art. This is manifestly wrong, for it prevents that development of the home talent, of which a people should be proud. If we have Chamber-Concerts, piano and song recitals, and the larger entertainments, in choral and orchestral works, presented for hearing by our home artists and societies, it is a duty that the people owe to themselves and to their country, to give their support; so that a taste and a love for music may be created among us. We are rich in commercial property, and let us now do something that is worth accomplishing for art.

One evening last week, at Fairbanks' Hall, a Chamber-Concert was being given by the Liesegang-Heimendahl Quartet. They offered the following programme:

Quartet No. 3. . . . . Cherubini  
Slumber Song, . . . . . Franz  
Whither? . . . . . Schubert  
Miss Butler.

Quartet, Op. 1. . . . . Svendsen

A few musical people gathered to hear the performance. A little band of appreciative art-lovers, few in numbers, but large in their enthusiasm for good music. Not far away was a large gathering of richly dressed people, filling to overflowing one of the most commodious theatres, listening to a French actress, as she portrayed the character of Camille. Not many in that crowded assembly understood the language of the actress, and in consequence lost the full meaning of the play. Yet fashion must follow in the pathway of the sensational, even if it gives up its comfortable and

real pleasure in so doing. But the lesson that these two pictures teach needs no word of comment.

Mr. Emil Liebling gave his first concert of this season not long since, when he played the following selections: Septet, Op. 74, Hummel, written for piano, viola, 'cello, bass, flute, oboe and horn; Scherzo, Op. 39, Chopin; and the Octet, Op. 9, of Rubinstein. He had the assistance of Messrs. Lewis, Allen, Liesegang, Kraemer, Drach, Schorpp and Forest. The piano-forte part of the Rubinstein Octet is very difficult, and to say that Mr. Liebling played it with skill and finish, is to express a high opinion of his ability as a pianist. There are varied opinions in regard to the merits of the composition, but I have heard only high praises for the manner in which Mr. Liebling performed his task.

On Thursday evening the Beethoven Society gave its second re-union, presenting a very interesting programme. Miss Butler, Miss Wallace, Messrs. Wolfsohn, Heimendahl, Liesegang, Dawson, and the St. Cecilia Quartet took part. The most important selections were the Trio in A-minor, Schumann; Suite for piano and violin, Op. 14, Goldmark; and some Chopin numbers played by Mr. Wolfsohn. These pleasant re-unions of the Beethoven Society furnish us with good music, and it is generally well performed.

Before I close my note, I would desire to mention that Jansen, McClurg and Company, have published a very prettily bound book, written by Miss Amy Fay, and entitled "Music-Study in Germany." It is made up of Miss Fay's home correspondence during her life and study in Germany. The letters are bright and entertaining, being filled with descriptions, opinions and facts in regard to the many distinguished musicians and artists of the present day. A little insight into the home life of the German people is presented to the reader, and the atmosphere of art seems to give a brightness and worth to the picture, which imparts pleasure with the interest it creates. One little lesson seems indicated in the book, which may be of service to many American pupils. That is, that, however grand may be the ambition of a student, or however great his energy, he must be able to logically analyze the steps in his progress, in order to derive full benefit from his study under the masters in Europe. Many young people feel that, if they simply go to Europe for study, success is sure to follow, and it is only after a painful experience that they realize that there is no royal road to an education in art. Talent may do much for a person of energy, but besides will-force, there must be acute reasoning, or true progress becomes impossible. Place can do nothing in itself for a student; for the best place to study music is, where one may find a really good teacher. All students, who would become masters of their art, must realize, that mechanical proficiency only supplies to the artist a medium through which he may express the ideas of the beautiful. For the spirit of art is only manifested by these mechanical forms, and is not in them. To study art from its true side then, one must approach it from the side of reason. It is the *know-why*, that brings about the *know-how*. Art study then becomes fruitful, for the understanding is quickened into new life, and the student develops his own powers, until the sphere of the beautiful is enlarged by the very widening of his comprehension. C. H. BRITTON.

### MUSIC ABROAD.

LONDON. In London alone there are upwards of 3000 professors of music, and more than 800 music-trade firms, while in the provinces nearly 6000 persons are engaged either in the professional or trade branches of the art. These numbers, of course, exclude the large army of auxiliaries—the clerks, shop-men, employes, and workmen. There were upwards of 700 professional concerts given in London concert-halls during the year ending Oct. 1, 1880. The probability is that if the numerous benefit concerts which have been omitted, the choir performances which do not find a place in the total, and the daily orchestral performances at such places as the Westminster Aquarium, were included, the figures would be nearly doubled. Indeed, in the height of the summer season, a dozen concerts per day is by no means uncommon. Upwards of 200 performances of Italian and 50 performances of English operas were also given at the two great opera houses. There are, it appears, in London about 70 and in the provinces about 300 amateur choral or orchestral societies, but the list is, I believe, not quite complete. All these details are calculated to be considered satisfactory; on the other hand, the names are given in the Directory of about 2700 pieces of sheet music and songs issued by publishers during the year. If only a hundred copies of each piece were printed, the mass of rubbish circulated or waiting to be circulated, to the extent of

more than two and a half millions of pieces, is well-nigh appalling. — *Figaro*.

—The failure of M. Rubinstein's "Nero" at the Royal Opera of Berlin seems to have been complete. A very large sum had been spent in mounting it, but the people would not have it, and the opera has been withdrawn. The news will be refreshing to Mr. Carl Rosa, who was warmly urged by M. Rubinstein to produce "Nero" in English, but who managed to resist the blandishments of the charmer. It is, by the way, again asserted that M. Rubinstein's opera, "The Demon," will be produced at Covent Garden next season.

PARIS. One of the ablest, most instructive, moderate, and generally well-conducted of Parisian art-journals, *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*, has retired from the literary arena, after an honorable existence of nearly half a century, during which the most eminent bibliographers, essayists, and critics on music generally, have contributed to its columns, from the late M. Fétis, its original promoter, if not absolutely founder, to the best writers of the actual period. The secession of the *Revue* will be heard of with sincere regret by not a few amateurs who were wont to look forward with interest to its weekly Sunday issue. The proprietors—the great house of Brandus & Co.—in announcing the fact to the readers, add that they retain their copyright in the title, with a view to any future contingency that may make it useful and expedient to revive the journal. — *Lond. Mus. World*, Jan. 8.

—At the Société des Concerts, Jan. 9, were performed: Beethoven's Second Symphony; an Ode-Symphony, "The Sea," by M. Guimard; Overture to *Genoveva*, Schumann; Hymn by Mendelssohn; Overture "Le Carnaval Romain," Berlioz. Conductor, M. Deldevez.

—At the Concerts Populaires of M. Pasdeloup: Pastoral Symphony, Beethoven; Aria from Sacchini's *Edipus at Colonus*, sung by Faure; March of the *Rois Mages*, by Liszt; Mendelssohn's Piano Concerto in D-minor (M. Trago); *Reverie*, by Schumann; *Noël*, by Adam, sung by Faure; Jubilee Overture, Weber.

—At the Concert du Châtelet: *L'Enfance du Christ*, sacred trilogy by Berlioz. Conductor, M. Colonne.

COLOGNE. The Church Music Society here presented at their last concert (28th December) a new *Stabat Mater* by the French composer, Gouvy, a work of unquestionable merit. Another novelty was Vincenz Lachner's music for Schiller's *Turandot*. The composer, who had come from Carlsruhe to direct the performance of his work, was successful both as a composer and conductor. — At the next Gürzenich concert (11th of January) Dr. Ferdinand Hiller will introduce a composition by an English musician, viz., F. Corder's *Scenes from the Black Forest*. At the Stadttheater Goethe's *Faust*, with Lassen's music, was performed on two consecutive evenings (first and second parts), and four times repeated to general satisfaction. Another success was the star-engagement of Anton Schott, from Hanover, who played Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Raoul, and Robert. Here, as elsewhere, the manifest improvement in Herr Schott's singing since his last engagement in London, where he studied with Herr Alfred Blume, is remarkable, and his popularity has increased in proportion. It may be remembered that Schott's improvement was generally noticed, from performance to performance, by the visitors to Carl Rosa's last season of English opera in London. The German press declare him to rank now among the finest tenors of the day. — *Corr. Mus. World*.

BERLIN. One of the most interesting concerts given here for a long time was that which came off recently at the Singakademie, in memory of Carl Eckert. The programme comprised exclusively works (arranged in chronological order) from his pen, and was thus constituted:—Overture to *Käthchen von Heilbronn* (written when he was in his fourteenth year); choruses from the oratorio of *Judith*; "Trio for piano, violin and violoncello," Op. 20; Air, "Wenn ich mit Menschen und mit Engeln ungenügend rede," from the opera, *Wilhelm von Oranien*; concerto for violoncello; several songs; and, finally, the "Jubiläumsmarsch," composed in 1876. The list of executants included Mme. Joachim, Mdle. Marianne Brandt, Herren Joachim, R. Radecke, Rudorf, Franz Mannstaedt, Rob. Hausmann, the band of the Royal Opera-house, and Stern's Gesangsverein. Among the audience were the Emperor Wilhelm and the Crown Prince.

VIENNA.—Ignaz Brüll's *Bianca*, remodelled and compressed into two acts, has not found much favor at

the Imperial Opera-house, though admirably performed. Mdle. Bianchi and Herr Walter, in the leading parts, were several times re-called. Herren Scaria and Meyerhofer, to whom were entrusted the comic personages, were also applauded. Two performances have been given for the Pension Fund. The first, on the 22d, was a medley, including, among other things, the second act of *Lohengrin*, with Mad. Pauline Lucca as Elsa, for the first time. The performance on the day following brought the *Prophète*, Mdle. Marianne Brandt, of the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, appearing as Fides, one of her best impersonations. — The programme of the second Society's Concert (*Gesellschaftsconcert*), under Herr Gericke, Imperial *Capellmeister*, comprised Schwarwenka's Second Pianoforte Concerto (a novelty here), played by the composer; Franz Liszt's Setting of the 13th Psalm for tenor solo voice (Herr Walter), chorus and orchestra; and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. — A young lady pianist, Mdle. Alphonsine Weiss, who has lost the use of her left hand from paralysis, and can execute only with her right, played at a recent concert the *adagio* of Beethoven's C-sharp minor Sonata, "Transcriptions" by Liszt, and *Etudes* by Chopin, in such a manner as to excite the admiration and wonder of the audience.

FRANKFORT AM MAIN. The sixth Museums' Concert, in honor of Beethoven, was first-class. The programme was as follows:—

Overture, Coriolan; Concerto for violin, Op. 61, in D, played by Professor Joseph Joachim; "Elegischer Gesang" (Op. 118), for four voices with the accompaniment of two violins, viola and 'cello; Romanze for the violin, Op. 50, in F, played by Joachim; Symphony No. 9 ("Choral.")

The concert was splendid, and worthy of the great composer.

On the 20th inst. the Chamber Concert brought Clara Schumann and Professor Joachim, the last of whom led Beethoven's "Rasumowsky" quartet, Op. 59, No. 1, (in F); Brahms's Sonata for piano and violin, Op. 78, (G-major); and Haydn's quartet, Op. 76, No. 5, (D-major). The Sonata of Brahms was heard for the first time here. The audience was enthusiastic. The operas have been *Aida*, *Alessandro Stradella* (with Candidus), *Guillaume Tell*, and *Martha*.

FLORENCE. Sig. Vincenzo Cirillo (our well-known amiable, and musician-like singing teacher), has been visiting his friend, Mr. Preston Powers, the sculptor, on his way to Naples, where he will pass the winter. His many friends in Boston will rejoice to learn that his health has already greatly improved. In a private letter Sig. Cirillo speaks of the Royal Musical Institute of Florence as follows:—

"This school of music was founded fifteen years ago, under the presidency of Signor Casamorata, and the directorship of Signor Mabellini, both celebrated composers of the famous school of Cherubini and Mercadante. The number of pupils now studying is about three hundred, male and female. An orchestra connected with the institute is composed of eighty male members, students who on certain days assigned by the director, have the advantage of practising the orchestral works of the first composers of the German and Italian schools. A library connected with the Institute, embracing a complete collection of the most precious musical works extant, formerly belonged to the grand Dukes of Tuscany, who also possessed a rare collection of old instruments, among which is the first viola constructed by the celebrated Stradivarius, a violin and a 'cello by the same maker; a violin of rare beauty by Amati, together with a monocord, a wooden trumpet and two Indian trumpets played by placing on the cheeks, or the outer part of the larynx. There is also a perfect imitation or a Pompeian flute, and many beautiful guitars and mandolins. The severity of the studies which the pupils undergo, under the tutelage of the eminent professors of the Institute, has, in a comparatively short time, been instrumental in producing a goodly number of distinguished artists, who are meeting deserved success in Italy and abroad."

—That the opera in Italy is in a bad way is proved in one manner by the diminution in the number of the opera-houses. In 1870 there were eighty-six opera-houses in Italy; in 1871, eighty-six; 1872, ninety-one; 1873, eighty-five; 1874, eighty; 1875, seventy-nine; 1876, seventy; 1877, sixty-eight; 1878, sixty-six; 1879, seventy-one, and during the present year only sixty-seven. — *Lond. Figaro*.

LEIPZIG. The eighth Gewandhaus Concert (Dec. 2,) was devoted exclusively to works of Mozart, who died Dec. 5, 1791. The selections were: the *Requiem*; Overture to the *Zauberflöte*; *Ave Verum*; and the Symphony in C, ("Jupiter").

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- 12, 19, and 26. Mr. Arthur Foote's Trio Concerts at Chickering's.  
17. Seventh Harvard Symphony, Afternoon.  
24. Mr. B. J. Lang's First Concert, at Tremont Temple, 3 p. m.

**MARCH, 1881.**

3. Fifth (last) Chamber Concert, Sever Hall, Cambridge.  
3. Eighth (Last) Harvard Symphony Concert.  
5, 11, 19, and 26. Mr. Arthur Foote's 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th Trio Concerts.  
10. Mr. B. J. Lang's Second Concert, Tremont Temple.  
14. Third Cecilia (Probably).  
16. Third Concert of the Boylston Club.

**APRIL, 1881.**

15. (Good Friday). Handel and Haydn: Bach's Passion Music.  
18. (Easter Sunday). Handel and Haydn Society: "St. Paul."

**MAY, 1881.**

2. Fourth Cecilia Concert (Probably).  
18. Fourth Concert of the Boylston Club.

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CHERUBINI'S "MEDEA" AT VIENNA.<sup>1</sup>

BY EDUARD HANSLICK.

"That the performance of *Medea* did not fulfil the expectations of the public is a fact on which there is but one opinion."—so we read in a letter from the Vienna correspondent of the old *Leipziger Musikzeitung* in 1803. Such, then, was the case even at that period, seventy-seven years ago! Perhaps Cherubini's music was too heavy and too complicated for those days, just as it is seemingly too simple for our own. When, therefore, was really the proper medium point of time for this celebrated opera? the moment of its unconditional and irresistible success, of its popularity? If we have read history correctly: Never. We may also add: "Nowhere." Highly extolled but only listlessly patronized, admired by all but liked by few—such has ever been the fate of Cherubini's *Medea*. But for *Les deux Journées*, and its exceptionally great success, we might well say that such, also, was the lot of Cherubini himself. There is so much about him inspiring awe and respect that no critic ventures to depreciate either his natural powers or his art. A fine lofty earnestness runs through his works from one end of them to the other, and with it a mastery as evident in the most comprehensive conceptions as in a single bar. Though he combined in himself the peculiar excellences of Italy, Germany, and France, he stands apart, peculiar and isolated, impressing on all he does his own unmistakable stamp. And yet, yet—we own it with shivering veneration—his operas leave us cold. Intelligence—extraordinary intelligence in art-matters—reigns supreme in his music, which consequently speaks first to the reason of the hearer and only on rare occasions forces its way to the heart.

We need not seek far to find in what the cold depressing element of Cherubini's works for the lyric stage consists, and why *Medea* (which comes chronologically half way between *Die Zauberflöte* and *Fidelio*) does not carry us away like an opera by his contemporaries, Mozart and Beethoven. It is the absence of sensuously-beautiful, warm, life-possessing *melodies*. Who ever has a single melody from *Medea* in his heart or on his lips? Cherubini's lyrico-dramatic personages speak very expressively, but what they say in musical tones does not flow from them often enough as something of itself musically beautiful—there is *melody* but there are no *melodies*. A striking observation has been made by Ferdinand Hiller, who, from personal acquaintance with him, has given us many characteristic

traits of Cherubini, which are reflected in his music. "In Cherubini's nature," Hiller tells us, "there was nothing like overflowing and overpowering force of imagination. Though he was in every respect admirable and worthy of esteem, and at the bottom of his heart not without almost simple kindness, the most friendly things he said or did had a slight taste of bitterness about them. Neither by his music nor his personal character did he please completely."

Another writer on musical matters emphasizes somewhere or other the fact of its having been a lucky thing for Cherubini, who was only too partial to sophistry and affectation, that he was by birth Italian. I confess that it is from the circumstance of his Italian nationality that I should have expected a more decided influence on his operatic style. Cherubini possesses the classical sense of form but not the melodious charm, the happy sensuousness of the Italians. There is more Italian blood pulsating in Mozart than in this Florentine. The exponents of Italian criticism always regarded Cherubini as belonging to the French school, while for the French he was a follower of the "*école allemande*." Combining in himself such exceptional qualities, Cherubini seemed selected to inspire the three nations with strong and lasting enthusiasm. But such a result was denied him. In the theatres of his native Italy he always was, and still is, unknown. In France, his adopted country, he was, as director of the Conservatory and as the master of such men as Boieldieu, Auber, and Halévy, held in high esteem, but as an operatic composer, he never met with aught but neglect. Fully one-half of his solitary great Paris success, that of *Les deux Journées*, was due to the libretto, the exciting point of which, working with the power of actuality, caused every heart to vibrate again. This state of things has long passed away, and Paris opera houses know no more of Cherubini. The country where he was best understood and most highly honored was Germany, especially Vienna, where at the commencement of the century, the oldest and the youngest of our great masters, Haydn and Beethoven, entertained sincere admiration for him. Of his operas, however, of which there are no fewer than 13 Italian and 16 French, only *Les deux Journées* has, even in Vienna, retained its place on the stage up to the present day. In the course of the last twenty-five years, the attempts made in Munich, Berlin, and Leipzig to resuscitate *Medea* have invariably met with honorable success, but the success has been very transient. To the Intendant-General, Baron von Hofmann, belongs the merit of having rescued this classical opera from out the oblivion of half a century, and produced it in a becoming manner. Herr von Hofmann probably gave way to no delusion as to the slight impression it would make and the probability of its drawing. Spontini's *Vestale*—another combination of the Italian and French style ripened under the sun of Gluck—would, in our opinion, have been a happier selection. Spontini is very far from possessing the technical mastery of Cherubini, but he has, on the other hand, more fire and

sensuous beauty. His *Vestale* follows the same musical ideal less strictly than *Medea*, but it does so with more dramatic life, warmth, and charm.

*Medea* was written not for the Grand Opera, but for the smaller Théâtre Feydeau, which was a regular tributary of the Académie Royale and confined within narrow limits. The Théâtre Feydeau gave mostly comic operas, vaudevilles, and stirring pieces, being allowed to produce operas only with spoken dialogue and without any ballet. For the greatest composer the French possessed, as well as for his friend Méhul (to whom *Medea* is dedicated), the Grand Opera was virtually closed; the two were compelled to bring out their greatest and most serious works at the Théâtre Feydeau, the Opéra-Comique of the period. Hence the strange fact that in *Medea* the singing alternates with spoken dialogue, which that accomplished musician, Franz Lachner, first changed into recitative. Without this recitative, composed with as much modesty as mastery, we should be quite unable to bear a grand tragic opera like *Medea*. That work contains scenes demanding the highest power of music and the entire art of the composer (such a scene is the first and unexpected appearance of Medea at Jason's betrothal in the first act), and these scenes were *spoken*! A similar incident in more recent times is the appearance of Edgar at the betrothal of Lucia—can we fancy this culminating point of the opera without music, and merely with dialogue?

Another material fact not without influence on the musical shape of *Medea* is that the work was calculated for a small house, the Théâtre Feydeau mentioned above. In a large theatre, like the Opera-house here, the instrumentation appears strikingly weak. Even in the most moving scenes, we wait in vain for the grand electric shocks of the orchestra, for the flames and streaming lava of tone. But there is nothing of the sort. Cherubini's instrumentation is always artistic and full of character, but never of overwhelming power, at least for us children of post-Beethoven days. Cherubini lays the entire weight on the stringed quartet, which the wood and horns merely back up; it is only rarely and sparingly that he employs the kettle-drums. *Trumpets and trombones are wanting altogether*. It is true that trombones are now and then employed in the Grand March of the second act, but not in full and solemn chords; only to strengthen *unisono* the bass part of the chorus, almost as though their sole mission was to keep in tune the basses singing in the background. Where too, in conformity with the taste of his time, Cherubini introduces certain instrumental solos, he always combines with them some dramatizing characteristic; thus a soft solo for the flute accompanies Dirce's first song, and a sombre solo for the bassoon Neris's air. Cherubini is fond of playing with the sound of the different instruments in a manner which frequently borders on trifling; a short motive is given out by the flute; repeated first by the horn; then, in a higher range, by the oboe; and then, in a lower one, by the violoncello or the bassoon. Numerous such illuminating sparks and sparklets lend animation to the

<sup>1</sup> From the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*.

score of *Medea*, but we would willingly give them all for one large fire. Thus it comes to pass that we follow with interest Cherubini's artistic orchestration, with its painfully conscientious examples of characterization, but we are never carried away by its power: nay, scenes which, when we read them in the score, we expected would produce a very profound impression, pass by almost without leaving a trace.

In *Medea*, as in all Cherubini's operas, grand and genial moments alternate with purely formal passages; lofty inspiration with mere padding. This last has a depressing effect, especially when it appears in a favorite form of the composer's, namely, that of repetition; frequent wearisome repetition, both of the musical phrase and of the words. These repetitions cause each piece to appear even more spun out than it really is, and we cannot blame the hand which has freely cut nearly every one of the numbers for the performance here. The development of operatic music has proceeded and is still proceeding so rapidly that the lapse of no more than from seventy to eighty years causes even acknowledged masterpieces to age fearfully. Not only do musical details strike us now-a-days as strange and formalistic in Cherubini, but even his dramatic form of expression, so highly and so justly esteemed, does not always suffice for the increased demands of the present day. We recognize and admire the correctness and delicacy of his dramatic intentions, but we do not find them invariably carried out with sufficient fullness and power. How have our demands in this particular risen since the time of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber? Let any one examine the musical characterization of the various personages in the opera of *Medea*. With the exception of the heroine, they are really mere shadows. Jason, Creon, Dirce, and Neris—all drawn with faultless accuracy, but colorless and insignificant. One of the most obvious and most indisputable advantages of music over poetry is that the former at once convinces directly, where the latter must give a motive, step by step, for everything. Musicians appreciate exceedingly this heart-compelling and unavoidable power of opera as opposed to the weakened effect produced in spoken drama by the operations of the intellect. And yet—how much more profound and more convincing is the impression made on us by Grillparzer's *Medea* than by Cherubini's! Let any one compare, not merely the total impression of the whole, but the analogous leading scenes and figures in the spoken with those in the musical work. In Grillparzer's play, the king, his daughter, and Jason, stand out quite different from, and in nicely graduated opposition to, *Medea*; in Cherubini all these personages form only one hostile wall against her. In Grillparzer, we have, besides *Medea*, the lovely painted, highly finished, and fair form of *Creusa*, the white rosebud commanding our most lively sympathy as she stands by the side of the magnificently flaming *Feuerdistel*. And Jason, the faithless and hateful deceiver, how carefully is he portrayed by the poet with everything capable of explaining or of rendering his treachery excus-

able! In Cherubini's opera, Jason is an unimportant tenor and *Creusa* (Dirce) an unimportant *seconda donna*. Creon and Neris are conventional figures of the same sort. *Medea* is the only personage in whom we take an interest, not to say the only personage at all in the whole opera. It was a fault, though, perhaps an intentional one, for the librettist and composer to make the whole story a long monody, as it were, for *Medea*, compared with whom every one and everything else are mere decorative adjuncts. In other respects, the libretto, though much wanting in variety, is certainly fashioned with great cleverness to satisfy the requirements of opera (of the old school). The *Medea*-saga, which ever has been, and ever will be, one of the most powerful subjects that can be selected by a dramatist, be he poet or composer, is consistently constructed and the gradual working-up of the interest well carried out.

With regard to the separate numbers in the opera, we must content ourselves with directing attention more particularly to only a few. The overture, like the introductions to so many other works, now forgotten, of Cherubini's, is still an ornament of our concert-programmes; with its noble bearing, its genuinely French pathos, and its delicate instrumentation, it now almost strikes us as a concert-overture. Truly Cherubinian in every bar, it is in the best sense characteristic of a master fond of saying more in his orchestra than in his songs. A proudly and finely built-up composition is the grand, slow, concerted piece in E-major of the first act: "Dieux et Déeses," though its effect is marred by the long and monotonous holding of the harmony of the tonic and dominant. The duet between Jason and *Medea* at the end of the first act moves us strongly by its intense dramatic passion. When we come to the second act, we admire, in *Medea*'s prayer that the king may at least grant her a single day more, the grand tragic spirit of the whole, with its truly genial gradation of declamatory and musical details. For noble beauty of tone and solemn dignity, there are few things comparable to the show-piece of the opera: the march and chorus at Jason's nuptials. Let the reader remark, on the second introduction of the women's chorus, the three series of triads: d, f, c; c, e-flat, b; b, d-flat, a-flat; which sound almost like an announcement of R. Wagner's coming, with the chromatically descending soprano-part: "Doux hymen!" The third act is short, consisting of only two scenes and aiming more at dramatically moving portrayal than independently musical invention. Its whole effect rests on the art of whoever may represent *Medea*; if the artist can, as singer and actress, satisfy the very high demands made on her, she almost causes us to forget the composer. Mme. Materna is here thoroughly admirable; indeed, altogether, she decidedly surpassed in the part all our expectations. A remarkable improvement has lately taken place in this lady. Her habit of heaping up shrill and violent accents, which once imparted a character of wild naturalism to her singing as well as acting, and spoilt the pleasure we should otherwise have derived from her

magnificent natural powers, has now made way for a calmer, more moderate, and more feeling style of expression. Mme. Materna still finds the most powerful effects in the resonant metal of her voice, but it is no longer there alone that she seeks them. She has at length perceived that even the most passionate part should not always be painted uninterruptedly *al fresco*; the perception of this fact has been at once followed by the most zealous study, and that in its turn, by the most gratifying success. We may estimate her *Medea* the more highly because our operatic singers, one and all, have become unfamiliar with Cherubini's vocal style. Despite their praiseworthy efforts, all the artists engaged in the performance moved about as though in an uncomfortable garment, which hung loosely on them, and which they could neither wear properly nor fill out.

## THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

MR. WILLIAM F. APTHORP'S LECTURES BEFORE THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.<sup>1</sup>

II. (Continued.)

FROM DUFAY TO PALESTRINA.

Apart from all other æsthetic considerations the striking feature of classical art is its uniform elegance. By this word elegance I do not mean mere obedience to conventional standards of posture, dress, action or language, but rather that intrinsic refinement of thought and expression, that unostentatious dignity sure of its own worth, which is the one essential to what we call high breeding. The classic æsthetic atmosphere is one of supreme refinement. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries may be called the golden age of music; the age of perfect innocence and purity. The element of struggle and strife had not yet been introduced into it. It will be remembered that the musical interval of the tritone (an interval of very peculiar character) was in those days called the *diabolus in musica* (the devil in music). This name was, in one sense, more fitting than was then suspected. This tritone is the basis of our modern tonal system. It was the Eve's apple which once eaten let all the passions loose. In it lay the power of evil. When Monteverde introduced the tritone into music the art had what theologians would call its fall: from being divine it became human. It gave a voice to every passion in man; it became capable of larger, grander, and vaster developments. In other words, the face of the art was wholly changed. But what had gone before was not thereby undone and cancelled. The noble genius of the Beethovens, Mozarts, Bachs and Händels does not cast a single shadow upon the calmer, serener glory of the Palestrinas, the Gabriellis, the Ockenheims, and Josquins, some of the movements in whose masses, motets and requiems are verily an anticipated thanatopsis, a glimpse of heavenly peace and beatitude.

The musical tasks which occupied composers of this great epoch were pretty much as follows: First and foremost stood the mass. Upon the text of the church mass composers spent their best powers. These old masses were commonly known, not by the musical mode or key in which they were written, as is customary now-a-days, but by the name of the melody which the composer took for his *cantus firmus*. Instead of being Dorian, Mixo-Lydian, or Phrygian masses, or masses in D, C-minor or E-flat, they were known as "*Missa de Beata Virgine*," "*Missa l'Homme*

<sup>1</sup> Revised by the author from the Boston Traveller's report.

*armé,"* etc. When the composer invented his own *cantus firmus*, as was occasionally done, the mass was named after the first few notes of the theme. Thus we have *Missa La, Sol, Fa, Re, Mi; Missa Mi, Fa,* etc. When the *cantus firmus* was the melody of some church canticle or other sacred work, the text of the canticle or hymn was sometimes interpolated between the words of the ritual text of the mass. This interpolation was known as *farcitura*, or stuffing. Thus in Josquin's mass *De Beata Virgine*, the tenor voice in the *Gloria* sings not only the ritual text, but intermingles with it many allusions to the Holy Virgin as follows: *Dominus Deus, Agnus Dei, filius patris, primo-genitus Mariæ Virginis Matris quæ tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram ad Mariæ gloriam, quoniam tu solus sanctus, Mariam sanctificans, tu solus Dominus Mariam gubernans, tu solus altissimus Mariam corenans Jesu Christe, cum sancto Spiritu,* etc. *Farcitura* like this had at least a certain sense and meaning, but sometimes we find sentences like the following in the *Kyrie Eleison* of an Ave Maria mass: *Ave Kyrie Maria gratia plena, Dominus tecum leison.* But all sorts of *farcitura* were afterwards strictly forbidden by the Council of Trent, and composers were forced to stick to the ritual text.

The Requiem Mass was also a favorite theme for composition. It is noticeable that the *Dies Iræ*, that mainstay of modern composers, did not appear in the old Requiem Masses at all. In its place was sung *Si ambulavero in medio umbræ mortis.* Next in rank to the mass stood the motet. This was a shorter form of composition on the text of a psalm, an antiphon or a church hymn. Passages from the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, the Song of Solomon or the Book of Job, were often set to music as motets. The story of the Passion was especially a favorite subject. One point in these motets which strikes us now as odd was that the title was often set to music as well as the text. In the way of secular music we find the contrapuntal part-song, or madrigal, a form of composition for which almost all the great composers of this epoch showed especial predilection. In all these various forms of composition the old masters did their utmost to make the general character of the music accord with the spirit of the text. I say the general character of the music, because instances in which the significance of any particular word or sentence was musically emphasized are extremely rare. The music of the Requiem Mass was in general less elaborate, more austere, simple than that of the ordinary mass or motet. As a rule, the complexity and elaboration of style increased as the composition progressed. The *Agnus Dei*, the last number in the mass, was accordingly made the theme for the most intricate contrapuntal treatment. There was a great deal of the votive spirit in these old composers. Their sacred compositions were not so much didactic musical homilies or personal expressions of religious sentiment, as they were votive offerings. The more lofty the theme, the more carefully wrought was the music. The feeling was that the most exalted subjects were most worthily treated in the highest and most finely organized musical forms. Yet no matter how complex the musical means employed, the composers were ever studious of simplicity and unity of effect. The composer might have to expend the most arduous labor upon the technical part of his work, he might heap one intricate contrapuntal device upon another, but to the listener his music must seem beautifully clear and simple. In those days to write music was the severest of labor; to listen to it was pure ecstasy. One peculiarity deserves especial notice. Composers very soon abandoned the old device of the French *déchanters* of putting popular airs

and Gregorian chants together. But a reminiscence of this curious practice remained in vigor for a long time. Instead of looking to the Gregorian chant to furnish the *cantus firmus* of a sacred composition, composers often took a popular secular melody for a *cantus firmus* in their masses and motets.

Of the early composers of this great epoch we know little save their works. The first name of importance is that of Guillaume Dufay. His birthplace has not been discovered to absolute certainty, but he was probably born at Chimay, in the southern part of the County of Hainault, in the Netherlands, between 1350 and 1355. When still quite a young man he went to Italy, as indeed almost all the great Flemish composers did, and we find that he was a tenor singer in the Pontifical choir in Rome in 1380. In those days singers were musicians, strangely as it may sound to our ears. He afterwards visited France and the Low Countries, and died in Rome at an advanced age, in 1432. Dufay may be called the first real contrapuntist, and if any one can claim the title of Father of Music, he can. In his works we find the first germs of organic musical form. He introduced order and system into the loosely-connected discants of the French *déchanters*; and it was in his hands that this discant first became worthy of the name of counterpoint. His great contemporaries, both of them much younger men, however, were Egide Binchois, born at Binche in Hainault, and who died between 1452 and 1464; and John Dunstable, born about 1400, at Dunstable in Bedfordshire, England, and died at Walbrook in 1458. Dufay and Binchois, with some less noted contemporaries, formed what is known as the first Netherland school. It is noticeable that Dufay, in common with all other composers of his own and of the next succeeding period, found nothing disagreeable in the bare interval of the perfect fifth without the major or minor third. Nowadays we use the ungarished fifth only for some blood-curdling dramatic purpose, but in Dufay's time it was sweet and lovely to musical ears. Among the composers of the next generation, most of whom were pupils of Binchois, and who formed a sort of transition school between the first and second periods, are Vincent Fagundes, Antoine Busnois, Firmin Caron and Johannes Regis, otherwise known as Jean du Roy.

The greatest of Binchois's pupils was Johannes Ockenheim (or Ockeghem), who was born at Antwerp between 1415 and 1420. He exerted a stronger and more universal influence upon musical composition than any man of his day. He was the first composer who was dignified with the title of Prince of Music, and was at once the chief and founder of the second Netherland school. With him counterpoint gained in grace, freedom and elasticity, and were it not that his works have been thrown somewhat into the shade by the more brilliant genius of his great pupil Josquin Depres, his name would still be the most famous of the fifteenth century. But he is still to be remembered as the great master of the Netherlandish counterpoint. The date of his death is not known. His compositions were held in the very highest esteem both in his native country and Italy—he was, in fact, the model composer of his day.

His famous pupil, Josquin Depres, was born in Hainault about 1450 or 1455. Like many of his predecessors and contemporaries, he went to Italy, and we find his name among the singers of the Pontifical choir of Rome in 1484. He died August 27, 1521. The historian Ambros calls Josquin the first genial composer. There is, indeed, a gentle pathos and sentiment in his music which we look for in vain in that of his predecessors, and which is hardly surpassed by the greatest Italian composers of the sixteenth century.

Ambros does not tire of extolling what he calls the Josquin look of yearning for heaven. The closing phrases of many of his movements are a pure ecstasy of divine love.

Other composers of this second school were Pierre de la Rue, Antoine Brumel, Alexander Agricola, and greatest of all, Orlando de Lasso. This wonderful man, in whose music the second Netherland school reached its culminating point, was born at Mons, in Hainault, in 1520, one year before Josquin's death. In his boyhood he was choir-boy in the Church of St. Nicholas, at Mons, but was kidnapped three times on account of his wonderful voice. At the age of twelve he accompanied the Viceroy of Sicily, Ferdinand de Gonzaga, to Milan, and thence to Sicily. In 1541 he went to Rome, and after passing six months in the palace of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Florence, who was then stopping in Rome, he obtained the important position of teacher of the choir in the Basilica of San Giovanni, in Laterano, although he was but twenty-one years old. He held this office till 1548. He then travelled through many parts of Europe, finally settling in Munich, where he assumed the leadership of the then famous choir of Albert V, of Bavaria. It has been reported that while he was in Paris, Charles IX ordered him to write the celebrated Seven Psalms of Penance, which were to serve as a balm to the royal soul, then too much troubled with the shadow of the St. Bartholomew massacre. The only difficulty about this touching story of medicinal music is that these very psalms are to be found carefully written out in the Munich Library, in volumes bearing the unquestionably authentic dates of from 1565 to 1570, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place in 1572. So this little anecdote came into the world like many others about great musicians, through the horn-gate of dreams. Orlando Lasso, since his first visit to Italy, moved in the very highest social and intellectual circles. He married Regina Weekinger, a maid of honor at the ducal court of Brabant, and was himself raised to the order of nobility. He was the most voluminous composer on record. The number of his works is quoted at over 2,000. No wonder that this constant strain upon his brain, added to the daily performance of his official duties, at last told upon his nervous system. In the last few years of his busy life he fell into a profound melancholy. The machine was worked out, and on June 15, 1594, he died, four months after the death of Palestrina, in Rome. He was the last as well as the greatest of the Netherland composers. Through him all the science and refinements of Flemish music were introduced into Germany.

To follow the course of music from the Netherlands to Italy, we must go back a little. One of the most noted of the Netherland composers was Adrian Willaert, born 1490, in Bruges. He was, in all probability, a pupil of Josquin Depres, although the testimony on this point is not quite unquestioned. At any rate, we know that when he went to Rome he was not a little astonished to hear a six-voice motet of his own sung by the Pontifical choir, and highly esteemed as a fine composition of Josquin's. His pleasure was perhaps not quite so great when he told the papal singers that he was the real author, and saw the august choir immediately lay the work aside, in high dudgeon that they, the first singers in the world, had been wasting their voices and enthusiasm on the music of an obscure Netherlander. Willaert had the laugh on his side, though, and did not long remain obscure. Andrea Gritti, Doge of Venice, recognized the young man's genius, and when the leader of the choir of St. Mark's died, Gritti sent to Rome for Willaert, in spite of all opposition to the unknown



foreigner, and on December 12, 1527, Willaert entered upon the performance of the duties of his new office. The choice was a good one, and the vespers at St. Mark's soon became famous over all Italy. As a composer, Willaert was the legitimate successor of Josquin. He may be called the real father of the madrigal. Now he is principally famous as the founder of the great Venetian school and the master of Andrea Gabrieli.

Andrea Gabrieli was of a noble family, and was born in the Canareggio quarter of Venice, about 1510. He entered the ducal choir as a singer in 1536, and was raised to the position of organist at St. Mark's after his master Willaert's death, in 1566. He died in 1586. Of his many pupils, two are especially famous—Giovanni Gabrieli, his nephew, and Hans Leo Hassler, who was a German, born at Nuremberg in 1564. He came to Venice in 1584 and studied with the elder Gabrieli until the latter's death. He then returned home, and in 1601 went to Vienna. His fame as an organist was almost universal, and as a composer he ranked very high as one of the glories of the Venetian school. The Emperor Rudolph II gave him a patent of nobility. In 1608 he entered the services of Christian II and Johann Georg, Electors of Saxony. He died of consumption at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, June 5, 1612. But it is in his fellow-pupil of old Andrea that we have the most shining light of the Venetian school. Giovanni Gabrieli was born in Venice in 1557. He became organist in St. Mark's in 1585. With two exceptions he was the greatest composer, not only of his day, but of his whole epoch. His peer was Orlando Lasso; his only superior was—but wait a little.

(To be continued.)

## THE HISTORY OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

### III.

With the third lecture, delivered in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum, Herr Pauer brought his chronological study of pianoforte playing as far as Beethoven. Commencing with the three educational writers, John Baptist Cramer, Ludwig Berger, and Carl Czerny, the lecturer said:—After the time of Clementi more attention was paid to the technical part of pianoforte playing. In Haydn's and Mozart's sonatas there are no stretches longer than an octave, and the figures consist mostly of scales and broken chords. But after their time the chords were widened, runs in thirds, sixths, and octaves were introduced, and the expression became more brilliant. Cramer was a pupil of Clementi for one year and profited by his instructions, but he inclined more to the school of Mozart. Clementi lacked grace, refinement, and warmth of feeling, and this absence of enthusiasm is found in all Italian authors for the piano. While noted for fire in their vocal music, in instrumental composition they are cold, conventional, and shallow. They possess, however, one good quality—clearness. By nature the Italians are practical, economical, and indolent, and these qualities appear in their music. Their writing is practical, for it is perfectly clear; it is economical, for the same matter is repeatedly used; and they show their indolence in not taking the trouble to work out their themes. But this thematic work, so distasteful to the Italians, was practised by Cramer, who is most celebrated for his 100 studies, which appeared in 1820. Far from seeming antiquated, they have not lost a charm, but are as fresh as when they first came out, being beautiful in form, harmony, and melody, ingenious and useful. Our young pianists incline to shirk studies, as if there were a royal road to learning, but they would be more patient did they but consider how much labor is involved in the writing of a single study, and the amount of time that must have been expended in the mastery of contrapuntal rules. They would perceive how

small in comparison is the labor of learning to that of composing. Cramer's Studies show the art of pianoforte playing in its best light, and exhibit every different style. It is said that Cramer intended his Studies as a preparation to Bach's Preludes and Fugues, and a better could not have been found. They put the technical machinery into working order, whence their great importance. Cramer was one of the best of pianists, his tone was very rich and round, his appearance while playing eminently gentlemanly. He combined the best qualities of the Mozart and Clementi schools, and Beethoven preferred his touch to that of any other player.

After playing a selection of Cramer's Studies Herr Pauer continued:—Ludwig Berger, born 1777, died 1839, is comparatively unknown in England. To some, however, he is familiar as the teacher of Mendelssohn. He wrote effective and interesting pieces, and was an excellent pianist, belonging to what is called the Eclectic School. Granted that the great geniuses make the strides in art, the minor talents consolidate, polish and round off the rough corners left by genius. Just so Berger did good service in accelerating the progress of pianoforte playing, and also as a teacher is deserving of esteem. His Studies are remarkable for their dreamy expression. Breitkopf and Härtel, of Leipzig, have published a very cheap collected edition of these most recommendable works.

Berger's Three Great Studies were then performed by way of illustration.

Among the most popular of pianoforte composers is Carl Czerny. His School for Velocity is known throughout the world, and our fair pianists still have to submit to the rules imposed therein. He is as much identified with this work as Handel is with the *Messiah*, Bach with his Preludes and Fugues, Weber with the *Freischütz*, and Beethoven with the *Moonlight Sonata*. Czerny aimed at great clearness, brilliancy, and a certain degree of elegance. Although musicians generally believe that Czerny wrote for money, he was in reality an accomplished and learned musician, understood the origin and growth of pianoforte playing, and contributed to its development. As a teacher he was unrivalled; Liszt, Döhler, Kullak, and Madame Belleville-Oury were his pupils. He showed his power as a teacher in his ability to recognize the deficiencies of his pupils, and at once to improvise remedies, and as a master displayed a painstaking attention rare at the present time. His admiration for the classics was unbounded, and in his later years (as Herr Pauer had himself heard him say) he followed a regular system of study. He used to play Bach in the quiet morning hours, Mozart as a preparation for Beethoven, and the afternoon he devoted to new composers. His appearance was that of a Roman Catholic village priest rather than a European celebrity. He was indeed a walking library, no matter, but full of accurate information. A thorough critic, he was well disposed towards every one, free from prejudice, and ready to recognize merit everywhere. His fertility as a composer was unparalleled. His great aim was to gain brilliancy, elegance, and correctness in execution, and a pleasing mode of general playing.

Czerny's Variations on Schubert's Walzes, Op. 12, served as an illustration.

Among the composers who have contributed to the progress of pianoforte playing, Hummel is one of the foremost. He occupies a peculiar position: as a pupil of Mozart he naturally followed his school; as an admirer of Clementi, he could not help adopting his method; and as a witness of Beethoven's achievements, he felt the necessity of a fuller style. But he came out of his difficult situation with honor and credit. He possessed talent, ingenuity, keen appreciation, energy, and industry; and these go a long way. Unexceptional smoothness, clever harmonies and graceful ornaments characterize his style. His playing was correct, certain, clear, and refined. What is called "le jeu perlé" took his name from him; his fingers were round and thick at the tips, and the tone he produced was clear, bright, full, and crisp, like a string of pearls. His speciality was the *portamento* touch. There are three recognized styles of touch, the *staccato*, marked by dotted notes, the *legato*, marked by

a slur over the notes, and the *portamento* (or carrying on), marked by dots with a slur over them, is a medium between the other two. The effect of it is very pleasing, it brings out the sweetest tone of the instrument, and will make even a very old piano sound agreeable. Hummel, who never demanded more than the instrument could give, was not so remarkable for fire as for evenness. His music is satisfying and pleasing, more refined and polished than Clementi's. He inclined to the gentleness and pliability of Mozart, in whose house he was at one time a boarder, rather than to the harsher, stricter character of the Italian. One of the most pleasing phases of pianoforte playing is therefore to be found in the works of Johann Nepomuk Hummel.

Having played the slow movement from this composer's Sonata in F-sharp minor, Op. 81, Herr Pauer devoted the remainder of his remarks to Beethoven:—We come (he said) to the centre of gravity in all that concerns pianoforte playing, to Beethoven, one of the greatest of executants, who possessed great muscular power, an iron will, lofty enthusiasm and unsurpassed self-command. He opened to pianoforte executants a hitherto unknown mine; when young he practised so energetically and industriously that he thought he had thereby flattened his fingers at the tips. Always independent, and determined to conquer obstacles, he would never yield till he had reached the goal of perfection. Before he became deaf his playing was marvellous. In character it was most fascinating and inspiring, earnest, manly, and full of intellectuality. There were no empty technical figures, but the themes developed naturally, every ornament was a necessity; in everything there was a loyal observance of law. Not only, however, is it the rules of order, the energy and force, but there is something more that satisfies our aspirations. It is the moral strength, a power to which we instantaneously yield. The object of these lectures being, however, not to discuss the merits of the composers, but the nature of pianoforte playing, it will be well to distinguish five points his works suggest to the executant. First, the contrasts they display; second, the force of the subject; third, the richer treatment of harmony; fourth, the powerful rhythmical life; fifth, the natural and simple character of the modulation, the technical figures appearing as a logical consequence, not a supplement tacked on. Further, we notice a rare warmth of feeling, nobility, grandeur, and dignity; every capability of the instrument is brought into play, the shake, scale, arpeggio, octaves, firm chords—in short his works offer a field for the executant to appear to the best advantage. Like Haydn and Mozart, Beethoven's piano works were influenced by the orchestra, though in a greater degree. While Mozart showed a womanly tenderness, Beethoven's was the stronger gentleness of a man. More brilliant than Clementi, Beethoven added to that brilliancy invention and intellectual life. In early life he was influenced by Mozart, in later years he inclined to Clementi, and he had an admiration for Haydn. But he surpassed them all and produced works of imperishable beauty, which have never been surpassed or scarcely approached except by Weber's Sonata in A-flat, Schubert's in A-minor, and one of Schumann's. It would be unjust to make a comparison between the Sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven, for the former died in 1791, five years before the latter brought out his first work. After Beethoven the division between the intellectual and technical became wider, and he had himself apprehended that improved mechanical means would give that side of the art an absorbing influence.

Herr Pauer concluded by performing Beethoven's Andante and Variations in F, and Sonata in G, Op. 31, No. 1.

—HANDEL REDIVIVUS. M<sup>me</sup>. Néruda made an extraordinary impression by her refined and masterly execution of Handel's violin sonata in D-major, one of a set of twelve works of the kind published in 1732 ("for violin or German flute") composed expressly, it is said, for the Prince of Wales. The pianoforte accompaniment to the sonata has been admirably arranged from Handel's own figured bass by Mr.



Charles Hallé. Mme. Néruda has never, perhaps, held the public more spell-bound than with this sonata, by what some of the "advanced school" would profanely call "a dried-up master." Let the apostles of the "advanced school" go, as Handel went, to the Pierian Spring, which never dries up, and they, possibly, may learn to know (and do) better. — *Graphic*, Jan. 8.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1881.

### MR. APTHORP'S LECTURES.

It is certainly one of the most striking signs of the growing interest in music as an art among our people, that the history of music, from the days of Ambrose and Gregory to Wagner, has found a place among the popular lecture courses of the conservative and practical old Lowell Institute; and that the audiences have been so large, following the lecturer, and his little choir of illustrating singers, with eager and intelligent attention through the whole. Mr. William F. Apthorp is one of the few young men of active mind and liberal culture who, after graduating at Harvard University, has devoted himself to music as a profession. As a teacher, especially of harmony and composition, and as a critic, he has for some years ranked among the best we have. Being called to deliver this course of six lectures on the historical development of his favorite art, he at once devoted himself with all his characteristic energy and eager love of knowledge to the work of preparation, which consumed a large part of the year. He studied not only all the important histories and beginnings of histories of music (like that of the lamented Ambros, cut off in the middle of his work, and before whom it would have been impossible to prepare such lectures); but he delved deeply also in the scores themselves of mediæval and more modern masters. He made more account of pointing out the significant steps of progress, the unfolding of the art out of the first rudimental germs and the first rude experiments into the full-fledged, free and amply-furnished art of our day, than of a comparative estimate of the genius and creations of the individual great composers; yet their styles, their merits, and their relative importance were happily, if briefly, characterized. The specimens (short, of course) given by a quartet choir with pianoforte of the first rude attempts at harmony (what we now call discord), of the quaint *discant* and counterpoint of the works of the middle ages, of the more genial and inventive masters of the Flemish school, of Palestrina, Gabrieli, and so on, were well selected, and proved both amusing and instructive. The origin and history of Opera, from the first experiments of those noble Florentines in the year 1600, down to the "great claimant" of the present day, were traced with a sure hand.

These lectures were very fully reported in the *Boston Traveller*, and the reports were eagerly bought and read. Thinking that no matter can be better suited for the readers of a musical journal, we have begun the republication of them all in order, giving the *Traveller's* reports after a careful revision by the author. They will run through at least a dozen numbers of our Journal, and should make the Journal sought for by more readers than it has at present.

### THE NEW ORCHESTRAL CLUB.

For weeks the newspapers have teemed with communications, hints, suggestions, squibs, and airings of party grievances, in some way bearing upon what is called the "Orchestral Problem;" the main question being how to secure for Boston a "permanent," well-trained, sufficient orchestra, which can be kept

in practice all the year round, and ready for all fit occasions, whether "classical" or miscellaneous and "popular." The problem came up in this way; pardon a little history.

For a number of years, during our civil war, the sound of the Beethoven Symphonies—indeed of all orchestral music—had ceased in Boston. After the old Musical Fund, and the "Germania," Carl Zerrahn, for several seasons, gave "Philharmonic" Concerts, by subscription. Yielding at last to the popular cry for lighter music, he found that the subscriptions of the only sure nucleus of an audience, the real earnest lovers of the highest kind of music, began to come in more and more mistrustfully, and he finally gave up. Then the Harvard Musical Association, a purely private club, composed for the most part of musical and music-loving graduates of Harvard College, seeking to keep fresh the memories of college musical experiences, and at the same time to bring music into more respect with educated men than it enjoyed at that period (1837), hoping, also, to bring about in course of time, the establishment of a regular professorship of music in the college, conceived the idea of employing an orchestra and giving symphony concerts in Boston. The plan was to organize the audience, fit, however few. A hundred or more gentlemen of culture, with the social circles they could influence, would naturally form the nucleus of a refined, appreciative company of listeners, and form a genial sphere which would be likely to draw to itself others of like affinity. To do this, they had to keep the control of the programmes in their own hands, guaranteeing that they should be of the purest, highest kind of music; while the very nature and character of the Association was a guaranty of absolute disinterestedness, and that the enterprise was not to cater in any way to lower tastes in the interest of any speculating impresario or agent. This last named feature naturally made the speculators jealous, as they are, instinctively, towards all enterprises based purely on artistic motives, and offering no field of "business" for them to take a hand in. This worthy class of citizens and of commercial travellers have a rare gift for "managing the press." No wonder, then, that after a few seasons of remarkable prosperity, the Symphony Concerts began to be assailed in newspapers with murmurs about "exclusiveness," "close corporation," "aristocracy," etc., because the members and their friends, who guaranteed the concerts, were allowed to have the first choice of seats. Wishing to be magnanimous, the society unwisely and unfortunately yielded to this clamor, waived all privilege, and threw all open upon equal terms—"first come, first served." From that moment the audience began to dwindle; the grumblers, not eager to secure the fruits of victory, lost all desire to get in, and looked about them for some new source of discomfort to the Association, some new hole in its armor, some new weapon of attack.

This came in the nick of time with the first importation to our city of the Thomas Orchestra—a fine chance for the speculators! The admirable playing of this model orchestra was indeed a revelation to most ears; it made us all more sensitive to shades of tone, and more exacting as to quality and manner of performance. It was hard then not to perceive the "rust" upon the old machine so frequently disintegrated, and only put together now and then for fine symphonic work. Thomas gave us orchestral virtuosity,—an orchestra as perfect and as brilliant as the solo virtuoso playing which had before astonished us. Here was a machine all polished, bright and shining in every wheel and link and member, technically perfect. While it delighted every listener, while it taught us much, both public and musicians, spurring our own orchestra to higher aspirations, it also wrought some harm as well as good. So shining a machine drew too much attention to itself and away from the beauty and the meaning of the music. Manner got the upper hand of matter. Once we had enjoyed Beethoven keenly, deeply, feeling very near to the great heart of him, even through orchestras of far inferior technique; now we were enjoying Thomas. Did we know Beethoven any better in this faultless evening party dress? Must a man's gloves fit perfectly, must

everything be superfine in his presentment, before we can feel the man himself?

Now this,—this splendid externality of musical interpretation has, we venture to submit, amid all the great pleasure and the great good the Thomas orchestra has brought us, tended also to the disadvantage and discouragement of our local efforts in the same line. It has made us all too critical and too exacting. We are impatient of the best we can do, and treat it as if it were hardly worth the doing. And it is just here that the orchestral problem comes up. Why cannot our orchestra play as well as that of Mr. Thomas? Simply because his is an orchestra devoted to this one line of occupation the whole year round, supported on salaries, and kept in continual daily practice; whereas our orchestra, while preserving year after year essentially the same identity of membership, finds only occasional employment in this capacity, playing the symphony the best it can after very insufficient rehearsal, and then scattering itself about in theatres, school-rooms, ball-rooms and street bands, that each individual may earn his bread by drudgery demoralizing to the artist. What can we do about it? And cannot we contrive some means of supporting and employing a permanent orchestra right here at home?

This, then, is the orchestral problem. The managers of the Harvard Concerts have done what they could toward solving it; they have been willing to give the musicians all the concert employment, with all possible rehearsals, which the public patronage enabled. This amount of employment, with more from the Handel and Haydn Society, the Cecilia, the Apollo and the Boylston Clubs, etc., is some beginning of the end desired. Our orchestral performances have steadily improved, so much so that during the past and present season the critics have found little to blame and all to praise after each concert. Still we want more. The ideal is by no means reached. The "Philharmonic" orchestra of Mr. Listemann for two seasons has done its chief good in giving more frequent practice to the very same musicians who compose the Harvard orchestra. Its original plan seemed excellent; it was to keep a conveniently small orchestra in constant practice and in readiness for outside engagements (for an oratorio in Salem, or in Worcester, for accompaniment to the Apollo or the Cecilia Club, etc.), and to give miscellaneous popular concerts in the city; in these ways it might sustain itself, while at the same time it would serve as a feeder to the standard Symphony Concerts. Why it barely escaped failure the first year we never understood; it was only when it stepped into the field of competition with the Harvard this year, giving programmes neither classical nor popular, but extremely "heavy" with excess of newness, that the result became disastrous to itself, while at the same time it probably abstracted some support from the older organization of its own self-same members under the older name!

And now comes forward this new movement, this new orchestral association ("club" we have called it, because it looks for its material support to the system of the vocal clubs, that of associate members, whose moderate subscription, entitling each subscriber to four tickets, will cram the biggest music hall with invited guests, and pay the orchestra fairly for five concerts). How much further they expect to go we know not. Five concerts are a short step toward "permanence," and the term "permanent orchestra" must long remain a phrase, an unknown algebraic quantity. But that phrase may have a practical meaning independently of time. A permanent orchestra is one which always is an orchestra so long as it lasts; one whose members make this their whole business, and are not drawn away from it by all sorts of extraneous engagements. If the new association can bring this about, then must all good music-lovers wish it God-speed. We have nothing to do with the motives out of which it sprang, and are bound to credit the sincerity of the one motive it professes, namely, to build up and support a proper orchestra, and to promote the cause of music in our city. We wish it well just so far as it means well. If there are any jealousies and animosities at the bottom of it, we will trust these to heal themselves under the sun-

shine of a new departure, and in the imaginary first taste of a sweet long-coveted autonomy. If none who have worked hard for the support of orchestral music in the older organization heretofore have been consulted in the new plan, why, perhaps it was well enough that there should be a new deal all round, and that the "outs" should be the "ins" exclusively, till they can show what they can do. If there is any hatred for the Harvard Association, that must react in time to its advantage, and we would rather be among the hated than the haters. If there is to be competition, open or concealed, that may be the very thing needed to arouse the old association from its fatal *laissez faire* (though we say it who should not), and inspire it with better plans and stronger, heartier efforts for another year. At all events the Harvard Musical Association quarrels with nobody, and will go on doing its own work as well and bravely as it can. Indeed, many of its members have cheerfully subscribed to the funds of the new enterprise, without losing any loyalty to their first love. Another year, perhaps, will solve affirmatively the riddle: Can a city which hardly sustains one set of concerts do any better for two?

Much more might be said, but we end here for the present, sure that we shall watch the working of the new experiment with interest, neither questioning its motives nor its methods. We only add the record of the organization, as we find it in the *Advertiser* of Feb. 3:

As a result of the vigorous efforts of a number of gentlemen conspicuous for their interest in music a new society has just been organized, called the Philharmonic Society of Boston, modelled in its form upon that of the Brooklyn association. The musical, financial, and executive control is vested in a board of twenty-five directors, who from their number elect their officers and their necessary working committees, these twenty-five directors being elected at an annual meeting of the subscription members of the society. The conductor, who is not yet selected, will be *ex officio*, a member of the music committee. The organization is as follows: Board of directors—Professor J. K. Paine, E. Perabo, John Orth, Julius Eichberg, W. H. Sherwood, George L. Osgood, G. W. Chadwick, J. W. Tufts, Junius W. Hill, C. H. Morse, W. J. Winch, B. E. Woolf, E. H. Clement, Joseph Sawyer, H. D. Williams, W. O. Grover, J. T. Duryea, D. D. Dr. H. C. Angell, Weston Lewis, Oliver Ames, A. C. Farley, Alanson Bigelow, Jr., Eugene B. Hagar, C. W. Sanderson, with the following named officers: Professor J. K. Paine, president; Dr. Henry C. Angell, vice-president; Oliver Ames, treasurer; Henry D. Williams, secretary. Music committee—George L. Osgood, B. E. Woolf, John Orth, J. W. Tufts. Finance committee—W. O. Grover, Joseph Sawyer, E. H. Clement.

Over six hundred persons have already signed as associate members, and the secretary reports that twice that number could be obtained if desired. The expense of five concerts proposed for the first year is thus already guaranteed. No tickets will be sold for the evening concerts, each member being entitled to four; rehearsals will, however, probably be given in the afternoon, for which tickets can be purchased. No other details have yet been settled. The society is built upon a broad musical basis, though its immediate and present end is the formation and sustaining of a fine orchestra. It would be absurd to predict as to the success of the enterprise, but it seems as if such an object, supported by such men, ought not to fail and could not fail in Boston. There is certainly no danger from competition or over-stimulus in this matter. We have more than room enough for all the enthusiasm which can be engendered here on the subject of instrumental music, and any honorable scheme which results in making sixty good orchestral performers permanent residents of Boston is to be highly commended and warmly supported.

**CONCERTS.** We have a list on hand of fifteen or twenty concerts, most of them important ones, which we have neither room nor time now to review. The list includes Mozart's *Requiem* and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*; Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* and Dudley Buck's *Golden Legend*; four concerts, including two performances of the *Damnation de Faust*, by Theodore Thomas; two Apollo concerts, with Max Bruch's *Frithjof Saga*; Mr. Henschel's second Song Recital; concerts by the Harvard Musical Association, the Enterte, Mr. Bendix, Mr. Arthur Foote (Trio), Mr. Adamowsky, etc., etc. We keep them all for one grand résumé at the end of the month.

—This afternoon Mr. Henschel and Miss Bailey give a third recital at the Meionon, when, among other attractions, Mr. Henschel's music to a cycle of ten Serbian Folksongs (quartets, duets, solos), which he calls "Serbisches Liederspiel," will be sung by Miss Lillian Bailey, Miss Homer, Mr. C. R. Hayden and Mr. Henschel.

—This evening Mr. Arthur Foote's second Trio

Concert at Chickering's. Charming occasions these. The programme includes Trios by Mozart in E, and Bargiel in F, the violin and 'cello parts played by Messrs. Danreuther and Fries. There will be songs by Lotti, Franz, Brahms and Bennett, sung by Miss May Bryant.

—In the seventh Harvard Symphony Concert, next Thursday afternoon, the principal instrumental feature will be the first performance here of the "Sardanapalus" Symphony (described below) by Prof. F. L. Ritter, of Vassar College. The concert will open with Weber's *Oberon* Overture. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sherwood will play the Mozart Concerto for two pianos; Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen will sing the Scena from the *Frey-schütz*, and three short airs from Handel's *L'Allegro*; and Mr. Sherwood will play a Scherzo from Chopin's Sonata, Op. 35, etc.

—For the eighth Symphony (last of the season) the programme is essentially as follows: Eighth (short) Symphony of Beethoven; Aria, Miss Lillian Bailey; Piano Concerto (first time) composed and played by Herr Louis Maas, from Leipzig; Aria, Mr. Henschel; Short Overture, "Hamlet," by G. Henschel; Duet, with Orchestra: "O that we two were Maying," Henschel (Miss Bailey and Mr. Henschel); Overture to *Leonora*, No. 3, Beethoven.

—Mr. B. J. Lang will give two concerts at Tremont Temple on Thursday afternoons, Feb. 24 and March 10, at 3 o'clock. Only the floor and first balcony of the hall will be used. Mr. Lang will have the assistance of the Philharmonic and Beethoven clubs, and of Messrs. G. W. Sumner, A. W. Foote and J. A. Preston, pianists; as well as of Mrs. Humphrey Allen and Mr. F. Korby of New York, vocalists. The instrumental selections promised are the quintet, Op. 87, by Hummel, for pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello and contrabass; the sinfonietta, Op. 188, by Raff, for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons; the concerto by Bach for four pianofortes; the quintet, Op. 55, by Rubinstein, for pianoforte, flute, clarinet, horn and bassoon; and the octet, Op. 60, by Mendelssohn, for four violins, two violas and two violoncellos.

#### OPERATIC REMINISCENCES.

In the *Advertiser* of Jan. 6, under the heading "Operatic Chronicles" a correspondent, L. B. B., makes the following statement, to wit: "Signor Marti was the first impresario who had the honor of introducing Italian opera into this country, appearing here from Havana in 1847."

If this means that Italian opera was introduced into this country for the first time in 1847, then I think L. B. B. is in error.

Mannet Garcia, after having achieved a reputation in London and Paris as a finished singer and actor, conceived the idea of establishing upon this side of the water Italian opera. Accordingly, in 1825, accompanied by his wife, his son and two daughters, and bringing a company of more or less talent, he came to New York, and, if we may believe the accounts of the day, actually produced not less than *eleven new* Italian operas in that city in course of a year. Among the most distinguished of his performers, second only to himself in fact, was his daughter Maria Felicità, then a girl of 17 years. Her father becoming embarrassed in pecuniary affairs, she was induced to marry M. Malibran, a wealthy New York banker. This gentleman, however, soon became bankrupt; whereupon relinquishing to his creditors a considerable sum of money which had been settled upon herself, and leaving her husband behind, Maria returned to Europe, where, as Mad. Malibran, for the next ten years, she turned all musical heads in a marvelous career upon the operatic stage, in the concert-room, and in oratorio. She died at Manchester, in 1836, after a performance in oratorio, which will never be forgotten by those who heard it.

The opera, under Garcia's management, at New York, proving a failure, he betook himself to Mexico, with a portion of his company, in hopes to retrieve his fortunes. But on his return, between that city and Vera Cruz, he was waylaid by banditti, and robbed of nearly all of his possessions, including a large sum in gold, causing his return to Europe a poor man, his voice so impaired by age and fatigue as to compel him to resort to the teaching of vocal music. In this he was very successful.

His son, Mannet, has since become one of the most noted teachers of singing in Europe, numbering among his pupils Jenny Lind, Catharine Hayes, Adelaide Phillips, and many others of celebrity. He is at present, or has been within a short time, professor in the Royal Academy at London.

I very well remember the splendid Havana Troop, spoken of by L. B. B., nor shall I soon forget their appearance at the Howard Athenæum in *Ernani*, whereat the audience rose to their feet in the wildest enthusiasm. Tedesco took the part of Romeo in Bellini's opera, *I Montecchi ed i Capuletti* at the same place on the night of May 14, 1847. She was the prima donna *par excellence* of the company, but, in the estimation of many, there were others her equal, if not her superior, in genius and art. There are, among our old opera goers, those who believe, that the basso of this troop, Signor Novelli, has, on the whole, never been surpassed in his particular rôle up to this day.

Signor Perelli, one of the finest tenors we have heard, with a fresh voice of singular and beautiful quality, on leaving the stage, removed to Philadelphia, and for many years was there the leading teacher of vocal music. He lived till within ten years, if I mistake not.

On the 28th of May, in the same year, *Moses in Egypt*, so often heard here as an oratorio, was brought out as an opera. Those who were present might then have seen how effective towards removing the absurdity from the scene of the passage of the Red Sea was the introduction of the beautiful Prayer, sung by principals and chorus. The music to this, as is well known, was composed by Rossini, in ten minutes, sitting up in his bed, the words being written by the librettist in hopes thereby to "save the third Act," as he said, that part of which had always been received with shouts of derision whenever it was attempted.

On the 27th Dec., 1847, I heard, at the Astor Place Opera, in New York, Truffi, Benedetti, and Beneventano, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The first two, as L. B. B. observes, were, for a long time, and deservedly so, favorites in Boston. The latter, always a most valuable member of a troop, for he was seldom sick or indisposed for service, had a voice of enormous power. It was said, that singing at the Old Colony House, in Hingham, the following summer, he could be heard at the steamboat landing, perhaps an eighth of a mile distant. Some one called him the "bull of Bashan," his roaring being altogether different from that of Nick Bottom, who could "roar you gently as a sucking dove."

Bottesini, who came with Signor Marti as contrabassist, was quite young at the time (only 24 years old, I believe), and he subsequently appeared in the United States with Jullien's famous orchestra. In all the qualities which constitute a great artist, with a single exception, that of power, he is thought to have rivalled the celebrated Dragonetti on his giant instrument.

The above, as I understand it, is the way Italian opera began in this part of the country, and such was the breaking of the ground, or the sowing of the seed, which rendered possible the brilliant success awaiting Signor Marti and his troop on their arrival here in 1847.

N. L.

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 25.

#### PROF. F. L. RITTER'S SECOND SYMPHONY.

The symphony announced for the Harvard Concert of Feb. 17 is the second of four composed by the genial and accomplished musical professor of Vassar College,—author of the two excellent and popular series of lectures on the history of music, published a few years since by Oliver Ditson & Co. This second or "Sardanapalus" symphony was first performed by the New York Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Carl Bergmann, in March, 1872, and met with warm recognition among the most musical people. As evidence of this, we copy what was written by some of the critics the next day.

The *Tribune* of March 4 says:—

Prof. Ritter's symphony is a new work, and this was its first performance. It is a musical illustration of Byron's "Sardanapalus;" or to speak more correctly, it is supposed to have been suggested by the reading of the tragedy, and the spirit of its different movements corresponds with the frame of mind inspired by the poem. It is in no sense what is called "programme music," and Prof. Ritter remembers the great truth

is not to imitate, but to suggest, and that a composition which must be interpreted by an elaborate verbal description is music of a base and imperfect order. Without expecting us, therefore, to follow in his symphony the action of the drama, he has taken certain passages as texts, so to speak, and built upon them an *Allegro moderato* corresponding to the picture of the great king as he "lolls crowned with roses," a *Scherzo*, symbolical of the royal revels, an *Andante* suggested by *Myrrha's* soliloquy, and an *Allegro con spirito*, in which we catch the furious spirit of the final catastrophe. The orchestra, under Mr. Bergmann, gave a careful and refined interpretation of this work, and the impression produced by it was highly pleasing. If we say that it shows Prof. Ritter to have been a reverent and intelligent student of Beethoven, we do not mean to imply that he has borrowed anything from the great master except a method of treating his own ideas, and of course he could not have looked to a better model. The style of the first movement seems to us particularly good. It is simple, fluent, and forcible. With a single long-drawn note (the poet's "woe—woe to the unrivalled city!") it passes at once into the charming *Scherzo allegretto*. The *Andante* is plaintive and sombre. In the final *Allegretto* the composer has given a somewhat freer rein to his fancy, and made a little approach toward the exuberance of the modern school, but he never becomes either coarse or fantastic. The whole symphony is characterized by a sort of composure which indicates a writer sure of his resources and master of all his instruments. The scoring is solid and rich, without being showy, and abounds in beautiful touches. We doubt whether such a work would captivate the multitude, but it will earn the respect of connoisseurs and increase the reputation which Prof. Ritter already enjoys as one of the most accomplished and scholarly of our resident composers.

The *Weekly Review* says of the symphony:—

Prof. Ritter employs the wealth at his command with a free and liberal but not a lavish or wasteful hand. His moderation shows sound judgment and judicious taste, if not some self-denial, for it is easy to perceive that he is a thorough master of instrumentation and all the highly-colored appliances of the modern school.

The first movement of Mr. Ritter's symphony, *Allegro moderato*, in E-minor, 3-4 time, commences with a dash of austerity, which outburst gives way readily to a bright, clear, luxurious representation of jovial revel and enjoyment, full of sensuous elegance and attraction. This view closes with a severe warning blast and prescient wail of woe, and the next movement succeeds, without break, *Scherzo allegretto*, E-major in 6-8 time, which carries out the glimpse of the royal reveler's spirit in the first movement with heightened effect; at first in a defiant strain, and finally in a softened and voluptuous mood, with a very successful endeavor to fix the sparks of beauty's heavenly ray, which gives a pearly lustre to the composer's melting and flowing rhythm.

After an interval of rest here a majestic *Andante* in A-minor, 2-4 time, depicts an introspective and saddened spirit such as we may well suppose to have actuated the beautiful Greek slave, *Myrrha*, who despised her bonds, and yet loved her enamored lord and possessor. The pensive humiliation breathed by the movement becomes soon charged with Greek fire and devotion, and by a masterly modulation, *piu mosso*, leads gracefully, without interval, to the final movement, *Allegro con spirito*, returning to E-minor, 4-4, which dashes into the martial vein, and draws freely upon the instrumental resources of the art. The coloring here is bold, rich, decided and striking, and even when the clamor of the conflict seems to have subsided, the lofty strain of kingly daring is still maintained and the hues and harmonies deepen and swell with the indomitable magnanimity of death-defying heroism, till the fatal and sublime climax is reached, and, leaving their mortal ashes a prey to the flames kindled by their own hand, the two immortal spirits soar from earth on the wings of love to their eternal home.

Such is the outline of the instrumental drama, and its inarticulate thoughts and language are intelligibly and eloquently conveyed.

The symphony is remarkable for clearness and symmetry. It does not attempt to dive into the unfathomable, and yet its meaning is profound and replete with infinite suggestion. The means employed are all legitimate and yet novel, fresh and individual. We felt, it is true, the impress of preceding great masters on the work, as we see Shakespeare in Milton, and both in Byron, but that advancement on the progress of others does not affect the originality of the production, which, judging from a first hearing—and first impressions are often the most generally correct—stamps the composer as a writer of genius.

## OBITUARY.

LUCIEN H. SOUTHARD.

Mr. Lucien H. Southard, news of whose death at Augusta, Ga., is received, was formerly a resident of this city, and was well known here as a musician and composer. He was born at Nantucket in the year 1827, but removed from the island with his parents at an early age. A portion of his youth was spent in Vermont, but he came to Boston before attaining his majority. His education was gained in a very desultory way, but such was the force of his mind and the tenacity of his memory, that he became a respectable scholar and a man of wide reading. His aptitude for languages was surprising, but his natural inclination was toward music. Against the wishes of his father (who was an able physician), young Southard devoted himself to music as a profession, and began his career as a teacher with Mr. B. F. Baker. He had the usual fortune of change, and from time to time was organist in many churches. He was a natural improviser, having always a clear vein of melody in mind, with sufficient knowledge of harmony to make his musical thought interesting. Whether in music or in conversation, the movements of his mind were animated and strongly individual. He aided Mr. Baker in compiling several collections of music, and contributed many of his own compositions, generally under a pseudonym. He used to say that choirs would not sing a tune to which a Yankee name was prefixed, but would admire every one of foreign origin; and for that reason he printed the name of the composer as "Bernhard Schmidt." Many of these tunes are still sung.

His ambition was to compose an opera. His taste was wholly Italian as to vocalism, although he recognized the mastery of Berlioz and other Frenchmen in orchestration. Alone and unaided he pursued his studies in instrumentation, and he produced certain movements that, to say the least, were striking and beautiful. They might not have stood the test of modern criticism, but they were far from commonplace, and as we recall them in memory they seem as lovely as the dreams of youth. The files of *Dwight's Journal* give some notices of his early efforts. His librettos were not done by experienced hands. The English one was a faithful version of "The Scarlet Letter," done literally, and without proper knowledge of dramatic effects. The Italian one, entitled *Omiano*, was founded upon Beckford's weird story of the "Caliph Vathek." This last contained some grand numbers, but it was wholly beyond the capacity of any American singers, and of course it was never represented. In a sketch like this, many things must be passed over. It may be mentioned, however, that he lived at one time in Hartford, Conn., and afterwards in Baltimore. In the latter city he had charge of the orchestra which is supported by the Peabody fund. The orchestra was a Babel of many tongues and of diverse views. *Tot Tentones, quot opiniones*. It was a very hard place for any man, and Mr. Southard was only moderately successful in controlling the forces. He could "make the music go," but he could not harmonize the players. He had passed his best days. For his own happiness and success Mr. Southard was born about twenty-five years too soon. At present there is a chance for a native composer, if he has merit; formerly there was none. He had his faults; among them that of an impetuous temper; and he fretted himself with real and with imaginary difficulties. His life was one of struggle and disappointment. The great prize of fame for which he toiled was always just out of reach. As it was, he left a large number of compositions for church service, some songs (always indicating ability, but seldom widely popular), a treatise on harmony, and the two operas, both unfinished. A man of unusual intellectual power and acumen, with fine artistic taste and natural energy, he lacked only the indescribable something which is called *ballast* to have made him a striking figure in our time. His widow, who is a native of Cambridge, is residing with her son, an architect, in Charleston, S. C.—*Advertiser*, Feb. 7.

## MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7. The musical record for the last two weeks has not been particularly brilliant, and I have but two concerts to notice, one of them having been the third Recital of Mr. Henschel, which was a very successful affair, and in which Miss Bailey was genuinely satisfactory, within certain limits. The other was Dr. Damrosch's fourth Symphony Concert, which occurred on Saturday evening, Feb. 5. The programme included the D-minor Symphony of Schumann (Op. 120), and the Mendelssohn violin-concerto, the

latter played by the young Brazilian, Dengremont. It is a most marvelous thing to see a boy of 14 quietly standing before 2,000 people, and playing a composition (from memory) which is considered sufficiently formidable by experienced artists. This he did, and did it exceedingly well, barring the lack of weight (so to speak) which is a natural concomitant of his youth. His grace, dexterity, staccato passages and double stopping, are all truly admirable, and all point to a magnificent future for this gifted and precocious lad. But these beer-garden engagements ought to be stopped at once; no talent can stand an indiscriminate forcing process; and the boy's guardians ought to understand the fact: there is yet time, soon it will be too late.

Mr. Rummel announces four Recitals in February, and a second series of three in March. Joseffy announces three ditto within a few days; these latter are to be given for charitable purposes. The May Festival is in process of preparation, and Dr. Damrosch is working himself thin over the chorus and orchestra rehearsals. The chorus will comprise 1200 select and well-trained voices. For the rest, I add an extract from Vol. 1, No. 1, of the *Music Festival Bulletin*, for February.

The Festival orchestra will comprise 250 selected musicians, including the orchestra of the Symphony Society and the best instrumentalists that can be found, who will be drilled and directed by Mr. Damrosch.

The solo parts will be allotted to artists of great eminence and popularity; and probably so many renowned singers have never before been gathered together on any occasion in this country, as will appear before the public at the festival. A complete list of their names will appear in our next issue, and cannot but prove an attractive item for the public.

Above and back of the stage will be built a Roosevelt organ—one of the largest and best instruments ever made by that celebrated organ-builder, and one unexcelled for richness and power.

The Festival will take place during the first week of May, 1881, and will comprise three afternoon and four evening performances. The programme will include choral compositions of different styles and of varied length; purely orchestral works; ensemble pieces and solos. The principal choral compositions selected are:—

The *Dettingen Te Deum*. One of Handel's most celebrated works, and the standard *Te Deum*.

The *Tower of Babel*, by Rubinstein. This work is a composition of dramatic interest and picturesque grandeur, and in Europe has met with the highest success.

The *Grand Requiem*, by Hector Berlioz. A gigantic work, which requires immense choral and instrumental forces for its proper presentation. Each movement is a revelation of the spirit and the pathos embodied in the well-known and time-sacred words, and the whole combines the severe simplicity of the old Italian school with the sensational elements of modern romanticism. The chorus and orchestra vie with each other in giving expression to the composer's thoughts. In some movements of this work, four accessory orchestras are combined with the grand orchestra, the latter forming the continuous foundation.

The *Messiah*, by Handel, for soli, chorus, and orchestra.

The Ninth Symphony, by Beethoven, for soli, chorus, and orchestra.

CHICAGO, Feb. 5. "Her Majesty's Opera Company" is in Chicago. We have great respect for the Queen of England, for we have every reason to suppose that she is a truly good and noble woman. Yet, although by nature and right she may be called noble, and the glitter of royalty surrounds all that she does, I must as frankly state, that "Her Majesty's Opera," when in this country, seems to forget its august namesake. For the royal in name should be royal in act. That "Her Majesty's Company" should so forget their royal name as to represent second-rate works either indicates that in taste and aim they have fallen from a high standard, or that they are not what they seem. From the great in name, one would have a right to expect works worthy of the great. But with Her Majesty's Opera we have to deal with a paradox, and we are forced to acknowledge once more the truth of the old adage, that by any other name they would appear just as great. Last year, when this celebrated company came to us, they offered us the following operas: *Lucia*, *Marta*, *Sonnambula*, *Aida*, *Il Trovatore*, and the rest of the much time-honored works. This season our musical feast is made up of the very same operas. But again we are forced to acknowledge that royalty never changes, but is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. In Chicago we are somewhat a wide-awake people, and our very hand-organs have been driven off the streets for offering us the sweet melodies of these very operas. And the only reason that Her Majesty's Opera does not share the same sad fate, is that we have great respect for the Queen in this city, and we try to be polite even when inclination has to be held in subjection. Madame Gerster is a lovely



singer, but why she should try to rival our music-boxes in the time-worn character of her songs, is something of a mystery. Signor Campanini is an artist of fine powers, but it seems unfortunate that he should so humble his greatness, as to forever sing the old round of rôles. Doubtless he is a martyr to royal commands. Our noble contralto, Miss Cary, has also to show her good nature, and sing the old songs, again and again. Of course an artist of Signor Galassi's taste would prevent the ill use of all this great talent if he had influence enough. Even the good natured and most gentlemanly conductor, Signor Ardit, must tire of *Lucia*, *Sonnambula*, and *Marta*, and I half fancy his endurance is almost provoked into a state of reinsurance. But of course Col. Mapleson is not responsible for this constant reproduction of the old operas. Oh, no! for he is but a faithful servant of Her Majesty, and but graciously obeys her queenly wishes. But cannot something be done? We are getting old in Chicago, and as we have not many hundred years to live, and as we have familiarized ourselves with these time-worn works until we know them all by heart, we can but long for something fresh, even while the power of enjoyment is left us. Thus we humbly pray Her Majesty that she will graciously give us something different another year. We will not presume to suggest, but if she should desire a hint of our taste in the matter, we would respectfully inform her royal Majesty, that Mozart, Beethoven, Von Weber, and Wagner have written works that it would help our musical progress to hear. I asked a gentleman friend to-day if he had been to the opera, and heard the lovely voice of Madame Gerster. My friend is a great lover of music, and has plenty of money with which to pay the royal price that is asked for seats at Her Majesty's Opera. But he is also a plain-spoken man. So he answered me, "No! and I shall not go until they give something besides the hand-organ operas." As my friend is a true republican, and belongs to a new country, I humbly hope that his disrespect to Her Majesty may be overlooked. Justice bids me state that the company have offered us one so-called novelty, in the *Mefistofele* of Boito, but I am also forced to admit that we have not been able to discover the greatness in the work, and apart from the shock that a new opera gave our nerves, we are not much the happier from the performance.

But let me write of a subject more humble, yet I trust, fully as worthy of mention, in a journal devoted to the interests of art. Not long since I made the acquaintance of a young girl who is working faithfully to perfect herself as a pianist. She is thoughtful, and endeavors to cultivate her talents with an energy that is under the control of reason. She is a pupil of Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, and has given herself most enthusiastically to the study of her chosen instrument, under his thoughtful instruction. To her, the study of music was no simple task, but rather a life-work that demanded one's best powers. Thus for some years she has lived the quiet life of a hard-working student. But lately her development has reached such a state of maturity, that she has been called upon to give a number of recitals, and it is thus that I became acquainted with her wonderful progress. Miss Lydia S. Harris was announced to play the following programme, which was devoted to the illustration of some of the works of Liszt.

- a. Polonaise Heroique, in E.
  - b. La Campanella (Concert Study after Paganini).
  - c. Spinnelied, from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman."
  - d. March from Wagner's "Tannhäuser" . . . . . Liszt
  - a. Schubert's "Wanderer."
  - b. Schubert's "Erl King."
  - c. Waldesrauchen ("Forest Murmurs" Concert Study).
  - d. Themes from Gounod's "Faust" . . . . . Liszt
- First Concerto in E-flat: I. Allegro Maestoso.  
II. Quasi Adagio. III. Allegretto Vivace.  
IV. Allegro Marziale . . . . . Liszt  
(Orchestral part on a second pianoforte, by Mr. W. S. B. Mathews.)

When I mention that this programme was played from memory; and that in interpretation, and in finish of performance, that this young lady indicated the feelings of an artist, I have given her, not praise, but her just due. Of course it is not for a moment to be conceded that this young lady is a finished player, for she would be the first one to resent the flattery. But that she is rapidly becoming one, and that she has great talent, I am glad to acknowledge. It will be interesting to many musical people to watch the progress of this Western girl, for when the real art-spirit is present, it will manifest itself in such delightful ways, that the observer cannot fail to be charmed by its grateful influence. Thus all true musicians will wish this young lady a most hearty God-speed in her chosen art.

C. H. BRITTON.

## MUSIC ABROAD.

The London *Figaro* (Jan. 22) says: Mr. Gye will announce in the prospectus he will shortly issue, that the Royal Italian Opera season will commence on Tuesday, April 19. In addition to the works of the ordinary repertory, M. Rubinstein's opera, "The Demon," will be produced on a scale of great splendor. M. Rubinstein has undertaken to come to London to superintend the rehearsals, and to personally conduct the first two performances, and the chief parts will be sung by Madame Albani and M. Lassalle. Mr. Gye will likewise announce that, in place of Signor Vianesi, whose connection with Covent Garden has been severed, he has engaged as conductor, in conjunction with Signor Bevington, M. Joseph Dupont, the well-known *chef d'orchestre* of the Royal Opera and Concerts Populaires of Brussels. The services of the leading artists of the past season, including Madame Patti, Madame Albani, Madame Valleria, Madame Sembrich, Madame Scalehi, MM. Nicolini, Gayarre, Cotogni, Lassalle, etc., have been retained, and, in addition, Mr. Gye will announce that he has concluded engagements with the following new artists: Madame Fursch-Madier, the popular prima donna of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, who will make her first appearance in June; Mlle. de Reszke, the well-known soprano of the Paris Grand Opéra; Mlle. E. Warnots, a light soprano of Brussels; M. Mierwinsky, a tenor of the Paris Grand Opéra; and Mr. Perugini, a *tenore di grazia*, and a native of the United States. Other arrangements are pending, and Mr. Gye will, as usual, promise the "best two out of three" further novelties.

Herr Jean Becker has not appeared in this country for so many years that he has been accepted even by constant Popular Concert goers almost in the light of a new artist. Yet he was one of the earliest artists engaged at the Monday Popular Concerts. He was, when he first appeared in this country, two-and-twenty years ago, a great favorite. He is now a man of forty-five years of age, with a full, round tone, which suggests the influence of his first and last professor, Kettenus—a player, we are told, of the broad German school now best exemplified by Professor Joachim—than of Alard, under whom he studied in Paris. Similarly, too, his fifteen years' leadership of the famous Florentine quartet have rendered him a past-master of the art of playing in concerted music, and if the feeble violin sonata in D-minor by F. W. Rüst, which he played on Jan. 15, be taken as a test, he is likely to shine here far less as a soloist than as the leader of a quartet. In this capacity Herr Becker's happiest efforts have been his leadership of the great Schubert quartet in D-minor on Jan. 15, and of the Schumann quartet in A-minor, No. 1, on Jan. 17; while the excellent playing by himself, Miss Krebs, and Signor Piatti of Mendelssohn's piano trio in D-minor, Op. 49, on Jan. 15, gave unalloyed pleasure to those to whom it must have been very familiar. Miss Krebs chose for her solo on Jan. 15, Beethoven's sonata, "Les adieux, l'absence, et le retour"; and for Jan. 17, the "Variations sérieuses" in D-minor, of Mendelssohn playing along with Signor Piatti, Schumann's "Stücke im Volkston." The vocalists at these concerts were Mr. Edward Lloyd and Fräulein Friedländer, the gentleman singing, "For native worth" and Signor Piatti's charming song, "Awake, awake," and the lady being heard in songs by Mendelssohn, Bach, Grieg, and Rubinstein.—*London Figaro*.

At a meeting of the directors of the Philharmonic Society (Messrs. W. G. Cusins, Francesco Berger, H. Leslie, G. Mount, C. E. Stephens, John Thomas, and T. H. Wright), on Tuesday last, the subjoined resolutions were unanimously adopted:—Six concerts to be given during the season; the orchestra, with Mr. W. G. Cusins as sole conductor, to consist of eighty performers; two rehearsals to be held instead of the traditional one (a manifest improvement); subscribers, members, and associates, as in the old time, to be admitted to rehearsals on the Wednesday preceding each concert; no member of the directorate to have any of his own works performed; the *Romeo and Juliet* of Hector Berlioz to be given in its entirety, as well as a new orchestral *suite* by Mr. F. H. Cowen, etc. Mme. Albani has accepted an engagement, and M. Scharwenka is to introduce a new pianoforte concerto of his own composition. The Guarantee Fund already exceeds £1,750; Mr. Henry Hersee, who succeeds Mr. Stanley Lucas as Secretary, has subscribed a whole year's salary. Dr. Francis Hueffer replaces Professor G. A. Macfarren, of the Cambridge University, as writer of the analytical programmes—so that the Wagnerian theory and doctrines will now be more fearlessly and emphatically championed. Herr Johannes Brahms did not, we learn, decline to co-operate with Mr. Cusins

as conductor, but pleaded his inability to arrive in England soon enough. The proposition to Brahms, on the part of the Philharmonic Society, we are given to understand, was made with the hearty approval and concurrence of Mr. W. G. Cusins himself.—*Graphic*.

EDINBURGH. A correspondent of the London *Musical Standard* writes:

The management of the Choral Union will not be wise if they let slip the very evident lesson taught by Monday's concert. Not only was it the best house the series of concerts has had; but what speaks more plainly, the tickets were sooner taken up than on any other occasion. The programme consisted entirely of pieces by Beethoven, which seems very clearly to point out that the public are at least more eager to hear what they are persuaded is good music if brought forward to their notice in an orthodox manner, than any quantity of novelties or miscellaneous programmes of all sorts of schools of art jumbled together.

The orchestra throughout played with all their usual finish. The various numbers of the programme entrusted to them were as follows:—Overture "Prometheus," Violin Concerto in D, Op. 61; Concerto, piano, and Orchestra, No. 5 in E flat; Symphony, No. 8 in F, and Overture "Leonora," No. 3.

The solo vocalist of the evening was Mr. Henry Guy, who sang "Adelaide" and "O beautiful daughter of the starry race," the latter, at any rate, with much feeling, gaining a hearty encore. The solo violinist was Miss Agnes D. Hamilton, a young lady belonging to a well-known local musical family, and who is deservedly in high repute for her great finish of style in playing. Miss Hamilton's clearness of tone and certainty of intonation were most observable in both the pieces she played, although in the second (Variations for piano and violin from the "Kreutzer Sonata") a want of power was evident; the pizzicato passages particularly, being nearly inaudible from many parts of the hall.

Herr Pauer's appearance again before an Edinburgh audience, after so long an absence was an event fully appreciated by the public. To criticise his performance seems almost out of place; but in perfect fairness the chromatic passages for the left hand in the concerto lacked clearness; in other respects his playing was only what a master can be.

PARIS. The Société des Concerts of the Conservatoire had for its programme on Sunday, Jan. 23: Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony; Fragments from Spontini's *Fernando Cortez* (Introductory Choruses, Recitative of the High Priest, March of the Mexicans and Chorus); Schumann's Piano Concerto (Mme. Viguer); Trio and Chorus of the Parca, from Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie*; Overture to *Leonora*, Beethoven. Conductor, M. Deldevez.

At the Concert Populaire (Pandeloup, director): Symphony in C, Mozart; Barcarolle and March, Saint-Saëns; Air from Gluck's *Armide*, sung by M. Capoul; Fragments from the *Symphonic Romantique* by Joncières; Romanza of Beethoven for violin (M. Marsick); Airs from the ballet of *Sylvia*, by Léo Delibes; Romance from "La Déesse et le Berger," by Duprato (Capoul); Carnaval, by Guiraud.

At the Châtelet: Seventh Symphony of Beethoven; "Crépuleuse et Danse Galiléenne" by Massenet; second Piano Concerto, composed and played by L. Diémer; "Ride of the Walkires," Wagner; Concert-Stück for violin, composed and played by Camille Sivori; Danse and Baccanale from *Samson et Dalila*, Saint-Saëns; Wedding March, Mendelssohn. Conductor, M. Colonne.

LEIPZIG. The ninth Gewandhaus Concert, Dec. 9, offered an Overture to "Prometheus," by Bargiel (first time, the composer conducting); Rec. and Aria from Gluck's *Orpheus*, by Fr. Schauenburg of Crefeld; Violin Concerto, Brahms (Joachim); Aria from "Samson and Delilah," opera by Saint-Saëns; Variations for Violin (first time) composed and played by Joachim; Eighth Symphony, Beethoven. Tenth Concert: Overture, Scherzo and Finale, Schumann (received with great favor); Rec. and Air from Handel's *Acis and Galatea* (Mme. Regan-Schimon); MS. Concerto for violoncello, composed and played by Herr Julius Klengel, of the orchestra; Songs: a. Arietta by Paradisi (1710), b. Romance by Isonard (1775-1818). c. Mailed by Carl Reinecke; Solo pieces for 'Cello; Beethoven's *Egypte* music. Eleventh Concert (Jan. 1): Overture, "Weihe des Hauses," Beethoven; Aria from Gluck's *Iphigenia at Tauris* (Frau Sachse-Hofmeister); Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (Fr. Babette Lobach, of Königsberg); Scena and Aria from *Freyschütz*: Adagio from Spohr's ninth Concerto (Fr. Lobach); Symphony in C, Schubert.



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10. Mr. B. J. Lang's Second Concert, Tremont Temple, 3 p. m.
10. First Philharmonic Orchestra Concert.
14. Third Cecilia (*Probably*).
- 15, 22 and 29. Chamber Concerts of Messrs. Adamowski and Preston, at Chickering's.
16. Third Concert of the Boylston Club.

APRIL, 1881.

15. (Good Friday). Handel and Haydn: Bach's *Passion Music*.
18. (Easter Sunday). Handel and Haydn Society: "St. Paul."

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MR. PEPYS THE MUSICIAN.<sup>1</sup>

BY FRANCIS HUEFFER.

It is proposed in the present paper to consider our dear old friend Mr. Pepys in a somewhat new capacity. We all know him as the most delightful gossip that ever put pen to paper in this or any other language. The value of his information as regards manners, morals, and politics of the Restoration epoch is also generally acknowledged, and students of the history of the drama are apt to look with much leniency on his naïve admiration for Nell Gwyn and other frail heroines of the stage. His relations to the art of music, on the other hand, have hitherto been strangely disregarded, especially by musicians themselves. It is known in a general way that Pepys was fond of singing and playing on different instruments, also that he invented a new method of musical notation, which he, like all inventors of similar systems before and after, considered to be perfect. But as to the almost inexhaustible fund of valuable facts and dates relating to an important period of English musical history that may be found in his pages, considerable ignorance seems to prevail, to judge at least by the all but total neglect with which the Diary has been treated by some of our latest historians of the art. It, therefore, may not be an altogether ungrateful task to point out the wealth of this mine of information. To work it thoroughly and systematically would require more leisure than I have, at present, at my disposal.

Music with Mr. Pepys was a passion, one amongst several it is true, but nevertheless all-engrossing at times. He loved it and he dreaded it. "Played on the vial," he writes, February 17, 1663, evidently after a long interval of virtuous abstention, "which I have not done this long time before upon any instrument, being fearful of being too much taken with musique for fear of returning to my old dotage thereon, and so neglect my business as I used to do."

Never was vow more seriously meant and more frequently broken. Here is another specimen of remorseful confession, as quaint and as "like human nature" as, perhaps, only Mr. Pepys could have penned. This time the entry is dated March 9, '66, and the reader will perceive that the moral progress made during the three intervening years was of the slenderest description. "Mrs. Knipp coming," he writes, "we spent the noon together very merry. She and I singing, and, God forgive me! I do still see that my nature is not to be quite conquered, but will esteem pleasure of all things; though yet in the middle of it, it has reluctance

after my business, which is neglected by my following my pleasure. However, musique and women I cannot but give way to, whatever my business is." "Wine," Mr. Pepys might have justly added to complete Luther's celebrated triad of "Wein, Weib und Gesang," to which he also was unflinchingly attached. It must, however, by no means be thought that to him the art was merely the solace of a leisure hour, or a welcome pretext for a quiet flirtation. Music, as I said before, was his passion. Under its influence the innermost fibres of his heart were shaken to harmonious vibrations. It acted on him even with physical force, and to this influence he confesses with a naïve simplicity which belongs to his age no less than to his individuality. What clerk to the Admiralty would now-a-days venture to commit, even to the most secret pages of his diary, such a passage as the following:—

"Feb. 27, 1668. With my wife to the King's House to see the 'The Virgin Martyr,'<sup>2</sup> the first time it hath been acted a great while, and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind musique when the angel comes down; which it is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then nor all the evening, going home nor at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musique hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me; and makes me resolve to practice wind musique, and to make my wife do the like."

The passage is strikingly illustrative of the man's nature; a curious mixture of unsophisticated, not to say coarse, realism and of the most refined sensibility to the beauties of art and literature. For, be it said, parenthetically, that in literature also Mr. Pepys was a sound judge of genuine merit, who, to name but one instance, in an age of studied politeness was able to appreciate the racy force of the old popular ballads of England and Scotland. It was, indeed, on his extensive collection of such treasures that Bishop Percy drew when he published his famous "Reliques," and thus prepared a healthy revolution in English literature against the stiltedness and pompousness of eighteenth-century poets.

But, to return to our immediate subject, Mr. Pepys was not only an enthusiastic amateur of the ordinary kind. The collector's turn, developed in him to a degree little short of genius, stood him in good stead in musical as in other matters, and with it he combined that marvellous sense of order which enabled him to put some system into the disgracefully muddled navy accounts of Charles II's reign. The impression of perfect order and neatness is forcibly conveyed to one's mind as one enters the room of Magdalen College, Cambridge, where the Pepysian collection is kept. Here the cases are filled with rows of ancient tomes solidly bound and carefully arranged;

and, so as to make reference to each volume a matter of perfect ease, Mr. Pepys has catalogued, and at a later period recatalogued, his books and music; the different entries being distinguished by the colors of the ink. On the tables there are various curious-looking instruments, some evidently of a musical kind, the nature and uses of which a better mechanical genius than the present writer can boast of might perhaps still discover. Here also is the most precious of Mr. Pepys's treasures, his Diary, containing over three thousand pages, carefully written in Rich's system of short-hand, and extending over the first ten years of the Restoration from January, 1660, to May 31, 1670. On that day the Diary closes for the melancholy reason which Mr. Pepys had better state in his own words:—

"Had another meeting with the Duke of York at Whitehall on yesterday's work, and made a good advance, and so being called by my wife, we to the Park, Mary Batelier and a Dutch gentleman, a friend of hers, being with us. Thence to 'The World's End,' a drinking-house by the Park, and there merry, and so home late. And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take my pen in hand; and therefore whatever comes of it I must forbear, and therefore resolve from this time forward to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know, or if there be anything, I must endeavor to keep a margin in my book open to add here and there a note in short-hand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave, for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!"

In spite of the ominous name of the drinking-house and the lugubrious tone of the entry, the "world's end" had not yet come for Mr. Pepys. From a humble retainer of the Earl of Sandwich he rose by his own industry and integrity to be Secretary of the Admiralty and one of the Barons of the Cinque Ports, in which capacity he assisted at the coronation of James II. Although at heart a sincere admirer of Cromwell's genius, he was by political opinions and bent of mind a Royalist, and the last two Stuarts held him in high honor. It is said that James was sitting to Sir Godfrey Kneller for a portrait intended as a present to Mr. Pepys, when the news of William's landing in England reached Whitehall. The Revolution deprived Mr. Pepys of his office, but his busy mind found congenial occupation nevertheless. He continued his collections, dabbled in science, and lived to be President of the Royal Society. Neither did he lose that keen eyesight of his, although, unfortunately for us, he was never again able to commit his thoughts and observations and little peccadilloes to that trusty confident of many years, his Diary.

To that Diary we must now refer for the immediate purpose of this article, such refer-

<sup>1</sup> From the *London Musical Times*.<sup>2</sup> Massinger's tragedy of that name.

ence being fortunately made possible by the careful and, as far as the nature of the materials would allow, complete edition which the Rev. Mynors Bright has recently published. Looking at these volumes, one is almost embarrassed by the wealth of valuable historic fact and amusing anecdote which they offer to the musical historian. One does not know where to commence—where to stop. As a beginning, however, has to be made, it will be best, before coming to personal matters, to look for such information on the general state of music in England as Mr. Pepys vouchsafes. Here we meet at once with a complaint which most likely had been made long before the seventeenth century, and will no doubt be made in the twentieth, the neglect of English music in favor of the foreign article. The old saying of the prophet, despised in his own country, applies to the musician perhaps more than to any other public man—painter, poet, statesman or preacher; and it is somewhat comforting to find that some of the leading musical nations in the world showed at first the same disbelief in their own art production of which English musicians so justly complain at present. More especially the upper classes seem everywhere determined to ignore as long as possible any independent movement in the music of their own country. The battle of French music was fought in the Paris of the *ancien régime* by two foreigners—Lulli, an Italian, and Gluck, a German; and perhaps the latter would never have had his operas accepted but for the protection of the royal lady who had been his pupil as the Archduchess Marie Antoinette. In the struggle between French and Italian music, Rousseau, an aristocrat in taste, although the founder of modern democracy, ardently espoused the cause of the latter. He demonstrated that French music not only did not exist, but never by any chance could exist, the language itself being wholly unfit for the purposes of the singer. “*Le chant françois*,” he winds up his violent diatribe, “*n’est qu’un aboyement continuel, insupportable à toute oreille non prévenue; l’harmonie en est brute, sans expression et tentant uniquement son remplissage d’écolier; les airs françois ne sont point des airs; le récitatif françois n’est point du récitatif.*” A similar contempt of national music, although never expressed with equal force of language, runs through the history of the rise of the art in Germany. The petty princes had each their court theatre and their court concert, at which Italian singers sang Italian airs, accompanied by French or Italian instrumentalists; the native element, if tolerated at all, being looked at with more or less open contempt. How Mozart, how even Weber, had to suffer from this condition of things is too well known, and it was not till the voice of the people became supreme in matters of art that the great German composers gained the acknowledgment justly due to them.

Under such circumstances it is not a matter for surprise that in the early days of the Restoration, English music was not the art the king delighted to honor. Charles II, when he came to his own again, was to all in-

tents and purposes a foreigner. His tastes, his politics, his vices, and even his virtues and graces were foreign. Moreover, he had that dangerous “little knowledge” of music which enabled him to beat the time correctly during the anthem at church, and to find unreasonable fault with imperfections too fully accounted for by the circumstances. No wonder, therefore, that he seems to have taken an actual delight in humbling English musicians at the expense of their foreign competitors. One of the earliest entries in the Diary (October 14, 1660.) refers to a visit of Mr. Pepys to Whitehall Chapel, “where one Dr. Croft made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill sung, which made the king laugh.” Neither did profane music find favor with Charles II. For a little more than a month after the last entry (November 20) we find that “at a play the king did put a great affront upon Singleton’s musique in bidding them stop, and made the French musique play, which, my lord (Sandwich) says, do much outdo all ours.” That the example set by the court and followed in other classes of society was countenanced by the English musicians returning from abroad, and that Mr. Pepys had sense enough to have his own opinion on the subject is proved by the following extract, dated six years after those last quoted:—

“June 18, 1666. To my Lord Bellassis, by invitation; . . . and at dinner there played to us a young boy, lately come from France, where he had been learning a year or two on the viallin, and plays finely. But impartially I do not find any goodnesse in their ayres (though very good) beyond ours when played by the same; I observed in several of Baptiste’s (the great composer) and our Bannister’s. But it was pretty to see my lord’s daughter loves musique the most that I ever saw creature in my life.”

The “Bannister,” whom Pepys here compares with Lulli—for he evidently is meant by Baptiste—is the John Banister, well known in the history of English art as the composer of “Choice Ayres and Songs,” and the incidental music to several “masques,” tragedies, and plays, including Shakespeare’s “Tempest.” He was, in 1663, appointed first violin to the king, which post he is said to have lost owing to his upholding, within the hearing of his Majesty, the superiority of English over French players. A few months after the above entry, Pepys mentions a rumor that “the king’s viallin, Bannister, is mad; that the king hath a Frenchman come to be chief of some part of the king’s musique.” Fortunately the first part of this information taken in its literal meaning proved incorrect, or, if true, Banister must soon have recovered from his insanity, for he lived to start successful concerts in London “over against the George Tavern, in Whitefriars, and died in 1679, at the age of forty-nine, leaving a son the inheritor of his name and his talent.

There were, it is true, many things to drive a king’s fiddler out of his senses in the time of the Merry Monarch, who had not even the good grace to pay his musicians after having insulted them. In a private chat “of the

King’s family with Mr. Hingston the organist (December 19, 1666),” Mr. Pepys ascertained that “many of the musique are ready to starve, they being five years behindhand for their wages; nay, Evans, the famous man upon the harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the almes of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark at night without one link, and that Mr. Hingston met it by chance, and did give 12*d* to buy two or three linkes.” On the other hand Tom Killigrew could boast that “he hath gathered our Italians from several courts in Christendom for the King, which he do give 200*l* a-year a-piece to,” an amount which, considering the value of money in those days, would not be despised by many modern players.

(To be continued.)

## THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

MR. WILLIAM F. APTHORP’S LECTURES BEFORE  
THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.<sup>1</sup>

II. (Concluded.)

While Andrea Gabrieli (the uncle) was intoxicating all Venice, the Pontifical choir in Rome was rich in great composers. Their school, and what may be called their musical pedigree, is not to be so clearly traced as that of the great Venetians, who could prove their direct descent from Ockenheim and Binchois. But one of them, Jacques Arcadelt, was born somewhere in the Netherlands about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Another was Christofano Morales, a Spaniard, born in Seville, who was very like Arcadelt in his style. Then there was the famous Frenchman, Claude Goudimel, who now claims our attention for more than one reason. Goudimel was born at Vaison, in the district of Avignon, between 1500 and 1510. He came to Rome and entered the Pontifical choir in the reign of Paul III. He was especially noted as a teacher. As a composer he showed the most refined sense of beauty. Ambros says: Goudimel’s works have a peculiar charm, a graceful loveliness and a delicate, almost girlish grace, which is especially to be felt when we compare them with the more manly works of Morales or of Arcadelt. Goudimel formed many excellent pupils who added lustre to the Roman school. As one of those pupils was so very great, and so royally overtopped all his contemporaries, I will mention only him. You have already suspected his name. It was Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, born at Palestrina, a little town about sixteen miles southeast of Rome. It can be seen from the top of the Palatine on a clear day. There is some doubt as to the date of his birth, but the latest researches point to the year 1514. His family name was Sante. He passed his early childhood as a little street rag-muffin, being supported mainly by voluntary contributions from the charitably inclined public. So runs one story. Another account says that he was sent to Rome by his parents to enter the music school of Claude Goudimel. At any rate we know that he did study under the French master. Palestrina’s life does not furnish the biographer with very exciting material. He was too hard and constant a worker to have led a life full of incident. His career as a musician began upon his graduating from Goudimel’s school, about 1544. He lived quietly in Rome during his whole lifetime, saw fifteen Popes—from Leo X to Clement VIII—ascend the throne and pass away, and died at a very advanced age, Feb. 2, 1594.

<sup>1</sup> Revised by the author from the Boston Traveller’s report.

His biographer, Cicerechia, says that he was very rich, owning three houses in the Lungana, giving his daughters handsome dowries and investing largely in real estate. But this is far from probable. In the preface to his volume of Lamentations, dedicated to Sixtus V., in 1588, he complains bitterly of his life-long poverty, even of his want of the bare necessities of existence. Sixtus V. was by no means the man to swallow any story of that sort if it were not true, and Palestrina must have known the pontiff's temper too well to try to bring down such a very wily bird with a long bow. It is too evident that, like many other great men of genius, he was miserably poor during the greater part of his life. But to return. Palestrina's first official post was that of leader of the choir of the Vatican Basilica, now known as the St. Peter's choir. His first published work, a book of masses, appeared in 1554, three years after his appointment. Julius III., to whom it was dedicated, was so pleased with it that he invited him to try to pass the rigid examination imposed upon candidates for the leadership of the Pontifical choir, which he accordingly did in 1555, giving up his old post in the St. Peter's choir to Giovanni Animuccia. When Paul IV. ascended the throne, his well-known furious reforms in church matters gave Palestrina an unlooked for blow. He, with two other musicians, was expelled from the Pontifical choir because he was a married man. This happened July 30, 1555, when he had been only four months in office. But on the first of October he obtained the position of leader of the choir of San Giovanni in Laterano. While holding this post he wrote his famous *Improperie*, which so pleased Paul's successor, Pius IV., that he offered him the more gainful position of leader of the choir at Santa Maria Maggiore, which he accepted, March 1, 1561. This post he held for ten years, during which period of his life he performed that much-extolled exploit of "saving the art of music." The story of this remarkable feat, divested of the accumulated fiction of centuries, is simply this: The munificent patronage of the fine arts under Julius II. and Leo X. was by no means continued under Adrian VI. The reaction came with full force under his successor, Paul IV., who cried out before Michael Angelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, "Tell me, is this the house of God, or a public bath-house?" so that Daniele da Volterra had to fit at least bathing-clothes to some of the figures in the Last Judgment, to save the fresco from destruction. Music, in so far as it had to do with the church, came in for a thorough reforming. The florid counterpoint of the great composers and the still more florid singing of the papal singers, together with their utterly careless treatment of the sacred text, seemed a scandal not to be borne by pious churchmen. The Council of Trent at one time bade fair to carry out the reform with a high hand, and a return to the plain, ungarnished Gregorian chant in bare unison seemed inevitable. The church was about to wipe out seven centuries of musical growth, and begin all over again. But among the many non-possessors of the church there is one which is quite as true as it is unsuspected by the church itself. It cannot stop the world from turning on its axis; much less give it a permanent twist in a backward direction. At the twenty-second sitting of the Council of Trent, September 11, 1562, the question of music came up. Several bishops were strongly in favor of a return to the unison chant; but luckily many Roman cardinals were present who were great music lovers, and the movement was warmly opposed. The passage from Ecclesiasticus, "Hinder not music," was quoted in behalf of counterpoint. The conclusion of the council was, that whenever anything "lascivious or impure" was mixed with the ritual music, it should be banished. The question of

music came up again at the twenty-fourth sitting. The third proposition was to contain a direct prohibition of all "over-delicate" music. The forty-two propositions of this twenty-fourth sitting were given to the papal legate to the imperial court on August 1, 1563, and were by him handed to the emperor, Ferdinand I., on the tenth of that month. The proposition referring to music was sent back by Ferdinand, with the answer that it would be well not to exclude figural music, *i. e.*, the counterpoint, as it often awakens the spirit of piety. This reply, coming from such a source, had great weight, and the whole conclusion arrived at on the twenty-fourth sitting was that the Provincial Synods should give their attention to correcting musical abuses.

Palestrina was not drawn into the affair till the Council of Trent was over—it ended in 1563. Pius IV., intent upon carrying out the decrees of the council, put the matter into the hands of a board of eight cardinals, which appointed two of its members—Cardinal Vitellozzo Vitelli, then only thirty-three years old, and an enthusiastic dilettante in music, and Cardinal Carlo Borromeo—as a committee on music. The two cardinals called in eight singers of the Pontifical choir as experts. The main question to be decided was, Could the text be plainly heard in elaborate contrapuntal music? This was long discussed without any satisfactory conclusions being arrived at. At last it was decided, probably at the instigation of Borromeo, who was nephew of Pius IV., to refer the question to Palestrina, who was high in favor with the Pope. Palestrina was ordered to put the question to the test, and was earnestly besought to do his utmost to prevent the Pope and cardinals from withdrawing their protection from music. You see what the animus of the committee was: they were only too anxious for a good excuse for not touching a hair on contrapuntal music.

Palestrina, as can readily be imagined, set to work with a will and wrote three test masses instead of one. The last of these was the famous *Missa Papæ Marcelli*, written in memory of Pope Marcellus II. On the 28th of April, 1565, the three masses were performed at Vitellozzo's palace in presence of the board of eight cardinals. The result was an unanimous vote that the true church style was at last discovered, and Borromeo reported the decision to his uncle, the Pope. Pius IV. was all anxiety to hear the Marcellus mass; so it was performed at the Te Deum in the Sistine Chapel, in honor of the alliance between the papal Chair and the Swiss Confederates, June 19th, 1565, Carlo Borromeo officiating at the altar, the Pope and all the dignitaries of the church being present. The words which Pius spoke to the cardinals were: These are the harmonies of the New Song which the Apostle John heard sounding from the heavenly Jerusalem, and which an earthly John now lets us hear in the earthly Jerusalem.

He appointed Palestrina composer to the Pontifical choir and raised his previously monthly wages of \$5.87 to \$9! The best of the story is that the good cardinals could not hear the words of the text any more plainly than in the greater number of masses from the time of Josquin down; but the music was so divinely beautiful that they could not find it in their hearts to condemn it. So Palestrina and Emperor Ferdinand I. can divide the title of Savior of Music between them.

There is another big-sounding title which people are fond of bestowing upon Palestrina, but which has absolutely no sense at all. We hear of him as the Father of Music. Now Palestrina was several things, but one thing he absolutely was not, and that is, father of music in any possible sense of the term. He stood upon the culminat-

him modal counterpoint virtually spoke its last word: he closed the era. A new musical epoch indeed began to dawn during his lifetime, but he had as little to do with it or its principles as possible. He was a musical reformer in a certain sense. The musical principles that had come down from Guillaume Dufay to his time were carried to their highest expression by him. He purified the art and brought it to its most sublime pitch of perfection. But he was in no sense the founder of a new school or the pioneer in a new direction. He was greater than his predecessors and contemporaries, not so much by his originality of genius as by his uniting in himself the finest qualities in all of them. There is one side of Palestrina's genius which we find quite equalled by Orlando Lasso; another in which Giovanni Gabrieli is indisputably his peer. It was in his many-sided perfection that he surpassed them both. Still it is probably true that the greater spiritual depth and intellectual vigor was on the side of Palestrina. Of the three mighty composers of the last period of this great epoch, Lasso, Gabrieli and Palestrina, it may be said that Gabrieli was somewhat the inferior of his rivals in technical skill. He was not so expert a contrapuntist. But his gorgeous brilliancy of style, the warm Venetian glow of his harmonies, his admirable sense of beauty, and his peculiar power of charming, amply atone for his now and then shirking a severe task, and cutting his way through it. Lasso was more of a contrapuntist, and if his specific sense of the beautiful was less striking than Gabrieli's, his easy command over his material and the grand vigor of his style make him quite Gabrieli's equal. Palestrina was all in all. I am sorry that I cannot present to you this evening any characteristic composition by Gabrieli. Like the rest of the Venetian school, he delighted in writing music for a vast number of voices. I have not three full choruses at command; but we will listen reverently to something by Palestrina.

The lecture was then concluded with two extracts from Palestrina, given by the quartet.

## TWO NEW OVERTURES BY JOHANNES BRAHMS.

At the Gewandhaus Concert of the 12th ult., the chief feature of interest was the performance of two new concert overtures in MS., by Johannes Brahms. Although both works are written in strict classical overture form, their distinctive characteristics are in such marked contrast that any monotony that might possibly be felt at their juxtaposition is entirely done away with. The first, in D-minor, entitled *Tragische Overture*, is full of passionate dramatic expression, and justifies its name by presenting to the mind, even of the most casual hearer, the clear idea of two contending forces—the human or pathetic struggling against, and finally subdued by, an overpowering and irresistible fate. The first of these two tragic elements, whose contest forms the groundwork of the overture, is represented by the wood wind, in which the oboe takes a prominent part, accompanied by the strings, somewhat analogous to the effect at the opening of Schubert's unfinished symphony; the second by the brass instruments. The use of the trombones and tuba throughout is strikingly original, the latter instrument taking what might almost be described as an obligato part. After the opening bars, the brass is entirely silent for some time, during which the wood and the strings seem to recover hope and courage, and even to be on the point of gaining the victory, when the brass enters again with a derisive cry, and, after a brief conflict, bears all before it with resistless force. Before and after this dramatic part of the overture there are short passages for the whole orchestra, of an impassioned and emo-



tional character, fitly introducing and concluding this central portion of the work.

The second, or *Akademische Fest Overture*, in C-minor, is, as its name implies, founded on students' songs, and might almost be called a fantasia, were it not in strict sonata form throughout. It is not so much remarkable for any emotional character as for its extraordinarily original instrumentation. From the *pianissimo* cymbals in the opening bars, leading into a solemn and devotional strain, given out by the brass with striking effect; to the genuine and irresistible fun of the last student song, which enters on the bassoons, and is then taken up by the rest of the wood band, the treatment of the orchestra is entirely new, and unlike any previous work of the composer. Another remarkable point occurs about the middle of the overture, where the closed notes of the horns are introduced alone with a strange and weird effect, and at the end of the whole the triangle appears upon the scene as a pendant to the treatment of the cymbals at the opening. The imaginative hearer may picture to himself the clinking of glasses at some student festivity, but it is right to add that so-called "programme music" forms no part of the work.

Both the overtures, but more especially the second, are clear in form, easy to follow, and enjoyable even at a first hearing; in this they resemble the other works of the master's later style, such as the Violin Sonata, or the Rhapsodies for pianoforte solo.

The *Akademische Fest Overture* was written in recognition of the degree conferred upon the composer by the University of Breslau, and was first performed in that town privately on the 4th ult. A few days later both the overtures were played at a Philharmonic Concert in Vienna, where they were very coldly received. Their reception at the Gewandhaus was scarcely more enthusiastic, but taking into consideration the strict conservatism of this audience, it is scarcely to be wondered at. It is, however, surprising that the first overture should have been accused of being incomprehensible, and the second of being vulgar; yet such was the opinion of the hereditary stall-holder in the Gewandhaus, whose musical prejudices are as great as his critical capabilities are small. Far different was the warm reception accorded to the works at the rehearsal, when the seats were open to all comers, and an audience of genuine lovers of music was assembled.

The remainder of the programme at this concert was also interesting; it included that masterpiece of exquisite workmanship, Mozart's Symphony in E-flat, perfectly interpreted by the orchestra, and besides two vocal pieces, a pianoforte concerto by the conductor, Carl Reinecke, a well manufactured composition, with which it is difficult to find fault. The overtures were conducted by Brahms in person, whose capabilities as leader of an orchestra would probably be more renowned than they are, if his powers as a composer did not outweigh them.

No public, perhaps, is more overrated by the outer world than that of the Gewandhaus! In order to secure a seat, which may in twenty years become vacant, the names of children of two years old are often put down on the list of candidates (it is needless to say without reference to their musical capabilities, dormant or otherwise), and the result naturally is an audience, one out of thirty of which is, perhaps, musical, and the rest entirely the reverse. The latter, however, unfortunately do not feel called upon to keep discreet silence, but express opinions which only too often expose their inherent ignorance. No better instance of this can be found than the reception at the Gewandhaus of Brahms's Serenade for small orchestra in A, when first performed there. The

writer had the advantage of being present on that occasion, very shortly after hearing it at its first performance by the Philharmonic Society of London. At the latter performance he recalls with pleasure mixed with satisfaction that no fewer than two movements were enthusiastically encored, and the remainder as warmly applauded; at the former it can be said with literal truth that not a single hand was raised to applaud from beginning to end. After this instance it will be needless to enlarge further upon the taste of the Gewandhaus public. In fairness, however, it must be added that in no respect can it be called the Leipzig public, which is both discriminating and sympathetic. At present, however, the only musical performances to which they can obtain admittance are those of the theatre; but the building, which is now progressing, of a larger room for the Gewandhaus Concerts, will, we trust, go far to provide a public which can appreciate the real excellence of these now historical musical performances.—*Lond. Mus. Times*, Feb. 1.

### THE HISTORY OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

Herr Ernst Pauer delivered the fourth of his interesting course of lectures on the above subject, in the lecture theatre of the South Kensington Museum, on the 3d Dec. The lecturer said:—

It will be recollected that in our last lecture we spoke of Ludwig Van Beethoven, whose genius cast all his predecessors and contemporaries into the shade. In all historical studies, it is desirable to follow the chronological order as closely as possible; but in this case it was purposely departed from in order distinctly to represent the three valuable educational composers, Berger, Clementi, and Cramer, whose studies present some analogy to the technical part of Beethoven's sonatas. Müller, Dussek, Steibelt, and Woelfl belong to a school which has no affinity with Beethoven, and their works, with the exception of Müller's, are now almost forgotten. Yet it cannot be denied that they deserve honorable recognition. Dussek was praised as a performer for his pathos and grandeur, not unmingled however with some sentimentality. Like John Field, he could boast of a beautiful singing touch, and, having large hands, played tenths and elevenths with ease. He used the pedals with effect and judgment. As compared with Clementi's sonatas, Dussek's contain sweeter melodies, and display a greater wealth of harmony and polyphony, but they produce a sense of satiety which Clementi's do not; this sentimentality it is which deprives them of our sympathy now. His works, however, present some new technical figures, and a short collection of them will be beneficial to the student.

Joseph Woelfl obtained through industry and practice a wonderful power of manipulation, and played runs in thirds as easily as other performers could simple scales. But there is no interest or intellectual charm in his works, and he soon lost his hold on the attention of the public, so much so that, although he died in London, the date of his death cannot be certainly ascertained.

Daniel Steibelt was a clever executant, and in that respect at one time a dangerous rival to Beethoven. But Steibelt was a great charlatan, and it was said would use a powerful tremolo in the left hand to hide its weaknesses. Everything he did was for show, and having, when in London, married a very handsome lady, he gave concerts at which his comely spouse accompanied him on the triangle or tambourine. He wrote descriptive pieces of various historical events, but which were deficient both in taste and artistic refinement.

*La Consolation* by Dussek and *The Storm Rondo* by Steibelt were taken as illustrations.

Herr Pauer continued:—Before coming to Schubert and Weber we must speak of two composers who considerably furthered the development of pianoforte playing—Kalkbrenner and Moscheles. Dussek, Steibelt, and Woelfl made an advance in technical execution, Kalkbrenner and Moscheles elaborated, consolidated, and refined what had al-

ready been done. Both exhibited elegance and taste, and the former excelled in a systematic and pure technical execution; his scales were like strings of pearls, and during all what Beethoven would have called his gymnastic evolutions, Kalkbrenner preserved a perfectly quiet position of the hands and body, captivating his hearers by his neatness and elegance. Moscheles was superior as an ingenious composer, and very clever in putting his talents to the best account. Although the concertos offer much that is interesting, it is in the Studies, Op. 90 and 95 that the newest effects are to be found. Moscheles was a real bravura player, had studied every point of technical execution, all his ornaments were neat, and he may be taken as a model for promptness and decision. What he lacked was warmth and feeling. As the studies of Moscheles and Kalkbrenner contain some of their best work, a selection of them will form a satisfactory illustration of the composers and their playing.

Resuming his remarks, Herr Pauer said:—We come now to two composers, who introduced into pianoforte playing the new features of romantic charm and lyrical expression. As a performer Weber ranked much higher than Schubert, who never played in public; but from the knowledge of the pianoforte which his sonatas and smaller works display, it may be assumed that he was an expert performer. Weber was one of the most brilliant performers of his own or any age, and he treated the piano like an orchestra, so that it was no longer simply a chamber instrument. Another of his innovations was the complete independence he gave to the left hand, as for instance in the introduction to the famous *Invitation to the Waltz*, while in some of his works quite a duet is carried on between the two hands. Then there is the romantic and dramatic feeling which he introduced. His works demand great muscular power, and their importance cannot be overrated. Later composers profited greatly by what he had done, and while Dussek, Steibelt, and Woelfl are forgotten, Weber is as popular as ever. Now, when feeling and enthusiasm are eschewed, and a natural modulation laughed at as child-like simplicity, Weber's chivalrous fresh feeling is very pleasing by contrast.

The Andante from the 2d Sonata, and Rondo in E-flat, Op. 62, having been played by way of illustration, Herr Pauer resumed:—It has been said that we have no account of Schubert as a pianist, and his biographies say nothing of his ever having been a teacher; we cannot, however, omit his name from among the composers who advanced pianoforte execution. Several important facts are to be noted: first, that Schubert was influenced by the Vienna School and its technical treatment, for he was born and educated in the Austrian capital; secondly, that as regards form, he took Beethoven as his model; thirdly, we note the lyrical expression of his melodies; and lastly, all his pianoforte pieces show healthy, vigorous, spontaneous feeling. He understood the effects of the key-board, and his Impromptus, Rondos, and Moments Musicaux, are full of grace and charm. Schumann says: Schubert will always be the favorite of youth, for his music shows all the qualities dear to that age; he relates romantic episodes, and is full of wit and humor, never leaving from the foreground a sincere and warm feeling. All these are represented in the Sonata in A-minor, No. 42, which is finished with greater care than the others. His fault is prolixity and he shows an absence of self-judgment and self-abnegation, qualities which Beethoven possessed in an unparalleled degree. Were it not for the charm and sincerity of Schubert's material, we should get tired of his works.

Herr Pauer next played the Impromptu in B-flat, and Moments Musicaux.

As it is necessary, the lecturer said, to observe a careful economy of time, and as so many influential composers have to be treated of, we must find room in this place for Mayer and Herz. Neither has any great merit as a composer, but they were distinguished pianists. Mayer, born 1799, died 1862, was a pupil of John Field, and in his earliest nocturne strikingly exhibited the influence of his teacher. Charles, not to be confounded with Leopold Mayer, was one of the best executants of the century, but



cool and prosaic. He was much influenced by Thalberg and Henselt, and though his compositions were, it must be confessed, uninteresting, the modulations were natural and effective, and Mayer is much to be recommended to students.

Henry Herz, born in Vienna, 1805, studied first at Coblenz, then in Paris, where he now lives, and is still an efficient teacher. He was a very brilliant performer, but after a time the public tired of his elegant phrases, and his works lost all their popularity. Yet it cannot be denied that much is to be learned from his studies and variations, which are useful towards acquiring elegance. The public taste inclined more and more to technical excellence; cyclical forms became rarer; concertos and even chamber quartets were excluded, and the piano reigned supreme. It is a considerable tax on the ingenuity of a performer to play for an hour or two alone, but this monopoly has caused the present extra development of pianoforte playing.

Herr Pauer concluded with a performance of Mayer's Romanza and Grand Study, and Herz's variations on *La Violette*. — *Lond. Mus. Standard*.

### ONE IN FIFTY MILLION.

To the Editor of the *Musical and Dramatic Courier*, New York:

In the Scriptures we find this question: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Among most amateur and even some professional violinists we find a somewhat similar inquiry: Can any good violins be produced by American makers? This is generally accompanied by a shake of the head and a deprecating tone of voice, implying pity and disgust for the efforts and results of our resident makers.

In an article in the January number of *Harper's Magazine* several statements are made which, bowing to the apparent research and knowledge of the author, I would like, with all proper respect, to question.

His article opens with a graceful allusion to Paganini, and gives a fine and true enumeration of the qualities both mechanical and mental that are requisite in a fine violin maker, stating that "there are but four people to-day in the world who can turn you out such an instrument," namely, a *chef d'œuvre*; but he neglects to state who they are, and consequently the reader is not greatly benefited by the information.

He then, in a conversational and pleasant manner, gives the description and history of several ancient instruments, among them Ole Bull's Gaspar di Salo, an Amati and a Stradivarius, which latter, he asserts, is the only genuine Stradivarius in New York. This city is of fair size, and there are many violins in it; but the author has evidently searched it through, and knows the whereabouts of all the valuable instruments, or he would not have ventured such a statement.

Mention is made of Guarnerius and Vuillaume, and then he comes to the real pith and essence of his subject. I quote as follows: "Some years ago, however, I insisted that we had a very wonderful violin maker in the United States. Such an announcement caused some little surprise, and, although not held then exactly to task for such an opinion, what I had written was much commented upon." He then states that since that time his judgment has been fully sustained by distinguished foreign instrumentalists and all the experts who know what they write about.

Feeling very happy in discovering this hidden diamond, and pluming himself on his superior sagacity in being the one able to point out the only man among a population of some 50,000,000 able to make a good violin, he proceeds to give his name, but forgets to give the address, which would make the advertisement better. After a delicate tribute to his *protégé* he spoils it all by stating a moral lack, which I sincerely deplore, namely, that this maker dared not put his instruments upon the world "unless they looked as old as time," but inside "he refused to tamper with them."

The author then gives what he regards as a true test of an instrument, that is to say, the being able to determine the quality of its tone when played in

competition with others of known value and pedigree; and I fully agree with him, merely adding that it is as well to blindfold the listener, if he is at all interested in the experiment. He follows with sketches of different interviews with the late Ole Bull, which are very pleasant.

Illustrations are given of violins of ancient make that he has referred to, and also of a violin manufactured by the great American maker whom he discovered. He then relates the method employed by an American amateur, who it is to be supposed is not distantly connected with the great American maker, of discovering the secret of the old Italian varnish. A graphic description is given of his labors, his reading musty tomes in antique libraries, his purchasing old tables, bedsteads, and furniture generally, and scraping, scraping away, until at last he found it—begging the author's pardon, the man must have been an "inspired idiot" to expect to obtain from the scraping of furniture 300 years old a correct analysis of the varnish applied. Any chemist, and better yet, any experienced practical varnish manufacturer, could have told him, that in a much shorter lapse of time the rays of the sun alone would have extracted many of the acids, gases, etc., that entered into its composition; and, while traces of certain acids might be found, it would be impossible to tell whether they originally existed in lard, linseed oil, or some other ingredient, while the particles of wood that would necessarily adhere to his scrapings would have their chemical influence on the whole, and destroy any value he might otherwise ascribe to his precious dust. Nevertheless, the author says he found it; so it matters little how he made the great discovery.

In the first part of this article I stated that I would like to call in question some of the writer's statements: and I have already spoken of the varnish, and any one acquainted with the nature of paints or varnishes will readily agree to the absurdity of such a discovery.

In stating that there was only one good American violin maker, the author must either have a very limited acquaintance with our makers, or else has ignored them from motives of his own. Does he know that George Gemünder, of Astoria, sent a quartet of instruments to the Paris Exposition of '67, consisting of two violins, a viola and a cello, and obtained a medal over all competitors, and that Mr. Gemünder has the medal in his possession? Does he know that König, of New York, although at present not manufacturing, has made instruments that have received the plaudits of "the most distinguished foreign instrumentalists?" Does he know that August Gemünder, the brother of George, besides imitating the old masters, has the courage to make violins of his own model, coloring and finish? Does he know that the Patent Violin Company, the youngest of all the makers, has an autograph letter from Ole Bull (whom he represents as his intimate and "fidus Achates" in violin matters) indorsing and commending its new sounding board and instruments?

And does he know that the instruments of his great American maker are very little known, and that his clever imitations show the hand of the amateur, in comparison with some of those makers I have mentioned?

Does he realize that such makers as Hamlin and White, of Boston, exist? If not, he has much to learn before he asserts that only one person in the United States has the genius and skill to produce an instrument that will compare with any foreign make.

F. M. BROWNING.

LONDON. Several instances have recently occurred in which English music has been accepted and performed with success in Germany. It is known that an opera from the pen of Mr. Villiers Stanford, of Cambridge, was to be mounted at the Hanover Opera House, and the date fixed for the first performance was Feb. 6. Herr Alfred Blume is now in Hanover reading the parts with several of the artists; and he informs me that Herr Schott, who will play the chief part, will introduce a beautiful aria from the opera at the next subscription concert. Mr. F. Cordor's "In the Black Forest" suite was produced for the first time in Germany, at the Garzenich concert at Cologne, last Tuesday, Jan. 11, the work being conducted by Professor Ferdinand Hiller. — *Figaro*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1881.

### MUSIC OF THE PAST MONTH.

#### I. CHORAL WITH ORCHESTRA.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY'S second concert of the season revived two famous works, most interesting in themselves and in their contrast. Mozart's *Requiem* had not been heard here (in the concert hall) for twenty-four years; and the last previous performance of Beethoven's early and only oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*—excepting two or three renderings of an absurd adaptation of the music, out of regard for pious English prejudice, to another text and subject, under the title of *Engedi*—dates back twenty-eight years.

Mozart's *Requiem* was indeed refreshing after our ears had several times been scorched of late years by the sensational, devouring flames of Verdi's intensely lurid and appalling picture of eternal torment. Mozart also can command appalling harmonies; he has appropriate accent and tone-color for the *Dies Ire*, *Tuba mirum*, *Confutatis*, etc., but he treats them with a few vivid touches, making them most impressive. He does not turn the whole *Requiem*, the prayer for rest, into a tremendous picture of the terrors of the Judgment Day. Sweetness, tenderness, repose are the prevailing key with him; it is music, not to startle and to frighten, but to please, to comfort, edify, sustain and bless. How reposeful the broad, tranquil opening: *Requiem Eternam*, and the majestic fugue: *Kyrie Eleison*! How beautiful the *Recordare*! How divinely full of deepest, tenderest emotion, and how wonderful in rhythm, climax, harmony and expressive, ceaseless modulation the *Lachrymosa*, which hardly finds its equal unless we turn to Bach! And then the lovely *Benedictus*, the *Agnus Dei*, etc. (whatever Süßmayer may have had to do with them, they are Mozartean in spirit)! It is these things, out of the sweetest, inmost heart of music, that leave the permanent impression of the work, and not a haunting nightmare dream of terrors, as with Verdi.

The interpretation of this immortal music was very satisfactory on the part of orchestra and chorus. The quartet of soloists was composed of Miss Hattie Louise Simms, of whom later, Miss Ita Welsh, Mr. Courtney and Mr. Clarence Hay.

*The Mount of Olives* has never ranked among Beethoven's greatest works. He was not satisfied with it himself, the music being for the most part too operatic for the lofty theme, and much of it too light and florid. Yet we are glad to have heard it again, for it impressed us as a whole much more than it had ever done before. The genius, the divine fire, the consummate art of Beethoven, shine out in it repeatedly. It has a noble and impressive orchestral introduction, which one can hear with interest even after that to the prison scene in *Fidelio*. All the instrumentation of the work, indeed, is thoroughly Beethovenish, both beautiful and striking. The choruses are few. There is only one of much importance—a brilliant, joyful one, with very florid soprano solo—before we come to the exciting, graphic little choruses (or *turbæ*), first, of the soldiers seeking Jesus, which is march-like, pianissimo, staccato; then the disciples: "What means this crowd and tumult?" alternating with "Then seize and bind him fast," "Haste, and seize upon the traitor," etc. Beethoven shows his true imaginative power in these exciting little scenes; they are not weak even after Bach. Of course there is no need to speak of the majesty and breadth, in fact, sublimity, of the well-known final Hallelujah Chorus, which is one of the great things of Oratorio. The recitatives and arias in the part of Jesus (tenor, Mr. Courtney, who sang in his usual chaste, expressive style) fall far short of the tenderness, the realizing sense of Bach. The arias of the Seraph (soprano) are too much in the style of brilliant, ornate concert arias, though sometimes justified by the exaltation of the text. Miss Simms, who sang them, a pupil of Mr. Courtney, was an agreeable surprise to all; her voice is a singularly pure and fresh soprano, good and even throughout its large compass, and

soaring to the high C with perfect ease; her phrasing intelligent; her execution and expression faultless, and her manner free from any affectation. Mr. Hay sang the small part of Peter with good taste and judgment. There is no contralto rôle. It has the merit of being a *short* oratorio, and is so much more interesting than we had all been told it was, that we trust it will not be laid upon the shelf so long again. It made an enjoyable contrast with the *Requiem*, though not so great of its kind as that is.

—THE CECILIA, B. J. Lang, director, gave its second concert, fifth season, Jan. 24. The larger half of the evening was occupied with Mr. Dudley Buck's cantata, "The Golden Legend," which was preceded by liberal and splendid extracts from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, and by Grieg's very dramatic and pathetic duet, "At the Cloister Gate," between a heart-broken maiden and a nun, and finely sung by Mrs. Hooper and Miss Ita Welsh. It was hardly giving a fair chance to Mr. Buck's work to place it in such immediate contrast with these wonderful inspirations of a giant like Beethoven. By itself it would have commanded closer attention and have been more appreciated.

The numbers from *The Ruins* were partly familiar ones, such as never lose their freshness, they are so finely imaginative and strong in local color, like the Turkish March and the whirling chorus of Dervishes; partly new or nearly so to Boston audiences. A very original, quaint, suggestive little overture, nicely played by a good orchestra, was heard here for the first time. The chorus to Minerva chained: "Daughter of high-throned Jove," was impressive. The plaintive little duet between a Greek man and woman, slaves, "No End to Sorrow," giving in a simple way a sad picture of the Moslem oppression, had been sung here once before in a famous concert for the Cretans. This time it was well sung by Miss Fisher and Mr. Dudley. Then the triumphal march and final chorus of priests and maidens, "Twine ye the Garlands," with its exultant rhythm, its splendor of harmony and color, and the glorious crescendo of its ever swelling volume, left an impression which survived throughout the concert and long after. The chorus singing was admirable.

We have no time to enter into any analysis of Mr. Buck's cantata. It is certainly a musician-like, elaborate, ingenious production, showing easy mastery of vocal and orchestral means, and wearing gracefully the fetters of approved form. Great judgment too is shown in the selection and adaptation of the most available portions of Longfellow's poem. There is exciting power and grandeur in some numbers, beauty and pathos in others; but the spark of inspiration by no means pervades the work, which sometimes labors to keep up the interest. Perhaps the most original and most bold and striking portion is the prologue, with its stormy instrumental introduction, where Lucifer vainly urges on his spirits to throw down the spire of Strasburg Cathedral, and they are continually balked by the sound of the holy bells, and the chanting of the old Latin hymn. The drinking chorus of monks, the sailors' chorus, and the epilogue: "O beauty of holiness," are severally characteristic and felicitous. The solo pieces (*Elsie*, Miss Lucie Plomer, *Bertha*, Miss Welsh, *Lucifer and Friar Paul*, Mr. G. W. Dudley, *Prince Henry*, Mr. C. R. Hayden, and *Gottlieb*, Mr. A. F. Arnold,) though quite well sung, made a vanishing impression on us; but that may be our own fault. Some scenes in the middle of the work, which are treated purely as orchestral pictures, we found rather tedious. If with all his talent, learning, *savoir faire*, and power of clever workmanship, the multifarious composer could only burst the bonds of commonplace! Yet sometimes he seems almost original. We hope some time to hear the cantata performed again when there will be no Beethoven to overshadow it, or forestall the freshness of the listening faculty.

—THE APOLLO CLUB, also, in its last pair of concerts (Feb. 4 and 9) brought out a noble work with orchestra: Max Bruch's setting of scenes from the *Frithjof-saga* of Bishop Tegnér. It is for male choruses, solo voices (Frithjof and Ingeborg), and orchestra. Though dark and tragical in its pervading tone, it is grand, poetic, deeply impressive,

wildly romantic and imaginative music throughout; full of old Norse tenderness and passion, blended with heroic fire. The orchestral introduction and the entire instrumentation is rich in harmony and color, highly imaginative, and always interesting. Most of the male choruses are superb and were superbly sung. A very striking piece is the second scene, "Ingeborg's bridal procession to King Ring." With all its pomp, the march is like a dirge; there is an ominous and terrible sadness in it, and Ingeborg's soliloquy is the wail of a heart-broken victim—another Lucia who has signed a fatal contract. This, as well as Ingeborg's Lament (Scene V), was sung with beautiful simplicity and considerable pathos by Miss Simms, confirming the fine impression she had made in oratorio. The scenes of Frithjof's revenge and burning of the temple, and Frithjof on the sea, are wonderfully graphic and exciting. In the fourth scene "Frithjof going into exile," there is a very beautiful quartet of male voices, which was finely sung. The part of Frithjof (bass) was nobly given by John F. Winch.

The second part of the concert contained an agreeable miscellany. Three part-songs ("Far away," by Engelsberg; "The Alpine Fay," with cornet obligato by Kremser; and "Dearest, awake," quartet and chorus, with accompaniment of strings, by Storck) delighted the crowd, and the last-named had to be repeated. Miss Simms, with pure, fresh voice, and easy, finished execution, sang the page's song: "Nobil Donna," from the *Huguenots*, and the florid song, "The soldier tired," from Dr. Arne's *Artaxerxes*. The orchestra, well controlled by Mr. Lang, played the third movement from Moskowski's "Joan of Arc" symphony. It represents a coronation procession, and is a massive, stately movement, more interesting for its instrumentation than for anything original in idea. The concert ended with a remarkable arrangement, with expressive, ever-varying orchestral accompaniment, by Hector Berlioz, of the "Marseilles Hymn," which was sung with great spirit and exciting effect.

## II. ORCHESTRAL.

THEODORE THOMAS, with a portion (less than half) of his "unrivalled" New York orchestra, under the impresario-ship of Mr. Peck of the Music Hall, gave two miscellaneous Orchestral Concerts, followed by two performances of the *Damnation of Faust*, in the last week of January, the latter to crowded audiences. The first concert we were obliged to lose. It contained a Suite (No. 3) called "Roma," by Bizet, the lamented author of *Carmen*, which we would gladly have heard. Also the Piano Concerto by Henselt, wonderfully played, it is said, by Joseffy; Introduction to the third act of Wagner's *Meistersinger*; Overture to *Oberon*; Aria from Bach's orchestral Suite in D; some Hungarian Dances by Brahms; a Strauss Waltz, "Autumn Roses"; and Liszt's Fantasia on Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*.

The second concert, which we did hear, opened with a remarkably fine performance of that model Symphony by Mozart in G minor. There was also a splendid rendering of the *Tannhäuser* Overture, almost renewing the freshness thereof; and, for the last piece, some excessively noisy and extravagant, though brilliant and exciting, "Scenes Napolitaines" by Massenet. Mr. Joseffy gave an extremely fine and delicate rendering of Chopin's F-minor Concerto,—almost too delicate; we could hardly hear his pianissimo—and a brilliant one, of course, of Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia. A new singer, Miss Amy Sherwin, of New York, made a very pleasing impression by her beautiful voice and her artistic, tasteful, and expressive rendering of the Aria: "Oh, del mio dolce," from Gluck's *Paris and Helen*, and the *Freyschutz* scena.

The two interpretations of Berlioz's *Faust* were in some respects superior, in others not equal to those by Mr. Lang in Tremont Temple. The chorus singing was not so effective, though there were good voices and well trained by Mr. Sharland. The orchestral work was sometimes singularly beautiful and almost perfect; the violins particularly sounding together like a single instrument. But sometimes the wind instruments were far from faultless, and indeed it was not precisely the identical old

Thomas orchestra. A few pieces hitherto omitted here, were given, making the work complete. On the other hand,—why we cannot tell—neither the Racokzy March nor the Ride to Hell electrified the audience as they have done before; perhaps it was the deadening influence of too big and miscellaneous a crowd. Mr. Henschel, the more we hear him in the part of Mephistopheles, seems peculiarly fitted to the part; even the imperfections of his voice help him, while he conceives and renders it in such a subtle, gentlemanly, truly Goethian and nineteenth century satanic spirit as hardly any other man could match. Mr. Tower's robust, rich tenor voice, still in the rough-diamond state, was conscientiously exerted and rather successfully in the part of Faust, but it lacked tenderness. Miss Fanny Kellogg, however, achieved a decided triumph in the difficult part of Margaret.

—HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—The sixth of the series (sixteenth) took place Feb. 3, with a rather larger audience than usual. The *pièce de resistance* was Prof. Paine's elaborate and masterly "Spring" Symphony, which more than confirmed the fine impression it made last year. The melodic themes seemed more distinct, more pregnant and suggestive. Those of the charming Scherzo were clear enough at first, and a fresh grace and fragrance, and a dreamy ecstasy pervades the movement; it shows a keen and tender love of Nature. This time we were struck by the beauty and the fitness of the first Allegro theme, as it soars aloft with vigor and uncontainable spring longing, after the wintry Adagio and the flutter of expectancy in the persistent violin figure, which is ever and anon felt in the pauses and interstices of the richly developing movement, like a sort of *Waldweben*. The earnestness and depth of the Adagio commanded close and satisfying attention. And the joyous life of the Finale, rising into a large, majestic hymn of gratitude and praise, showed inventive power and energy not easily exhausted. The orchestra took to it warmly and gave a clear and conscientious rendering on the whole, although a few more rehearsals might have improved the light and shade and certain points of phrasing.

The concert began and ended with two first-class Overtures, finely contrasted: Schumann's moody and impassioned one to *Manfred*, and Mendelssohn's romantic and most lovely one to Tieck's *Fair Melusina*. Both were well interpreted. Miss May Bryant, who seemed less under the influence of stage-fright than usual, although her eyes were too much fastened to her notes, sang in a rich, large, sympathetic voice, and with true, simple feeling and expression, the Aria: "Deh, per questo istante solo" from Mozart's *Tito*; also a delicious, most original little love-song: "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken," by the dear old John Sebastian, and Suleika's second song, by Schubert, with tasteful piano accompaniment by Mr. J. A. Preston.

—The seventh Symphony Concert, with the fine symphony composed and conducted by Dr. F. L. Ritter, with the admirable piano playing of Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood (who kindly volunteered their services), and with the delightful singing of Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, offers more matter for comment than we can command room for now. In our next we shall try to do justice to the two closing concerts of the season.

## III. CHAMBER CONCERTS AND RECITALS.

EUTERPE. The third concert (Feb. 2) was given at Mechanics' Hall, by the Beethoven Club, composed of C. N. Allen and Gustav Dannreuther, violins, Henry Heindl, viola, Wulf Fries, 'cello, assisted by Julius Akeroyd and Henry Suck, violins, D. Kunst, viola, and Wm. Rietzel, 'cello. The programme presented two entirely new works, and one of them as strange as new, which we will not attempt to analyze, or even to appreciate, after a single hearing on the coldest night of the winter. The first was a Quartet by Grieg, Op. 27, in G-minor. The first movement, starting with what seemed to us a very ugly theme, which in its numerous returns and Protean costumes grew no lovelier, was strangely wild and freakish in its continual change of tempo. The other movements were perhaps more attractive, but still puzzling to the uninitiated

A simple list of the successive parts and movements will be found curious:—

1. Un poco Andante, Allegro molto ed agitato, G-minor, 4-4  
Piu mosso, G-major, 4-4  
Presto—Prestissimo G-minor, 4-4
  2. Romanze: Andantino, Allegro agitato B-flat major, 6-8
  3. Intermezzo: Allegro molto marcato G-minor, 3-4  
Vivo e scherzando G-major, 2-4
  4. Lento G-minor, 4-4  
Presto al Saltarello G-minor, 6-8  
Presto G-minor, 3-4, 4-4; G-major, 3-4, 2-4  
Un poco Andate. Presto G-major, 4-4
- The Octet by Raff, Op. 176, was more enjoyable; clear and regular in form and rich in harmony. Both works were finely played.

—Mr. ARTHUR FOOTE's Trio Concerts have proved so far a great success. The large and select audience presents a very sociable and genial aspect as it groups itself about the performers in the long room at Chickering's. In the interpretation of the music, Mr. C. N. Allen and Mr. Fries are the young pianist's comrades, and so far everything has gone off without flaw or weakness. The ensemble has been excellent and the playing spirited, artistic and expressive. The first concert (Feb. 5) gave us a fine rendering of Beethoven's "Geister Trio" (in D, Op. 70), so called from its weird and mysterious, and wonderfully-beautiful slow (*Largo*) movement; and a very strong, bright, interesting Trio (Op. 15, No. 1) by Rubinstein. Between the two, Miss May Bryant sang with much feeling and expression, though cold timidity of manner, a fine group of songs: "Tutta raccolta," from Handel's *Ezio*; "Suleika," Schubert; "Marie am Fenster," Franz; and "Es blinkt der Thau," Rubinstein. Her German pronunciation is excellent.

The second concert Feb. 12) opened with a delightful Mozart Trio in E-major, full of grace and naïve charm, and it was beautifully played. Miss Bryant sang "Pur diecesti," by Lotti; "Dein Herz," Ed. Lassen; "Wiegenlied" (Op. 49, No. 4), Brahms; and "Dawn, gentle flower," by Bennett. A Trio in E, Op. 6, by Woldemar Bargiel, was full of originality and fire, and made a lively impression.

The third programme offered Trios in E-minor, Op. 33, (first time) by Carl Goldmark, and in D-minor (the fine old favorite) by Mendelssohn. Miss Bryant's songs were Schubert's "Aufenthalt," Lassen's "Mit deinem blauen Augen," Schumann's "Mit Myrthen und Rosen."

This evening there will be a second hearing of Mr. Chadwick's String Quartet in C, and a piano quartet in G-minor, Op. 25, by Brahms.

—Mr. HENSCHEL gave his second and third Vocal Recitals on Monday evening, January 31, and Saturday afternoon, February 12,—the first in Tremont Temple, the other in the Meionon. The audiences were very large; in the Meionon every seat was bought and occupied in spite of the drenching rain-storm. There is no need to tell how admirably both Mr. Henschel and Miss Bailey sang, how splendidly the former played all the accompaniments, or how full of character and charm were his own numerous compositions both for the voice and for the pianoforte. To dwell upon each captivating and inspiring item of the two feasts would take a whole number of our journal. We must content ourselves with the bare enumeration of their titles, which to those who were present will be full of meaning. The first programme was as follows:

- I. a. Sei nur still. Sacred Song (1630) . . . J. W. Franck  
b. "Mentre tu laseio," . . . Mozart  
c. Air, "Revenge, Timotheus cries," from "Alexander's Feast," . . . Handel  
Mr. Henschel.
- II. a. "Du bist die Ruh," . . . Schubert  
b. Suleika, . . . }
- III. PIANO SOLO.  
Three canons from Op. 9 and 18, . . . Henschel  
Mr. Henschel.
- IV. Air from "Le roi de Lahore," . . . Massenet  
Mr. Henschel.
- V. Two duets from Op. 28, . . . Henschel  
Beharliche Liebe, — Trennung, . . .  
Miss Bailey and Mr. Henschel.
- VI. a. In questa tomba, . . . Beethoven  
b. Lied des Harners aus Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, . . . Schubert  
c. Ganyed, . . . Schumann  
d. Geständniss, . . . Schumann  
Mr. Henschel.
- VII. Three Songs from Chas. Kingsley's Water-babies, (MS), . . . Henschel  
The river sings — "When all the world is young, lad," — "I once had a sweet little doll, dears," . . .  
Miss Bailey.
- VIII. Homage à Handel.  
Duet for two Pianos, . . . Moscheles  
Messrs. Lang and Henschel.

- IX. a. Mainacht, . . . Brahms  
b. Soutags, . . . Rubinstein  
c. Persisches Lied, . . . Schumann  
d. Die beiden Grenadiere, . . . Henschel.

And this for the Matinée, yet more remarkable:—

- I. a. Air from "Il Maestro di Musica," . . . Pergolesi  
b. Recitative and air from "Susanna," . . .  
c. Air, "Sibillar" from "Rinaldo," . . . Handel  
Mr. Henschel.
- II. a. Cavatina, "Porgi Amor" from "Nozze di Figaro," . . . Mozart  
b. L'abeille, . . . Weber  
Miss Bailey.
- III. Two Songs, words by Hall's, Op. 34, . . . Henschel  
Mr. Hayden.
- IV. Piano Solo: a. Nocturne in A-flat, from Op. 35, . . . Henschel  
b. Polonaise, . . . Henschel  
Mr. Henschel.
- V. a. Memnon, . . . Schubert  
b. Zwei venetianische Gondellieder, . . . Schumann  
c. "There was an ancient King," — Ballad (MS.), . . . Henschel  
d. Vulcan's song, from "Philonon et Baucis," Gounod  
Mr. Henschel.
- VI. Duet, "Fac me vere," from a Stabat Mater (MS.), . . . Henschel  
Miss Bailey and Mr. Hayden.
- VII. Serbisches Liederspiel, — Ten old-Servian Folk's poems, composed for one and more voices and piano-forte, Op. 32, . . . Henschel  
Miss Bailey, Miss Homer, Mr. Hayden and Mr. Henschel.

We would fain speak of Mr. Henschel's rare and uncommonly interesting first group of arias; of Miss Bailey's beautiful delivery of "Porgi Amor;" of the delicate aroma of the Hafiz songs, which Mr. Hayden sang with fervor; of Mr. Henschel's strong dramatic setting of "the old, old story" of the queen and the page; and more especially of the Servian Folk's songs, truly original and characteristic compositions, with an antique flavor, finely conceived and sung, and of which we hope to have an opportunity to speak some day in full.

—The list of arrears is not yet exhausted; the unique and charming concert of Mr. Adamowski, recitals of Mr. Bendix, etc., etc., still claim notice.

#### MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21. On Tuesday evening the Philharmonic Club gave its fourth concert in Chickering Hall, with this programme:—

- Quartet (string), C . . . . . Mozart  
P. F. Trio, F-sharp, Op. 1 . . . . . Scharwenka  
(Mr. Hoffman, piano.)  
String Quartet, F, Op. 41 . . . . . Schumann

Each concert given by this club seems better than its predecessor. The Mozart quartet was played with a delicacy and smoothness that were simply admirable. Add to these characteristics a complete unity of sentiment, and fine artistic execution, and the ensemble may be imagined.

The Scharwenka Trio is a charming work and received full justice at the hands of Messrs. Hoffman, Arnold and Werner. The Allegretto was so exquisitely rendered that the delighted audience insisted upon a repetition, which was kindly accorded.

The Schumann Quartet, an exacting work, was perhaps less cleverly performed; but one must remember that artists are not superhuman, and that a whole evening of such close application and arduous effort is exceedingly fatiguing; consequently, as may well be supposed, the last piece on the programme suffers a little. However, this is almost a matter of hypercriticism. The entire performance was excellent and furnished a most delightful entertainment to the appreciative subscribers. In behalf of all musical people, I heartily thank the Club for its yearly endeavor to open the ears of the New York public to the beauty of those works which, while less grand than those in symphonic scores, are still wonderfully charming and full of interest.

Mr. Henschel's fourth (and last) Recital took place on Thursday, Feb. 10, and was enjoyed to the utmost by a very large audience. Mr. Henschel produced several lovely songs of his own, many of them worthy of Robert Schumann himself. He outdid himself both as a vocalist and as an accompanist. But indeed that word is a misnomer; his songs (like those of Schumann) are simply duos for voice and piano, and each is so thoroughly a part of the other that separation would be literally impossible. Mr. Henschel, in playing his own *secondo*, has an immense advantage over those who are compelled to submit themselves to the tender mercies of ordinary machine pianists. Miss Bailey knows how much she is indebted for her success to the exceedingly careful and artistic piano work of Mr. Henschel. The little lady has a winning voice, full of dewy freshness, and, when she confines herself to selections within her capacity, achieves very satisfactory results. Her rendering of Mr. Henschel's "Lullaby" (in response to an encore) was delicious.

And thus terminated this interesting series of Recitals which has ended all too soon, but which may be supplemented by another before the close of the season.

On Saturday evening, Feb. 12, occurred the fourth

concert of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society. This was the programme:—

- Cantata, "A Stronghold Sure" . . . . . Bach  
Ninth Symphony . . . . . Beethoven  
Chorus of about 400 voices.  
Soloists: Miss Ida Hubbell, Soprano,  
Miss Emily Winant, alto,  
Mr. C. Fritsch, Tenor,  
Mr. F. Remmert, Bass.

This was a very good performance in the main. Of course the chorus was not quite so effective and powerful as Dr. Damrosch's band of drilled singers, but the former are comparatively new in the harness and will undoubtedly achieve desirable results in the near future. Miss Hubbell sang cleverly, although her organ is scarcely robust enough to fill the Academy. Miss Winant's glorious voice was heard to advantage in all that was allotted to her; while Mr. Fritsch and Mr. Remmert did probably as well as they knew how; the former insisted upon singing (in the cantata) about a quarter of a tone below pitch; and the latter—the nobility of whose voice no one can question—seemed to have no idea of refinement or repose in his manner of singing. There were two special excellencies in the performance that deserve mention. At the close of the cantata is a choral: "That word shall still." This was unaccompanied by the orchestra, and was sung with a precision and unity of purpose deserving of emphatic commendation. The second feature was the performance of the Scherzo in the Ninth Symphony; this was played marvellously well, and the gentleman who presides over the *timpani* handled his sticks in a most artistic way. It would seem almost impossible to get any expression out of a pair of drums; but this gentleman certainly did it, and did it capitably, too.

The audience was a very large one, and the fourth concert may well be deemed the distinctive one of the series so far.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 15, I attended a chamber music concert at Steck Hall. The programme included a String Quartet by Beethoven, a String Quartet by Mozart, and a pianoforte and cello duo by Rubinstein. The artists were Mr. Von Inten (piano), Mr. Brandt (violin), Mr. Matzka (violin), Mr. Schwarz (viola) and Mr. Bernger (cello). This was the third of a series of six concerts. As they are semi-private in character, I will not enter into any criticism of the performance, but will merely say that the entertainment was an enjoyable one, and that it was fully appreciated by a large and attentive audience.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 17, Mr. Carl Feininger gave the third of a series of chamber concerts at Steinway Hall; the programme included a Piano Quintet by Raff (Op. 107), three songs sung by Mr. Henschel, and a Romance for violin played by Mr. Feininger. This proved to be a pleasant concert, and Mr. Feininger was warmly applauded for his rendering of his own Romance, as well as for his careful and musicianly leading of the string portion of the Quintet. Mr. Henschel sang superbly, as he almost always does, and received two enthusiastic recalls. How satisfactory he is, to be sure, and how aggravatingly cool and *insouciant*! It isn't likely that he ever knew the meaning of *stage-fright* or nervousness.

Miss Copleston—the pianist of the evening—seemed to have excellent intentions, and her musical conceptions far surpasses her technical dexterity. Yet, she will, no doubt, develop into a very good pianist at some future day.

Mr. Feininger gives his Fourth Soirée early in March, and an interesting programme is promised.

Herr Joseffy is just now giving a series of three Recitals for benevolent purposes, and two of them have been very successful both artistically and pecuniarily.

Mr. Rummel gave the first of his series of Recitals on Thursday, Feb. 17, with a programme which included a Sonata by Mozart; a Sonata (Op. 26), by Beethoven; the *Faschingschwank*, (Op. 26), by Schumann; two Impromptus and Nocturne by Chopin; three Liszt selections, and a *Fantasia-Stück* by O. Horschheim, the latter being an exceedingly clever composer now living in New York, who is emphatically the most competent and accomplished musical critic in the city; and this without any reservation whatever.

Mr. Rummel is an earnest pianist and an intelligent musician, with an entirely mistaken opinion with regard to the piano. His theory is obviously that you must "imitate an orchestra" as closely as possible. How this is to be done Heaven only knows, and Mr. Rummel has not yet found out. I speak of his theory; in practice he sometimes forgets himself and plays admirably. A conscientious critic would be compelled to admit that his first Recital was scarcely a fair test of his real ability. To begin with, he lost his place two or three times in the Mozart Sonata [he played the entire



programme from memory], and wandered vaguely about before finding his clue. In one of the Chopin Impromptus, (Op. 29), he managed to get his bass tangled in the second phrase (F-minor); and in fine he was either careless or forgetful (or both), with a very exasperating frequency. *Per contra*, he played a Prelude and Fugue (Bach-Liszt) grandly; he gave Horshiem's lovely *Fantasie-Stück* very tenderly and poetically; and his performance of the *Waldesrauschen* (Liszt) was admirable.

In fine, Mr. Rummel—who has an exceedingly brilliant technique and a very excellent conception of a composer's intentions—needs *toning down* in some respects. He has improved greatly since last winter, and I do not doubt that his future progress will be still greater, for he is a hard worker and an assiduous student. But if he should fall into the error of considering adverse criticism as inimical to him personally he will commit a mistake, which will, in many ways, be utterly irreparable.

On Saturday evening occurred the Fourth concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, with the same programme which was given in the N. Y. Philharmonic Society's Concert. Of course with the advantage for additional rehearsals the performance acquired additional smoothness, and the entertainment was therefore a successful affair in every way. The audience was a large one; indeed the inhabitants of our sister city always turn out *en masse* on these occasions; there is a far more united musical sentiment across the river than can be found in New York. F.

CHICAGO, Feb. 19. The last week of "Her Majesty's Opera" was slightly varied by a performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and Wagner's *Lohengrin*. I regret to state that the performances of these operas were very far from satisfactory. In *Don Giovanni*, Mme. Swift took the rôle of Donna Anna, and her voice, method, and acting were not at all fitted to the part. In the first place the lady has not a musical voice, and although she has plenty of power, it seems more like noise than vocal sounds. It was a great mistake to give the part into such inadequate hands. Then, too, the rôle of Zerlina was sung by Miss Cary, which made it necessary to transpose all the music. The bright, and graceful motion of the instrumentation was made to suffer by lowering the keys, and the pretty songs lost their beauty by this change. Of course Miss Cary did her best to please in the character, but it was not at all suited to her powers. Mlle. Valleria sang the rôle of Donna Elvira very finely, and the Don Giovanni of Signor del Puente was very pleasing. The new tenor, Sig. Ravelli, was not the ideal Otavio, for much of the beauty of his music was lost by a faulty conception. In the air "Il Mio Tesoro," the tempo was taken far too fast. When Mozart wrote an Andante, he doubtless knew his own intentions, and the idea ought to be carefully considered by every thoughtful singer, before he interprets it to an audience. The orchestra was not always in tune, and the chorus was simply wretched.

In *Lohengrin* the performance was not more satisfactory. Mme. Gerster, who took the part of Elsa, was not able to make herself heard in many portions of her music. She has not the voice for the rôle. Sig. Campanini was able to illustrate something of the Wagner idea, but one singer cannot produce an opera, notwithstanding a great talent. Our season of opera did not do anything for the progress of music. It gave society an opportunity to display itself, but, apart from this, was not of any service to art. Col. Mapleson did not bring as good an orchestra or chorus as those of a year ago. The management seemed disposed to work upon the credulity of our fashionable people, rather than to furnish splendid performances of good works. Another year, if this same management is to rule, there will be an open resentment on the part of the people. Many letters written to the daily press, exposing the blunders of the management during this season indicated that our public is beginning to understand its own rights. If managers take money for a good performance, they should be forced to furnish it.

The Beethoven Society gave its second concert of the season, with this programme:—

Mass in C, . . . . . Beethoven  
Concerto for violin, . . . . . Mozart  
Master Michael Banner.  
Reverie, (arranged for chorus), . . . . . Schumann  
Wanderer's Song, (arranged for chorus), . . . . . Schumann  
March and chorus from "The Queen of Sheba," Goldmark

In many respects the programme was interesting, although not as much so as others given by the same society. The orchestra and chorus did the best of the work, while the solo quartet was hardly well balanced enough to do justice to their part of the Mass. Master Banner is an interesting lad, and gives every indica-

tion of becoming a very fine player. Yet, I question the wisdom of allowing him to appear very often in public. The flattery that is extended to a youth is often a retarding influence, and prevents true progress. The public praise, and extend what is seemingly encouragement; but modesty is often killed by an early contact with the world, and the very applause is taken as a judgment upon talent, which in reality should be allowed to mature before it comes to the concert stage.

Our Central Music Hall has been given into the charge of Mr. Milward Adams, who takes the place of the late Mr. George B. Carpenter as manager. Mr. Adams was associated with Mr. Carpenter for many years, and will endeavor to carry out the plans and enterprises of that gentleman; from his past experience he will be fully able to manage the hall successfully.

Mr. Remenyi appeared in three concerts at the above mentioned hall, during last week. I regret to state that on the evening that I heard him play, his performance was far from satisfactory. He seemed to try to impress the audience by making all kind of so-called effects with his violin, and was extremely sensational in his playing. Yet, notwithstanding this aim, his intonation was faulty, and at times very disagreeable to listen to. It has been two years since I have heard Mr. Remenyi, and I must confess that his playing seems to me to have degenerated. Perhaps travelling so much and playing before country audiences have made him careless; but, whatever may be the cause, the fact remains the same. Sensationalism seems to be the one influence that controls his playing.

Mr. Liesegang has been giving some pleasant concerts of orchestral music. The last one I heard was devoted to Beethoven's music. Mr. Emil Liebling played the first movement of the Concerto in C-minor, Op. 37, and the Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2. Mr. Heimendahl the Romance in F, for violin, while Mr. Knorr sang the beautiful "Adelaide." The concert closed with the Pastoral Symphony.

Next week Mr. Thomas comes to conduct some performances of the Apollo Club, when *The Damnation of Faust* will be given. Mr. Thomas will also direct some orchestral concerts. The orchestra will be composed of our home players, with additions from Cincinnati. Of these in my next letter. C. H. BRITTON.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 14. The first two of our five Symphony Concerts for this season were given on the 29th ult. and 12th inst., with the following programme:—

a. Sinfonie Dramatique, D-minor, No. 4, work 95.  
b. Songs with piano, "The dew it shines,"  
"The lark," "Gold rolls here beneath  
me," "The Asra." . . . . Rubinstein  
Mr. Frank Remmert.  
Norwegian Folk-Life, No. 19, for piano, "On  
the mountains," "Rustic bridal procession  
passing by," "Carnival scene," . . . . Grieg  
Mme. Teresa Carreño.  
Norwegian Rhapsody, C, . . . . . Svendsen  
Symphony, B-flat, . . . . . Beethoven  
Suite E-flat, work 200, for piano and orchestra,  
Minuet.—Gavotte and Musette.—Cavatina.  
—Finale, allegro, . . . . . Raff  
Mr. B. Courlander.

Songs with piano, "My haunt," "The haunted  
man," "The Inquisitive," "Impatience," . . . . Schubert  
Miss Antonia Henne.

Overture to "The Secret Avengers," work 3, . . . . Berlioz

Of these selections the novel features are the Rubinstein "Sinfonie Dramatique,"—truly a dramatic symphony and abounding in a wealth of tone-color that would have astonished the old masters,—and the Berlioz Overture, the third *opus* of this talented and spirited composer of the new French school, likewise full of dramatic vigor and powerful instrumental effects. Our orchestra this season consists of forty pieces: and if objection may be made to the material here and there, it is but just to speak praisingly of the careful attention to detail on the part of the director, evident in everything he undertakes with his forces, possibly too careful at times for the comfort of the said forces. What gives greater pleasure, however, is the manner in which the audience is being brought, with each successive season, to a higher appreciation of what is performed and the manner in which it is performed. There is an evident increase in that reverence for the art, and respect for its exponents so necessary to make the good effects of such concerts permanent in their elevating influence. It is a positive pleasure to notice how earnestly they sit through a symphony, and when a Rubinstein or Schubert song is sung, which always speaks more directly to the heart of the average concert-goer than orchestral music, how respectfully they wait until the accompaniment has completely died away before they venture to move a muscle. This could not be said of us even last year; and there will be few audiences in this country ten

years hence of whom the same remark will be truthfully made.

The eleventh Students' Concert took place on the 5th inst., with this programme:—

String-Quartet, B-flat, work 76, No. 1, . . . . . Haydn  
Messrs. Allen, Fincke, Schaefer and Jungnickel.  
a. Scene and Air from the opera "Figaro's Wedding."  
b. Piano-Trio, E-major, work 15, No. 2, for piano,  
violin and violoncello, Allegro, Andante grazioso, Allegro, . . . . . Mozart  
Songs transcribed for piano-solo by Fr. Liszt, Ave Maria, work 52, No. 4, Elfin King, work 1, . . . . Schubert

The Oratorio Society Chorus has swelled to six hundred voices; not that six hundred people standing up to sing Handel's *Messiah* necessarily makes a good chorus; but it goes to show what interest, at least from one important quarter, is taken in the movement. The other important quarter, the pecuniary, has yet to be heard from.

#### NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE. The eighty-second concert (sixth series), under the direction of the musical professor, Charles H. Morse, was given (Feb. 7) by Mr. E. B. Perry, the blind pianist, Mr. F. E. Morse, vocalist, and Mr. C. H. Webster, accompanying pianist. The programme was as follows:—

Piano Solo—  
a. Gavotte in E-flat, Op. 7 . . . . . Roeder  
b. Menuetto Capriccioso, from Sonata in A-flat, Op. 39 . . . . . Weber  
c. Aus Schöner Zeit, Op. 34 . . . . . Hofmann  
d. Toccata, Op. 31, No. 2 . . . . . Mayer  
Song: "Nazareth" . . . . . Gounod  
Piano Solo: Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses, No. 3 . . . . . Liszt  
Piano Solo—  
a. Prelude in A . . . . . Sherwood  
b. Les Souvenirs, "I would dream, not weep" . . . . . Perry  
c. L'Orange, Etude, Op. 2 . . . . . Heuselt  
d. Etudes, Nos. 7 and 11, from Op. 25 . . . . . Chopin  
Song, "Only to love," . . . . . Santley  
Concerto in F-sharp minor, Op. 69: a., Allegro; b., Andante; c., Finale . . . . . F. Hiller  
Orchestral parts on a second piano by Mr. Webster.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. The following is the programme of a Song Recital given in Amateur Dramatic Hall, Jan. 18, by Mrs. Grace Hiltz Gleason, assisted by Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood and Mr. Victor Hammerel, accompanist:—

1. a. "My Heart ever Faithful," . . . . . Bach  
b. Recitative and Aria, "As when the dove," from *Acis and Galatea*, . . . . . Handel  
c. "Sympathy," . . . . . Haydn  
d. "Piercing Eyes," Canzonets, . . . . . Schumann  
2. March, from Op. 17, . . . . . Schumann  
3. Five Songs, from "Poet's Love,"  
a. "Twas in the lovely month of May,"  
b. "Where fall my bitter tear-drops,"  
c. "The Rose and the Lily,"  
d. "When gazing on thy beautiful eyes,"  
e. "A young man loves a maiden," . . . . Schumann  
f. "Love's Message," . . . . . Schubert  
g. "Margaret at the Spinning Wheel," . . . . Schubert  
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MARCH, 1881.

10. First Philharmonic Society Concert.
- 12, 19, and 26. Mr. Arthur Foote's 6th, 7th and 8th Trio Concerts.
14. Third Cecilia (Probably).
- 15, 22 and 29. Chamber Concerts of Messrs. Adamowski and Preston, at Chickering's.
16. Third Concert of the Boylston Club.
22. 3 P. M. Public Rehearsal of Philharmonic Society.
24. Second Philharmonic Concert.

APRIL, 1881.

1. 3 P. M. Philharmonic Public Rehearsal.
2. Third Philharmonic Concert.
13. Philharmonic Fourth Rehearsal.
14. Philharmonic Fourth Concert.
15. (Good Friday). Handel and Haydn Society: *Bach's Passion Music.*
18. (Easter Sunday). Handel and Haydn Society: "St. Paul."
- 22 and 26. Fifth and Sixth Apollo Concerts.

MAY, 1881.

2. Fourth Cecilia Concert (Probably).
3. Philharmonic Fifth Rehearsal, 3 P. M.
5. Philharmonic Fifth Concert.
18. Fourth Concert of the Boylston Club.

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MR. PEPYS THE MUSICIAN.<sup>1</sup>

BY FRANCIS HUEFFER.

(Continued from page 31.)

To do King Charles justice, English music at the beginning of his reign was not at its best, not in a condition, for instance, to rival the art as practised in Italy and France. There had been a time when this country could compare favorably with the two just named, when music was known to and practised by king and peasant; and it is a significant fact that the period when this was the case marked also the acme of English literature. That Shakespeare wrote for a public thoroughly imbued with the love of music one could tell, if there were no other sources to attest the fact. There are, indeed, many such sources. Queen Elizabeth, whom we may consider as the representative English lady of the period, was, as every one knows, a zealous and accomplished votary of the divine art, and proud of her musical talent no less than of her beauty. An ambassador of Queen Mary to her court has left it on record how he flattered Elizabeth by acknowledging her superiority on the virginals over her Scotch rival, his conscientious opinion in this respect for once coinciding with his diplomatic convenience; and it need not be said that the example of the great queen was followed by her people, and more especially by her courtiers, with more or less vocation. Music towards the end of her reign had become a fad, even as the fashion for Japanese fans and blue china is at the present day; the very desirable tendency towards beautifying human life being in both cases frequently made all but unrecognizable by the pranks of fashionable taste. When M. D'Olive (in Chapman's comedy of that name, printed in 1606), a fop of the period, intends to furnish his lodging in the proper style, this is how he goes to work: "Here shall stand my court cupboard, with its furniture of plate; here shall hang my base viol, here my theorbo, and here will I hang myself."

Unfortunately the early spring flowers of English song had been nipped in the bud by the political troubles which soon ensued. Music was on the losing side; it inspired the Royalists with heart-stirring Cavalier songs, and smelt evil in the nostrils of preaching Ironsides and canting Puritan parsons. For a quarter of a century its public action was confined to the nasal piety of psalm-singing; and when at last Cromwell, more enlightened than his followers, wished to grant a license for a kind of Italian opera, he had to lay stress on the foreign language which made at least any seduction by gentle words of love

impossible. But although artistic music was in exile with the king over the water, religious and political fanaticism had not been able to extinguish the innate love of music amongst the English people. King Charles might have some reason to abuse English fiddlers and choristers, but it would have been difficult to find on the Continent a match to one of the examples of untutored musical skill which Mr. Pepys describes in the following idyllic picture. The incident belongs to one of the diarist's pleasant trips to Epsom Wells, where, in his usual fashion, he has an eye and ear for everything, "riding through Epsom the whole town over, seeing the various companies that were there walking, which was very pleasant to see how they are there without knowing what to do, but only in the morning to drink waters. But, 'Lord,' to see how many I met there of citizens that I could not have thought to have seen there; that they had ever had it in their heads or purses to go down thither." After having observed and moralized his fill, Mr. Pepys goes to have a breath of fresh air on the common, and there was "at a distance, under one of the trees, a company got together that sang. I at a distance took them for the Waytes, so I rode up to them and found them only voices, some citizens met by chance, that sung four or five parts excellently. I have not been more pleased with a snapp of musique, considering the circumstances of the time and place, in all my life anything so pleasant." This happened on July 27, 1663. One is inclined to ask what company of Englishmen, *met by chance* under the trees at Epsom on that or any day of the year 1881, would be able to perform four or five, or, for that matter, one-part songs, in excellent tune and time?

As to how this knowledge was acquired by the middle classes, Mr. Pepys also affords us ample information. With his accustomed unconscious skill, he describes how he, Mr. Hill ("my friend the merchant,") and two other gentlemen used to meet and discourse all varieties of sweet music in their quiet, unassuming way. There was no display, no audience, merely the four men worshipping the divine art in their simple way, and doing no doubt excellent work of its kind. By the special desire of Pepys the professional element was strictly excluded. At one time his friends had engaged an Italian master, one Signor Pedro, "a slovenly and ugly fellow," to superintend their studies once a week; but Mr. Pepys, with true tact, observed at once that this innovation would materially impair the character of these meetings. "I fear," he writes, "it will grow a trouble to me if we once come to bid judges to meet us, especially idle masters, which do a little displease me to consider. . . . It spoils, methinks, the ingenuity of our practice." The slovenly Pedro accordingly received his *congé*, and the four gentlemen went on as before, singing and playing being agreeably varied by discussion of artistic topics. On one occasion, Mr. Pepys, after supper, falls "into the rarest discourse with Mr. Hill about Rome and Italy," which that gentleman had visited probably in his commercial pursuits; on another the conver-

sation touches upon a technical point all the more interesting to us as the graceful old dance form in question was at the time a living thing. "Then all to my house," Mr. Pepys writes on April 23 (Lord's Day), 1665, "where comes Hill, Andrews, and Captain Taylor and good musique; but at supper to hear the arguments we had against Taylor concerning a Corant, he saying that the law of a dancing Corant is to have every bar to end in a pricked crochet and quaver, which I denied, was very strange." If one may at this day decide such a question, it would appear that Mr. Pepys had decidedly the best of the argument. We all know that the Courante is a lively dance in 3-4 or 3-2 time, beginning with a short note at the end of the bar, and expressing, as Mattheson, writing a good many years after Pepys, discovered, "Sweet hope, and in fact a combination of confidence, desire, and joy." But neither the Italian Corrente of Corelli, nor yet the French Courante as developed by Couperin and the great Bach, seems to bear out the law laid down by Captain Taylor. It is true that the works of all these masters are of a later type than that discussed at Mr. Pepys's house; moreover a "dancing Corant" as performed by military gentlemen of the seventeenth century may have had rules of its own. But of that it is at present impossible to judge.

The knowledge acquired at these gatherings and elsewhere Mr. Pepys was constitutionally prone to impart to others; and, as was natural in so well regulated a mind, his charity in this respect began at home. Mrs. Pepys was naturally the first person to be practised upon and we have already seen how, after the drastic effect produced on her husband by some wind music, the lady was expected to learn, that difficult branch of art. Unfortunately Mrs. Pepys's musical gift seems to have been of a limited kind, and her want of talent and remissness in practising gave rise to frequent conjugal troubles, as the Diary shows in more than one place. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Pepys transferred his educational zeal to humbler objects, and in this direction fortune was more propitious to him. His boy (*i. e.*, his page boy) being possessed of a fine treble voice, was allowed to take part with the gentlemen before named in Ravenscroft's Psalms and other concerted music; and Mr. Pepys being a devoted admirer of the sex in every condition of life, the maids were not denied the privilege granted to the youth. One of these, of the name of Mary Ashwell, seems to have been a very promising pupil. She could, amongst other things, play on the triangle, a favorite instrument with Mr. Pepys. "Up to my tryangle," that gentleman writes *de dato* April 2, 1663, "where I found that, above my expectations, Ashwell has very good principles of musique, and can take out a lesson herself with very little pains." Such talent required encouragement even at the expense of a little money, not as a rule easily parted with by the provident although by no means stingy official. "March 16, 1663. — To my wife, at my Lord's (Sandwich) lodgings, where I heard Ashwell play first upon the harpsicon, and I find she do play pretty

<sup>1</sup> From the London Musical Times.

well, which pleaseth me. Thence home by coach, buying at the Temple the printed virginal book for her."

A still more interesting pupil seems to have been another of Mrs. Pepys's handmaidens, so well known to the readers of the Diary as Mercer. Ladies of the present day will perhaps think it natural that the attention paid to the musical education of this girl by her indulgent master was for various reasons not altogether pleasing to the lady of the house, and, at least on one occasion, led to a "scene" thus philosophically referred to by the diarist: "Thence home; and to sing with my wife and Mercer in the garden; and coming in I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with her. Which I acknowledge; but it is because the girl do take musick mightily readily, and she do not, and musick is the thing of the world that I love most, and all the pleasure almost that I can now take; so to bed in some little discontent, but no words from me."

These facts, trifling in themselves, are of importance to us, showing as they do how far musical culture seems to have extended amongst the lower strata of English life in those days. Mr. Pepys's household was too modest to admit of superior or ornamental servants, and his spouse too practical a housewife to set great store by artistic accomplishments. Ashwell and Mercer were servant-girls pure and simple; they had to bake, and baste, and scrub to an extent at which the modern maid-of-all-work would stand aghast; and received a sound thrashing into the bargain when found wanting in their domestic duties. And yet their musical capabilities seem to have been of a kind which might put many a lady of the nineteenth century to the blush.

Even as Dante was led by his trusty guide from Inferno to Paradise, so we ascend with Mr. Pepys the social stair from kitchen and scullery to the exalted regions of an aristocratic drawing-room, to see how music fared there in the early days of the Restoration. We have already witnessed the musical accomplishments of the daughter of Lord Bellasis, and may here passingly notice a musical nobleman, the seventh Lord Chandos, apparently of Puritanic tendencies, for he would go on singing psalms by the hour, "but so dully that I was weary of it," worldly Mr. Pepys adds. The musical aristocrat, however, who is most prominent in the Diary is Sir Edward Montague, created, by Charles II. Earl of Sandwich, to whom Pepys was distantly related, and to whom also he owed his first professional preferment, showing his gratitude by unflinching adherence to his patron through good and evil report. The Earl of Sandwich, as became an aristocratic amateur, was very decided in his opinions, and those opinions changing at times, Mr. Pepys's patience is occasionally tried by the vagaries of his friend. "And so followed my Lord Sandwich," he writes, November 16, 1655, "who was gone a little before me on board the Royal James, and there spent an hour, my

lord playing upon the gitarr, which he now commends above all musique in the world"; and on another occasion "after dinner (Mr. Gibbons being come in also before dinner done) to musique, they played a good Fancy to which my lord is fallen again, and says he cannot endure a merry tone, which is a strange turn of his humor, after he has for two years flung off the practice of Fancies and played only fiddler's tunes."

The passage, it may be parenthetically remarked, throws some welcome light on an old musical term, the exact meaning of which is not very plain, and cannot be ascertained from the sources to which one naturally looks for information. In Mr. Grove's Dictionary, the term "Fancy" is altogether wanting, and Messrs. Stainer and Barrett, in their "Dictionary of Musical Terms" (abridged edition), somewhat vaguely state that it signifies "short pieces of music without words." This applies to a vast number of musical pieces, that referred to by Pepys amongst others. But how about another passage which, although sufficiently familiar, may once more be quoted in this connection. Speaking of Justice Shallow, in "Henry IV" (Act III. Scene 2), Sir John Falstaff remarks, "'A' came ever in the rearward of the fashion and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the car-men whistle, and sware they were his *fancies* or his good-nights!" Here Fancy evidently refers to a tune to be sung or whistled as occasion required; certainly not to a concerted piece played by instruments. In the technical sense in which Pepys uses the word, one might feel inclined to identify it with what Hawkins calls the Fantasia (*sic*), and which, according to him, came into practice after the decline of the vocal madrigal. "When gentlemen and others began to excel in their performance on the viol, the musicians of the time conceived the thought of substituting instrumental music in the place of vocal, and for this purpose some of the most excellent masters of that instrument, namely, Douland, the younger Ferabosco, Carperario, Jenkins, Dr. Wilson, and many others, betook themselves to the framing compositions called Fantazias, which were generally in six parts, answering to the number of viols in a set or chest, as it is called in the advertisement in the preceding note, and abounded in fugues, little responsive passages, and all those other elegancies observable in the structure and contrivance of the madrigal." But then again, how could a composition for strings, abounding in little responsive passages and other elegancies, be mentioned as something the reverse of merry, and placed in contrast with fiddlers' tunes? Mr. Pepys, although he does not explain the term, gives at least a hint as to its general meaning.

(To be continued.)

#### THE HISTORY OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

A large gathering of ladies assembled in the lecture theatre of the South Kensington Museum, on the 10th Dec., when the fifth lecture of the above course was delivered. In the illustrations, which occupied a little longer time than usual, Herr Pauer was assisted by his pupils, Miss Adelaide Thomas and M. Eugène d'Albert, both of the National

Training School, and by his son, Herr Max Pauer. The players and composers under discussion were Thalberg, Liszt, Mendelssohn, and Schumann.

The lecturer said: We have already alluded to the great prominence of the technical school; we have now to show its yet greater development with Thalberg and Liszt. If we compare Herz, Kalkbrenner, Moscheles, and Hummel with Thalberg and Liszt, we see how much more daring are the achievements of the latter, and how much more physical force is required to play their music. Thalberg had no regular pianoforte teacher, but took lessons from a bassoon-player, Mitag; the greater, therefore, is the credit due to his own efforts. In correctness and clearness of execution, Thalberg has never been out-done. Being of a phlegmatic temperament, he was not subject to changing moods, and his playing could, like a well-regulated clock, be depended upon at all times. He was, therefore, always ready, and always perfect. This evenness was greatly owing to the carefulness of his fingering, from the rules for which, when once decided on, he never departed. And this is a practice which might with advantage be further adopted, for most of the jerky playing arises from uncertain fingering. Thalberg introduced a more polyphonic style; while former composers gave the melody to the right hand and the accompaniment to the left, he placed the melody in the middle, assigned runs, shakes, arpeggios, etc., to the upper part, and a rich accompaniment to the left hand, thus producing the effect of three hands. This rich style of treatment made a great sensation, and so much was it admired that no one could refrain from adopting it. Schumann and Mendelssohn bestowed great attention on these innovations: indeed, Thalberg's influence long continued to be felt, although his innovations were not all his own immediate invention, but received from the harpist, Alvers. His compositions, mostly fantasias, were written according to a cut-and-dried pattern, consisting of an introduction, a melody, then two or three themes interweaved one with another, another theme, and a broad cantilena, with a veritable coronation of notes in conclusion. They are all alike, except for certain features special to each, as the shakes in the fantasia on the *Sonnambula*, the octaves in the *Huguenots*, and the tremolo in the *Semiramide*. Despite these cataracts of notes, the fantasias show a want of life and animation, and have no intellectual charm. It was the same story over and over again; the public wearied of it, and a host of imitators arose. But we can honestly praise his original pieces, nocturnes, studies, waltzes, etc. The specific qualities of his own execution were a well-trained mechanical dexterity, with great care in details; the shakes were like the trills of a canary, the chords sounded as if struck by mallets of steel.

Thalberg's fantasia on *Don Pasquale* was played by Miss Adelaide Thomas, the holder of the Merchant Taylor scholarship. This young lady's execution is beautifully smooth and fluent, and her style modelled evidently on that of her distinguished master.

Herr Pauer continued: Franz Liszt, the rival of Thalberg, may be called a phenomenal pianist. He received teaching from Czerny, and also from his own father. When quite young, he went to Paris, where he was first petted as a prodigy, then, of course, neglected. There he heard Paganini, and was so electrified by the weird effects produced by the eccentric violinist that he resolved to be "the Paganini of the piano." Triumphant he conquered all difficulties; and while Thalberg showed no interest in other composers, Liszt was very cosmopolitan in his taste, paraphrasing the most varied styles: sacred music by Pergolesi, Handel, and Beethoven; and dramatic, lyrical, and instrumental compositions, by Rossini, Weber, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Franz, etc., etc., for his activity was astonishing; there was nothing which he did not attempt; and this greatly enlarged sphere of pianoforte operations made great demands on the physical energies of the executant. So strong were Liszt's own powers in his best days, that the Vienna pianos suffered severely from his treatment, and he used after a performance in a jocular manner to give a list of the casualties. The question now arises: Have all these innovations

been beneficial to the further development of the instrument, and to pianoforte playing generally? To this inquiry, we may answer: Yes, for the hammers had to be made stronger, the case more solid and strengthened with metal, while the much stronger wires introduced produced a richer tone. It is impossible in this place to enter into fuller details, but an idea of the changes effected can be formed by remembering that the power of tension in a single instrument was raised to 40,000 pounds. The piano was no longer a chamber instrument, but a substitute for the orchestra. Noise became fashionable, and the lack of sufficient physical force induced thumping, and a less rich and singing tone was produced than when a quieter touch was adopted. For an adequate rendering of Liszt there is required immense physical force, and it may be said an even fanatical zeal. Liszt possessed the requisite power, will, and enthusiasm, but very few of his disciples did. Although his playing was in the highest degree brilliant and effective, and included all that ingenuity and perseverance could attain, yet it gave rise to a rhapsodic, jerky expression; beauty suffered in consequence, and a wild, one might say demoniacal, element was introduced.

Master Eugène d'Albert, whose brilliant début at the Popular Concerts was a display alike of native talent and a tribute to careful instruction, played Liszt's "Grand Study in F-minor," and transcription of "Caprice" by Paganini.

Herr Pauer resumed with Mendelssohn, a pupil, as has been said, of Berger, and who, when a child, displayed great talent as a pianist: not that he was ever what may be called a sober practiser, for he was so naturally gifted that he rapidly acquired with ease what it took others years to accomplish. He did not take such a deep interest in the piano as Schumann, but his intellectual power and sweet melodies fascinated his hearers. He was more the composer than the pianist, while Liszt was, in the first place, a pianist. Mendelssohn's popular letters contain all information about his ideas on pianoforte playing. He restored a quiet, noble style, rather than made any actual progress, substituting calmness for noise, tenderness and melody for force; and his works, though animated and brilliant, were not dazzling.

The illustrations of Mendelssohn were six of the "Songs without Words," which Herr Pauer himself performed, and "Allegro Brillant," Op. 92, for four hands, played with admirable precision by the son of the lecturer and Master d'Albert.

Schumann, said Herr Pauer, took a very great interest in pianoforte playing, for which he claimed a high aim, in opposition to the brilliancy of execution and shallowness of the technical school. He thought the student should invent his own studies—a very unpractical suggestion, we venture to think, very few students being equal to such a task. Diligent previous study is necessary to play the works of Schumann, who regarded the technical execution as the dress wherein to present the intellectual work. But no intellect, genius, or enthusiasm will avail unless the technical requirements be satisfied. He advises first, a good practical fingering; secondly, a high degree of technical efficiency, roundness of tone, precision, fluency, and ease; and, after the technical difficulties are overcome, the introduction of fancy, feeling, intellectual life, light, and shade. The innovations brought into pianoforte playing by this poet-musician are romantic charm, intellectuality, warmth of expression, and a poetical tendency. The intelligent player is spell-bound by the intellect and fancy, the rich and effective treatment. Schumann has the great merit of being the only composer who can be listened to after Beethoven. To sum up: Thalberg and Liszt reached the highest technical point, Mendelssohn reconciled the older and later styles, and Schumann introduced the charm of romance and the element of intellectuality.

Herr Pauer concluded by performing the "Arabesque," four short pieces, and two numbers from the "Novelettes."—*Lond. Mus. Standard.*

—MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON is busily engaged in the study of *Fidelio*, in which opera she will probably sustain the part of the heroic wife, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

## BEETHOVEN'S EIGHTH SYMPHONY.<sup>1</sup>

In the last days of 1813, the *Vienna Gazette* published the following notice, signed: Beethoven.

"The desire expressed by a large number of those fond of musical art to hear once more my grand symphonic composition on the victory gained by Wellington at Vittoria renders it my agreeable duty to announce that, on Sunday, the 2d January, I shall have the honor of giving a performance of the work with the best artists of Vienna in the large hall of the Redout. The concert, which will be for my benefit, will comprise, also, several recently composed vocal pieces and choruses."<sup>2</sup>

The vocal pieces added to the programme to replace Maelzel's mechanical trumpet, Beethoven having quarreled with the inventor, were taken from *The Ruins of Athens*, then a novelty for Vienna. They consisted of the Triumphal March with chorus, and final bass air, sung at Pesth as the bust of the emperor rose up on its pedestal. Beethoven thought of reproducing this stage effect, at least approximately, by means of a curtain which, on being raised, would enable the audience, from whom till then it would have been concealed, to see the bust. The day previous to the concert, that is to say the 1st January, he wrote a humorous note to Zmeskall on the subject:—

"My dear and worthy friend, all would go well, had he but a curtain. Without one, my air will prove a mull. This morning, for the first time, I learned we had none, and I am in despair. We must have a curtain, though it be merely a bed-curtain; a screen, a veil, anything you like! The air is written for the stage rather than the concert-room. Without a curtain, its dramatic character will be literally lost, lost, lost! All the effect will go to the deuce. The Court will probably come. The Arch-duke Charles gave me an audience and promised to attend; the empress has not said 'yes;' but neither has she said 'no.' A curtain! I ask it in Heaven's name, for, without it, tomorrow my air and I are ruined. I press you to my heart as affectionately this new year as I did in the one just past. Yours ever, with a curtain or without."

I do not know whether the grave question of the curtain received a satisfactory solution, but there is one thing certain: most of the eminent artists who took part in the first concert were again at their post. Salieri, however, was absent, and it was Hummel who filled his place. Thanks to this, young Meyerbeer passed from the cymbals to the big drum, a piece of rapid promotion, foreboding evidently the brilliant prospects awaiting the future author of *Les Huguenots*. The concert proved doubly successful; it was a success for the composer, as well as a success financially. The large room of the Redout was capable of holding about five thousand persons. Moreover, the special arrangement of the platform, flanked as it was by long corridors, permitted a satisfactory realism to be given to the musical stage arrangements of the "Battle of Vittoria." The opposing armies approached, engaged, and combated implacably with each other, with a picturesque dash in which the public seemed to behold the representation of a real action. Feeling he was becoming the fashion, Beethoven gave another concert on the 27th February following, when he caused to be performed for the first time the Eighth Symphony, terminated at Linz amid the domestic quarrels of which we have been witnesses. It appears to have met with a somewhat cool welcome. The following is what the *General Gazette of Music* says regarding the event:—

"The attention of the audience at this concert was especially centred on the new production of Beethoven's muse, but the hopes formed of it were not completely realized. It was received without those demonstrations of enthusiasm wherewith the public usually greet compositions which at once find favor with them; in a word, it did not, as the Italians say, create a *furore*."

<sup>1</sup> From "Beethoven's Later Years," by M. VICTOR WILDER, in *Le Ménestrel*.

<sup>2</sup> The performance thus announced was the third; the first, on the 8th December, 1813, had been followed very quickly by a second, in the same locality, on Sunday, the 12th December.

The Symphony in F, however, though, it is true, inferior to the Seventh, deserved some attention, if only for its delicious *Allegretto*.

"The *andante scherzando*"—said Berlioz—"is one of those productions for which we can find neither model nor pendant; it fell straight from heaven into the artist's mind; he wrote it off at one burst, and we are struck with amazement on hearing it. The wind instruments play in it a contrary part to that usually filled by them; with chords struck at once, eight times *pianissimo* in each bar, they accompany the light dialogue, *a punto d'arco*, of the violins and basses. It is gentle, ingenuous, and most gracefully indolent, like the song of two children gathering flowers in a meadow on a bright morning in spring. The principal phrase contains two members, each of three bars, the symmetrical order being deranged by the silence following the answer of the basses; the first member finishes on the weak and the second on the strong part of the bar. The harmonic repercussions of the oboes, clarinets, horns and bassoons, interest us so deeply that, while listening to them, we pay no heed to the want of symmetry produced in the melody of the stringed instruments by the addition of the silent bar. This last evidently exists only to leave longer uncovered the delicious chord on which the fresh melody is about to hover. We see once more by this example that the law generally governing such matters may be infringed with happy results."

The above estimate of Berlioz's had not the good fortune to please Oulibicheff, who considers the Eighth Symphony "the least successful" of them all. The ravishing *Allegretto*, so highly prized by Berlioz, strikes Oulibicheff as a "satire, a musical parody." To assure the reader that I am speaking seriously, and that there may be no doubt on the subject, I will cite the text of my author:—

"Even in 1814, Rossini's celebrity was immense. The great restorer of Italian music had already written some ten operas, among which figured *Tancredi* and *L'Italiana in Algeri*; he had no longer any rivals among his countrymen. Was it not possibly to ridicule Rossini and the public of whom he had become the idol that Beethoven composed the *scherzando*, without attaching any further value to a sketch in which there are only eighty bars, and which he hurriedly finished, as if he had at last grown tired of it?"

Were it necessary to refute these fantastic notions, nothing could be more easy. The Eighth Symphony was completed at Linz during the early part of October, 1812. *Tancredi* was produced at the Fenice, Venice, during the carnival season, and *L'Italiana in Algeri* at the San Benedetto, during the summer of 1813. Previously to this, Rossini had had performed only *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, *L'Equivoque stravagante*, *La Scala di Seta*, *La Pietra di Paragone*, and other slight pieces of the same kind, which had not found their way, I will not say over the frontiers of Italy, but even beyond the walls of the towns where they were first given.

There is, however, something still better than this: the *Allegretto Scherzando* of the Eighth Symphony, which, we are told, is a parody of Rossini's music—though, when writing the said *Allegretto*, Beethoven had certainly never even heard of the music in question—is the instrumental realization of a short vocal canon, composed to celebrate Maelzel's invention of the metronometer, or, rather, chronometer, as it was then denominated. The master extemporized it during a supper at a beer establishment, in the spring of 1812, that is to say: more than a year before the production of *Tancredi* and *L'Italiana*, from which Oulibicheff would make it descend in a direct line. Those of our readers who may be curious to know this ancestor of the *Allegretto* of the Symphony in F, will find it among the vocal pieces in the model edition of Beethoven's works published by the firm of Breitkopf.

But there is something more in the Eighth Symphony than the *Allegretto Scherzando*, on which we have perhaps dwelt too long. Not to speak of the introduction or to examine whether Beet-



hoven took a step backwards, in the third piece by dethroning the *Scherzo* in favor of the antique minuet, let us stop for a moment at the *finale*, in which he enters as a matter of course on his third style. The piece contains a C-sharp which has caused oceans of ink to be shed.

"We cannot," says Berlioz, "omit, ere we conclude, to mention one orchestral effect, which perhaps surprises the hearer more than any other in the performance of the *finale*; it is the note of C-sharp, taken very forcibly by the whole instrumental mass in unison and in the octave after a *diminuendo* which has died away upon the note of C-natural. This roar is immediately followed on the first two occasions by a return of the theme in F, and we then understand that the C-sharp was only an enharmonic D-flat, the sixth altered note of the principal key. The third opposition of this strange return is of a totally different aspect; after modulating into C, as previously, the orchestra strikes a genuine D-flat, followed by the fragment of a motive in D-flat, then a genuine C-sharp, followed by another portion of the theme in C-sharp minor; going back finally to the same C-sharp and repeating it each time with increasing force, when the theme again passes entirely into F-sharp minor. The sound which at first figured as a minor sixth, becomes successively, the last time, the major tonic flattened, minor tonic sharpened, and lastly dominant. It is very curious."

What is still more so is Oulibicheff's estimate of this "terrible note," "*Schreckensnote*," as Lenz terms it.

"You are talking quietly and cheerfully with a few friends," says Oulibicheff, "when suddenly one of them, rising from his seat, utters a cry, puts his tongue out at you, sits down again, and resumes the conversation exactly where it left off. This is my way of understanding the matter, that is to say: the way in which it presented itself to me during the performance."

A triumphant explanation certainly, and any one who does not accept it must be very difficult to please. But without amusing ourselves with these controversies, let us state for the last time that the Eighth Symphony met with only a moderate reception at the concert of the 27th February, 1814. The success of the day was without more ado the "Battle of Vittoria."

### THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

MR. WILLIAM F. APTHORP'S LECTURES BEFORE  
THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.<sup>1</sup>  
III. (Nov. 29, 1880.)

#### THE MUSIC-REFORM OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, — We have as yet studied only church music. Indeed we owe the whole development of Netherlandish and Italian counterpoint to the church. You will remember that one of the most prominent characteristics of the great contrapuntal music of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was the total absence of the expression of individual emotions. In so far as it occupied itself with emotion at all, it dealt purely in generalities. But with the beginning of the sixteenth century we find ourselves in the full noonday glory of the Renaissance. Now it has been said that perhaps the very chief work of the Renaissance was to give emphasis to individuality. In the Middle Ages a man was next to nothing of himself: he was a citizen or a subject; he belonged to such and such a church, political faction, industrial guild or what-not; he was considerable only as being a member of some body; as a unit which gains its importance from its position in a large number. The Renaissance gave man a value that was thoroughly intrinsic and personal. Names began to be of greater weight than titles. The arts became subjective. Poets sang of their own feelings; painters departed from the generalities of abstract beauty, and copied the features of the woman who was fair in their eyes, and whose glance or smile reached their heart. Music was the last art to follow the general tendency; it was the youngest art and had not the daring of its elder

sisters. In fact, it had hardly entered upon what must strictly be called its classical period when the other arts were already beginning to respond to the touch of Renaissance Romanticism. But music could not long escape the influence of the general spirit of the times. Singers, especially great ones, soon began to tire of merging their individual talent in the mass of voices of the choir, and longed for an opportunity to concentrate the attention of their auditors upon themselves. In other words they wished to sing solos. But monodic music, that is, music written for a single voice, was wholly undeveloped at the time. Of course the germ of monodic music existed and had existed for a long time in the popular song; but the only artistic development this musical product of the soil had undergone, was its absorption into counterpoint. Before counterpoint had been developed, popular melody had already been given a strong impulse in an artistic direction by the French and Spanish Troubadours and Trouveurs, who flourished in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and by the German Minnesingers of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The graceful art of the Minnesingers was gradually smothered under the mass of pedantic and arbitrary rules established by their successors the Meistersingers. But the growth of counterpoint threw all other artistic song singing into the shade. When contrapuntal music was in its glory no artistic monodic music existed at all.

The little love songs which Italian nobles were wont to coo forth over their lutes and mandolins could hardly rank as an artistic musical form of any dignity. Musically considered they were not songs or monodies at all. They were bits of counterpoint, and generally very poor counterpoint too, in which the love-stricken singer sang one part and played what he could of the remaining parts on his instrument. Such things could very well pass muster as a sort of *vers de société*, but they were not usually worthy of the mettle of great professional singers. These singers accordingly took to the shift of singing parts of the most famous contrapuntal compositions of their day when they were called upon to display their talent at the palaces of the music-loving nobles in the following ingenious fashion. Supposing the singer was a soprano; he would sing the soprano part in some elaborate contrapuntal composition, and have the remaining parts played by instruments. He thus sang alone, but he did not by any means sing a solo. If I were to recite to you now Sir Peter Teazle's part in the kettle-drum scene in the "The School for Scandal," I should indeed be speaking alone, but I should not recite a monologue for all that. This thirst for the musical expression of individuality plainly foreboded a great change in the art of music; the more so that the forms of counterpoint had been pretty well exhausted by Palestrina and his contemporaries. Counterpoint had arrived at its culmination, and the world was beginning to ask more and more anxiously, What next? Of course there was a party who refused to believe that counterpoint as such had spoken its last word through Palestrina and Gabrieli. The Palestrina school continued to flourish in Rome somewhat over a century after that great master's death. But what they openly denied their works tacitly acknowledged, — that is, that the old contrapuntal forms were becoming exhausted.

No school of art can live long on the mere reproduction of the same thing over and over again. As the Roman contrapuntists gradually became aware that there was no contrapuntal intricacy which their great predecessors had not worked out, to as good or to better purpose than they could, they sought for novelty by means of increasing the number of voices. Compositions in six-

teen, twenty-four and even more real parts came into vogue. Now, in counterpoint enough is as good as a feast. In this immense concourse of real voices the ear loses itself. The composer merely increases the difficulty of his task and diminishes the effectiveness and musical clearness of his composition. To what excess this massing of voices was carried in the end may be appreciated when we look at the mass composed in 1628 by Orazio Benevoli for the consecration of the Cathedral of Salzburg. The score is written on fifty-four staves. Pier Francesco Valentini wrote a canon to words taken from the "Salve Regina," which was capable of two thousand solutions. But this monstrous work is thrown completely into the shade by another canon of his which was written for twenty-four choruses — that is, in ninety-six real parts. One would think that this was quite enough, but Athanasius Kircher, after carefully studying this canon, made out that it was capable of being so solved as to be sung in one hundred and forty-four thousand real parts. It would take the whole heavenly choir mentioned in the Apocalypse to sing it! But while the old school was thus burying itself beneath a Himalaya of voices, far other musical doings were going on in the world. And with these we have principally to do this evening. We have now to study what is known as the Florentine music-reform of the seventeenth century.

We have seen that, from the time of St. Ambrose to Palestrina, the church was the leading musical power. The various reforms the art of music underwent sprang, if not authoritatively from the church itself, at least from the clergy or from musicians wholly or mainly devoted to the church. The new reform which we are now about to study had a very different origin. It sprang directly from the art-loving Italian nobility, from what we may call polite society. One of the striking features in the whole Renaissance movement was an attempt to make the arts return to the classic Greek and Augustan models. That any return to Greek and Roman art was practically impossible seems to have struck no one. Yet the sort of sham Hellenism we find in Renaissance art and literature was not so transparent a make-believe that people at that time could not easily convince themselves that they were very classical indeed. This was tantamount to believing themselves to be as artistically perfect as could be imagined. Apart from the fact that the works of the great classic writers on art were still as unquestioned authorities as the Bible was in matters of faith, the idea of reviving classic art in all practicable purity was peculiarly fascinating to the then dilettanti, as indeed the idea of living a bygone age over again always has had, and probably always will have, an irresistible charm to the dilettante mind. Now, Italian counterpoint, although far more truly Hellenic in spirit than was suspected at the time, was as un-Hellenic in form as possible; and, in spite of the wonderful purity and beauty of the works of the great masters of the Roman and Venetian schools, the question could not be long in coming up, What would Plato say to all this? It soon became but too evident that the contrapuntal music of the day was lamentably unplatonic. In the first place, the words could not be distinctly heard; in the second place, the exigencies of counterpoint were such that the prosodical quantity of syllables and the rhetorical accentuation of phrases had to be disregarded, so that even if the words of the text had been distinctly audible, all correct declamatory singing was impossible. A reform of some sort was imperative.

The reform began a little before the beginning of the seventeenth century, and was mooted by a coterie of art-loving nobles in Florence, among whom are especially to be mentioned Giovanni

<sup>1</sup> Revised by the author from the "Boston Traveller's" report.



Bardi, Count of Vernio; Piero Strozzi; Vincenzo Galilei (father of the famous Galileo Galilei); and Jacobo Corsi. In looking back upon the writings and doings of these men it is hard to feel any sympathy with them. They were dilettanti, and although possessed of far more specific musical knowledge than is needed to make up the average intelligent amateur now-a-days, it is evident that they had too little understanding and real appreciation of the music they attacked to be really competent to handle the subject well. Theirs was not a truly musical point of view. They either had no feeling or had reasoned themselves into having no feeling for the great and beautiful things accomplished by contrapuntal music, but only had an eye for the one thing that contrapuntal music had not accomplished up to their time. It is in vain that we look for anything like intelligent musical criticism among them. They did not care to distinguish, possibly could not distinguish, good counterpoint from bad. Their sense for specific musical beauty seems to have been infinitesimal. They started with a prejudice and worked blindly. Yet they had the advantage of thorough enthusiasm, and although all the negative and distinctive parts of their doctrine were utterly false, the positive and constructive part of it had the good luck to be true,—that music was capable of directly intensifying the dramatic expression of poetry. The corollary they added to this was a *non sequitur*, and was that the only true end of music was to heighten the dramatic expression of poetry; that music *per se* was a vain ear-tickling, beneath the notice of cultivated men, and that all music should spring directly from the poet's verse. Does not all this sound like Richard Wagner?

Indeed, one is not a little surprised to see how very Wagnerish in thought, style and expression, even to minute details, the writings of many of the set were. The very first result of their dogma was to enforce the abandonment of all concerted singing, which at that time was only known under the forms of strict counterpoint and the *faux-bourdon*. Wagner over again! The Florentine dilettanti, especially Vincenzo Galilei and Bardi, set themselves to work to write solo music with as simple an instrumental accompaniment as possible, in which the vocal part should strictly follow the metre and natural emphasis of the poetry. Care was also taken to let the musical inflections follow, as closely as might be, the natural inflections of the voice in the declamation. That is, the music was to be purely dramatic and emotional.

These first attempts were performed with flattering success at the house of Bardi. They were rude and bungling enough, but were hailed as the first fruits of a platonic palingenesis in music. No doubt the whole business would have been a mere flash in the pan, and the Bardi coterie would have degenerated into a mutual admiration society, had not two real musicians been drawn within the circle and induced to apply their genius and well-developed musical technique in this direction. They were Giulio Caccini (oftener called Giulio Romano, like his famous namesake the painter) and Jacobo Peri. Although Vincenzo Galilei and especially Giovanni Battista Doni did their utmost to prove that every acknowledged rule of counterpoint was not only gratuitously empirical, but fundamentally wrong and bad, the musicians Caccini and Peri had too much intrinsically musical perception to pay their noble patrons the flattering homage of directly infringing upon the old rules.

They were perfectly willing to accept the new theory in so far as it proclaimed that music could do more than merely to please the ear, but they seem tacitly to have acknowledged, between themselves and the wall, that whatever music could

do, there was one thing that it absolutely must not do, and that was: it must not offend the ear. Now, in spite of the furious diatribes of Doni and his colleagues, it is an incontrovertible fact that the chief rules of counterpoint were based upon the very nature of music itself, and directly to infringe upon them would essentially result in offending the cultivated musical ear. So Caccini and Peri satisfied their patrons' demand for dramatic and declamatory music, without breaking through those laws which govern all music, contrapuntal or otherwise. Caccini's great work was a set of madrigals and sonnets, published by the heirs of Giorgio Marescotti in Florence in 1602, entitled "*Le nuove musiche di Giulio Caccini detto Romano*" (the new music by Giulio Caccini called Romano). It was an epoch-making work, and may be set down as the beginning of modern music. Upon the whole, the reform met with singularly little opposition, and composers in the new style soon sprang up all over Italy. The "*Nuove Musiche*" had a positive triumph. What this new style was is easily told. It was to all intents and purposes what we now call accompanied recitative, although the tendency to let the music form regular rhythmic periods soon showed itself, and the voice-writing became more and more melodic. The history of the growth and development of this monodic style is so interwoven with the history of the opera that I must postpone all special study of it till my fifth and sixth lectures, which will be devoted wholly to the lyric drama. Suffice it to say here that music had at one plunge acquired what it had lacked for twelve centuries: that is, the power of individual, emotional expression; in other words, music suddenly became dramatic.

Side by side with this innovation in music we notice another of no less importance. The chromatic element was little by little coming to the front. By the term chromatic, in general, we mean the use of such semitones as do not naturally belong to the mode in which a composition is written. Substituting a B-flat for a B-natural or a G-sharp for a G-natural is a chromatic change. This sort of substitution was perfectly well-known by the old contrapuntists, and was freely employed whenever a tritone was to be avoided or a good cadence obtained, which could not be got by the natural notes of some of the modes. Yet this traditional *musica ficta* was not wholly chromatic in the strict sense of the term. There are two semitones in every mode. The fiction did not introduce a new semitone, but merely displaced one of the old ones, so that the character of the music was as essentially diatonic as before. In the tetrachord g-a-b-c, we have two whole tones and one semitone, which make a diatonic tetrachord. The tetrachord g-a-b-flat-c is equally a diatonic tetrachord, only the semitone is in the middle instead of at the end as before.

The *musica ficta* was accordingly wholly diatonic in character. But now certain progressions were beginning to be used in which the altered note (the fiction) and the natural note both appeared, in which one of the whole tones in a tetrachord was subdivided into two semitones without displacing the natural semitone. Isolated cases of this sort of thing are to be found even as far back as the elder Gabrieli; but they were simply treated as bits of bad musical grammar, only to be excused by the reputation of the composer. It has been said that the Venetians were not such complete masters of counterpoint as their Roman contemporaries. But now composers began to use chromatic progressions, with malice prepense as it were, much to the horror of the theorists, who did not trouble themselves in the least about the good or bad effect of the passages in question, but stood aghast at the terrible fact that such and such a note could not be placed in

any of the Greek diatonic or chromatic tetrachords.

But yet musicians began to experiment seriously, if utterly blindly, upon chromatic music. Some of them had keyed instruments made of the harpsichord or spinnet kind, with the black keys split in two, so as to give the exact sharps and flats, distinguishing, for instance, between C-sharp and D-flat. These instruments were perfect instruments of torture for the poor harpsichord-tuners, and to all appearance quite as horrible to the ears of those who listened to the music made on them. Yet, something was gained. Composers began to look to the keyboard as a means of studying harmony, and to trust to their ears more than to the Pythagorean rules about tetrachords.

(To be continued.)

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1881.

### RECENT CONCERTS.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The seventh Symphony Concert has been criticised on the score of length, although we believe it did not exceed the good old orthodox measure of two hours, and the purely orchestral numbers were reduced to the minimum of a single Symphony and a single Overture. But in the attempt to accommodate rather too many solos (each of interest singly) it resulted that Prof. F. L. Ritter's "*Sardanapalus*" Symphony (the second of the four he has composed) had to be placed last upon the programme; for to place a new Symphony first would involve the almost certainty of losing its opening passages through the disturbance made by late-comers; and had it been put in the middle, dividing the solos, there would have had to be another overture or march, or something to wind up the concert with. This accidental necessity was certainly unfortunate, and no doubt Dr. Ritter's Symphony, through the fatigue and the impatience of many who were eager to get home, had not a fair chance, which it decidedly deserved to have. For those who had taken the most pains to understand it, those who listened most attentively and most appreciatively, were the strongest in their praise both of its thorough musicianship, its nobility of style, and its adequate expression of the passages from Byron's tragedy selected for illustration in its several movements. It has all the modern wealth of instrumentation, with no sensational extravagance. It is all clear and consistent both in motives and in form. It might have caught the general ear more readily had there been more of those marked contrasts between wind and string instruments, which certainly are found, and beautiful ones, in the Scherzo, where the monarch defiantly devotes himself to love and pleasure:—

"Let traitors do their worst, I shall not blench,  
Nor rise the sooner, nor forbear the banquet,  
Nor crown me with one single rose the less."

But nearly throughout, in all four movements, the tones of wood and brass are blended in one rich coloring with the strings, for the most part enjoyable, if cloyingly rich and full sometimes. The first movement (*Allegro Moderato*) suggests "the echo of his revel,"

"While the great King of all we know of earth  
Lolls crowned with roses, and his diadem  
Lies negligently by, to be caught up  
By the first manly hand that dares to snatch it,"

and gives strong vent to the fiery indignation with which Salamenes looks upon the scene, foreboding voe to Nineveh. The piece is broadly planned and powerfully wrought out, each theme developed with great mastery of harmonic and of contrapuntal resources.

The *Scherzo*, into which a long sigh leads directly, is a charming movement, full of the zest of sensuous life and measureless content.

The *Andante* is entitled "*Myrrha*," the beautiful slave and worshipper of the great king, and is serious enough, and in the latter part heroic enough to

represent the meaning and the passion of the words:—

"Why do I love this man? My country's daughters  
Love none save heroes. — But I have no country! —  
Although a Greek and born a foe to monarchs,  
Still do I love him. — Let him vanquish, and  
Me perish! If he vanquish not, I perish;  
For I will not outlive him."

The Finale (*Allegro con Spirito*) relates to the storming of the palace, the desperate call to arms, the heaping of the funeral pile, which Myrrha fires. This is a most exciting movement, in the course of which recurs the heroic theme of the Andante, or one kindred with it, and steadily grows to a most brilliant and effective climax. No one could listen to such a Symphony without respect, and many found it deeply interesting and rewarding. The impression was greatly heightened by the learned and genial composer's magnetic conducting of the orchestra in his own work; from the first he quickened the musicians to a feeling of his meaning and a desire to do their best to realize it.

We have spoken of the last and most important first. Now for what preceded:—

Overture to "Oberon" . . . . . Weber  
Prayer and scena from "Der Freyschütz" . . . . . Weber  
Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen.  
Concerto for two pianos, in E-flat . . . . . Mozart  
(Cadenzas by Moscheles).  
Allegro. — Andante. — Rondo Allegro.  
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Sherwood.  
Airs from "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso" . . . . . Handel  
Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen.  
Pianoforte Solo:—  
a. Scherzo in E-flat minor, from Sonata, Op. 35 . . . . . Chopin  
b. Romanza, in F-sharp, Op. 28, No. 2 . . . . . Schumann  
c. Toccata, Op. 36 . . . . . Aug. Dupont  
Wm. H. Sherwood.

Weber's romantic, brilliant Overture, for several years a stranger to these Concerts, had a fresh and stimulating influence, being well-played. Mrs. Allen sang charmingly, with a fresh, sweet, pure and winning voice and manner, entering into the spirit of the *Freyschütz* Scena with chaste fervor, and giving a delightful rendering, with orchestra, of the three exquisite morceaux (the Mennetto, Siciliano, and "merry bells" air) from *L'Allegro*. The Sherwoods gave a remarkably fine rendering of the Mozart Concerto, which to find "meagre," "tame," "old-fashioned," is to show a taste spoiled by modern sauces piquantes. Mr. Sherwood was at his best in his piano solos. Both singer and pianists had volunteered their services in aid of the good cause of Art.

—The eighth and last Concert of the season (March 3) was an event of exceptional interest and is likely to remain memorable. The rumor having spread that Miss Lillian Bailey and the distinguished baritone, pianist and composer, Mr. Georg Henschel, had (purely of their own generous suggestion) expressed a wish to take part in the closing Concert of the Harvard season, an eager audience filled nearly every seat in the Music Hall. A special programme was arranged to give full opportunity to these artists. Beethoven's shortest Symphony, the sunshiny and happy No. 8, — spontaneous, consummate flower of his maturest art, if not so great as some others of the nine — opened the Concert, and the great *Leonore* Overture concluded it. The singers contributed each a grand Aria with orchestra, and, together, a Duet. There was also a short Concert Overture by Mr. Henschel; and a new Piano Concerto, composed and played by his friend Louis Maas, lately professor in the Leipzig Conservatorium. Here surely was enough to excite unusual interest, and all the more that the concert came only a few days before the marriage of the singers, and was, in fact, the last appearance of Miss Bailey by that name. Here is the order of the programme:—

Eighth Symphony, in F, Op. 93. [1812] . . . . . Beethoven  
Allegro vivace. — Allegretto scherzando. — Minuetto. —  
Allegro vivace.  
Aria: "Lo! the heav'n-descended Prophet," from  
"The Passion" ("Tod Jesu"). [1736] . . . . . Grann  
Miss Lillian Bailey.  
Pianoforte Concerto, in C-minor, new . . . . . L. Maas  
Allegro maestoso. — Intermezzo. — Presto.  
Louis Maas.  
Aria: "Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,"  
from "Alexander's Feast." [1736] . . . . . Handel  
Georg Henschel.  
Concert Overture. [MS. 1870.] First time . . . . . Henschel  
Duet, with orchestra: "O that we two were May-  
ing!" (Georg Kingsley) . . . . . Henschel  
Miss Lillian Bailey and Mr. Henschel.  
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, in C . . . . . Beethoven

The delightful Symphony was nicely played, and with enlivening spirit; and so was the great Overture (what else so fit to close that concert, and the sixteenth season?) both under the sure conductorship of Carl Zerrahn, as were the accompaniments in the Concerto and the Arias. Mr. Maas's Concerto is a large and earnest work, laid out on a broad scale, employing the full orchestra to such a degree that all the instruments appear obligato, and the pianoforte one of them. It abounds in the exacting tasks of modern technique, not only for the pianist, but for almost every player in the orchestra; it makes virtuosos of them all. It abounds also in ideas, pregnant and suggestive ones, and the composer shows himself a thoroughly equipped musician in their development and working up. The Allegro is imposing, grandiose; perhaps a little overcrowded and a little vague (a single hearing hardly warrants us to say that); but somehow it seemed to swarm to a protracted climax and conclusion. It abounds in brilliantly effective, and in flowery fine cadenzas and embellishments, all of which Mr. Maas executed with a free, sure hand; while his whole performance was characterized by strength, firmness, clearness and precision, and both fire and delicacy. The *Intermezzo*, for its ideal contents, was to us the most interesting movement; it has some episodic thoughts, which seem original and charming, and quite apart from any aim at technical display. The final *Presto* seemed a little dry, yet quite exciting in its breathless three-four (or three-eight?) rhythm, with the peculiarity that what would be the middle note of every three is skipped, making it very difficult to keep the time together; such things are easy to understand, but nervous, *hitchy* things to execute. The orchestra, however, played the whole work much better than we had supposed possible with only one rehearsal.

Miss Bailey looked and sang her maidenliest and sweetest. The aria by Grann is very florid — a rapturous, enthusiastic strain, that revels in continuous roulades and melodic arabesques; but in the second part it grows serious and beautifully touching; then, after the form of the aria of those days, the first part returns. It suggests comparison with Handel's "Rejoice greatly." Miss Bailey sang it in her purest voice and style, with perfect fluency and precision of execution, and with simple, true expression, winning heartiest applause.

We all knew before how grandly, and with what rousing fire, Mr. Henschel sings "Revenge, Timotheus cries" (that, and many another Handel Aria not known here till he came), to his own superb pianoforte accompaniment. This time he gave us the great Dryden Scena with full orchestra, making it far more graphic and inspiring. How wonderful the contrast of the second part (about the "ghastly band, each a torch in his hand") with that accompaniment in the low octaves of the reed instruments! The performance was signally successful. And Mr. Henschel, enthusiastically recalled, could answer with an Overture of his own, one of the first fruits of his youth (he was twenty when he wrote it), which he stood there to conduct in person. It is a brilliant Overture, although the opening theme, returning afterwards, is tragical and sombre, given out in brooding deep-bass tones. But the gloom is lighted ever and anon by richly colored and inspiring passages, and the full orchestra is employed with masterly skill in working it all up to a most imposing and transporting climax. Conceived in the period of vivid first impressions, and of eager youthful aspiration, it naturally betrays the influence of composers then in vogue and fascinating to the young imagination; thus the Wagner vein crops out occasionally. But as a whole the effort is original, and all hailed it as a positive success. What brightened the impression still more, and helped to carry the audience away completely, was the revelation (from the very first measures of the work) of that *rara avis*, a born conductor, in Mr. Henschel, — one of the magnetic leaders of men in an orchestra. His own fire caught at once in all the musicians, and they played with a precision and a spirit, and a quick intelligence, almost unexampled in our orchestras.

After this brilliant triumph came the gentler friendly sentiment of the occasion. The approaching union of the artist-lovers lent peculiar interest and meaning to their Duet: "O that we two were Maying," which, beautiful in itself as music in its canon-like form, was feelingly and beautifully sung, for the first time with orchestra as Mr. Henschel had composed it. — After all this what could one bear to hear, we ask again, short of the great *Leonore* Overture? All knew its meaning.

—And now just here let us add what he have just read in this morning's *Advertiser* (Thursday, March 10), to supplement the record of the concert:—

#### HENSCHEL-BAILEY.

The wedding of Mr. Georg Henschel of London, and Miss Lillian Bailey of this city, an event which for some time has been anticipated by their large circle of friends, took place in the Second Church on Joylston Street, yesterday noon, in the presence of a large throng of guests. The Rev. E. A. Horton, pastor of the church, performed the rite, the service being quite brief. The bride was attired in a dress of white brocade satin, with Swiss embroidery. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. L. C. Bailey. The groom's best man was Mr. C. K. Hayden. The bride was attended by six bridesmaids also in white, viz.: Misses Covell, Hayden, Talbot, Brewer, Dodd and Roberts. Four little children, cousins of the bride, two boys and two girls, also "stood up" with the bridal party. The altar was beautifully decorated with azaleas, candelias, palms, etc., beside a profusion of cut flowers and trailing vines. When the bridal party reached the church the hymn "*Ein feste Burg*" pealed forth upon the organ. The organist was Mr. Robert Thallon, Jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y., a classmate of Mr. Henschel's at Leipzig. During a portion of the ceremony the organist played a charming improvisation, taking as a theme Mr. Henschel's beautiful duet, "O, that we two were Maying," and when the bridal party passed down the aisle and from the church Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was performed. After the ceremony the newly wedded pair held a brief reception in the church parlors adjoining, where, as in the church, there was a beautiful display of flowers. Among the guests present were Mr. Charles K. Hayden (a relative of the bride), Prof. John K. Paine, of Harvard University, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Perkins, Mr. John S. Dwight, Mrs. Haskell (formerly Miss Mary Beebe), Mrs. H. M. Rogers, Miss Louie Homer, Mr. A. Parker Browne, Dr. S. W. Langmaid and others well known in musical circles; and also Mr. W. D. Howells. The gentlemen who officiated as ushers were Messrs Greenleaf, Burnett, Dodd, E. P. Hayden of New York, Howard Hayden, and Mr. Munzig. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will take at present a short trip of two weeks, but in May will start on a more extended journey to the Old World. They will return to Boston in October and probably remain in America at least a year.

Again we have let one absorbing topic rob us of the chance to speak of a long list of interesting concerts. But they are all safe in the memory, and the sight of the programmes will revive them on some happy day, so that we may treat of them in retrospective summary. And why not? It is idle for us to try to keep up with the newspapers in off-hand contemporaneous notices; and the impressions that will *keep* are, after all, the most important.

#### MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, March 6. Mr. Rummel gave his second piano Recital on Thursday, Feb. 24, with an interesting programme composed of well-known works. Among other things he gave us a capital rendering of Schumann's magnificent Sonata in G-minor, Op. 22; indeed Mr. Rummel was in far better trim than on the previous Thursday, so that this Recital had but little to mar, while the first had little to redeem it. Another excellent performance was that of Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F-sharp minor, Op. 28. All the best qualities of Mr. Rummel's technique were shown to good advantage in the whirl of the *Presto*, and it was, with one exception, the best effort of the day. The exception referred to was a Barcarolle in G, by Rubinstein, which came deliciously from Mr. Rummel's fingers, probably because he forgot his pet theory about the use and intention of a piano. He recollected his hobby, however, and rode it triumphantly through two Chopin *etudes* in which he "orchestrated" to his full content and used the pedal (or, rather, *abused* it) in an appalling way.

... On Saturday evening, Feb. 27, the Oratorio Society gave Handel's *L'Allegro, Penseroso*, etc., to a large and interested audience. Of course there may be a difference of opinion with regard to the work in question, but it is at least quite evident that those who take delight in that kind of a work will naturally find the *L'Allegro*, etc., exceedingly attractive; indeed, there are many who prefer Handel in this lighter vein, while others, again, find it impossible to determine which style of the author they most admire. I candidly confess that I have never been able to come to a decision. Probably it is more exactly just to any composer to judge his works as a whole, and to hold all his styles in the same estimation.

The Strakosch-Hess English opera troupe is now here, and is giving a brief season at one of our theatres. The repertoire includes many of the old established favorites, together with an English version of Boito's "*Meisiofele*." On Friday evening *Mignon* was given, with Mme. Marie Roze, Miss Carrington, Mr. Conly and other artists in the cast. Mme. Roze gave us a pretty picture of *Mignon*, although for some reason she seemed inclined to sing flat. The opera was well mounted and set, and the whole performance quite good. On Wednesday evening next an English version of *Aida* will be produced.

I observe a misprint in my last letter; the name of the composer whose compositions have been recently

played by Mr. Rammel at his recitals is *Hörshelm* (not Horsheim). A "rose by any other name" is probably just as sweet; but a man does love to see his name correctly spelled in print.

On Saturday evening, Mar. 5, Dr. Damrosch and his Symphony Society gave us their fifth concert. This was the programme:—

Overture "Magic Flute" . . . . . Mozart  
Aria from "Mitrane" . . . . . Rossi  
Miss Emily Winant.  
Second Concerto, G-minor . . . . . St. Saëns  
Mr. F. Rummel.  
Symphony in C . . . . . Schubert

This performance was of unequal merit; and whereas the Mozart Overture was played with the utmost care and precision, the Schubert Symphony was even carelessly done (in many respects). Dr. Damrosch's idea of an "Andante con moto" is also entirely erroneous, and in consequence that lovely movement was spoiled. The Scherzo was a little better, and the last movement was really admirable. The plain truth is that Dr. Damrosch is overworked just now, and the magnificent symphony had to suffer for want of adequate care. This is entirely wrong, and also entirely unlike Dr. Damrosch's usual manner of doing things.

Miss Winant sang magnificently, and her superb voice was heard to excellent effect in Rossi's quaint old aria. Miss Winant, being an American, must expect the traditional and inevitable Teutonic cold shoulder; but she may rest assured that competent critics consider her by far the best contralto on the concert platform, and this without any exception.

Mr. Rummel displayed his dexterous pianism in St. Saëns's fine concerto. His playing was fitful and uneven, yet with flashes of great brilliancy. His best effort was the last movement, which he took at a fearful pace, and which fully displayed his great technical ability.

I am pleased to be able to inform your readers that Mr. G. W. Morgan and Miss Maud Morgan will give a series of five organ and harp recitals at Chickering Hall, beginning on Thursday, March 10. The remarkable success of last winter's series has induced Mr. Morgan to give us a second opportunity to enjoy those charming entertainments. F.

CHICAGO, March 4. Since my last letter we have had a number of important concerts. First of which are three performances of *La Damnation de Faust* by Berlioz, under the direction of Mr. Theo. Thomas. Our Apollo Club formed the chorus, and Miss Fannie Kellogg, Messrs. W. C. Tower, and Franz Remmert were the soloists. The orchestra consisted of nine men from the east, and the rest from Cincinnati, and of this city, numbering in all sixty men. The question of an orchestra has been a very perplexing one for a long time in this city; but this experiment has gone a long way toward solving it. Mr. Thomas has accomplished wonders with his forces, and it is pleasing to see the results of his training, for we are thus able to see our future needs. If this city can support an orchestra such as Mr. Thomas has gathered together, then it is within our reach. To do this, it needs money. Will our music-lovers pay for it? Can a city of five hundred thousand people support a good orchestra of sixty men? Can they pay for the services of a conductor like Mr. Thomas? To these questions of ability, one must say yes; but that they will do it, is still a doubtful matter.

In regard to the performance of *La Damnation de Faust*, I must state that it was a very interesting one. The orchestra was very effective, and did its work with care and thoughtfulness. I would make particular mention of Mr. Ellert, who played the English horn so beautifully in Marguerite's song, for he merits full praise. The chorus did very well considering their numbers. It would have added greatly to the effect, if there had been a larger number of voices, for at times there was a lack of volume of tone. The soloists were the least interesting of the performers. Mr. Tower has been highly favored by nature with a fine tenor voice, but the gentleman has a very false method of singing, and thus he is unable to do justice to the music he may attempt. He contracts his throat, and then uses great physical force in producing what are called, by courtesy, tones. He becomes very red in the face by this over-exertion, and, in consequence, a feeling of effort accompanies all that he does. By the means that this gentleman uses in his vocal delivery, the tones are deprived of their resonance. If he used the intercostal muscles more fully in directing the current of the breath, and relaxed the muscles of the throat and upper part of the lungs, he would sing with much more ease, and the tone would be of a pure and musical quality. When the current of the breath is directed so that it vibrates through all the air passages, there is a rich body of tone imparted to the voice, and it becomes, what nature intended, human in its quality. If Mr.

Tower had this method of singing, he would become a noble singer, for he has by nature a fine voice. If our American singers were more careful in regard to their method of singing, we should have a larger number of artists in the land. Making a loud noise at certain pitch is not singing, even if the voice is a rich one. When the human voice is rightly used in either speech or song, it is a glorious instrument, and is able to manifest the emotions of the soul with a fidelity and power that will hold the listener entranced. Our young singers should spend a year of study in learning how to produce tone, before trying their powers on other things. There is plenty of work for the true voice-teacher in America.

Pardon this long digression. I cannot with truthfulness commend the singing of Miss Kellogg, or Mr. Remmert in *The Damnation*, for the music seemed too taxing for their powers. Miss Kellogg forced her voice in the dramatic portions of her score, and in so doing the quality of tone was made unpleasant, while her intonation was rendered faulty. Mr. Remmert used the so-called chest tone, even upon the highest notes, and it was almost too unpleasant for even a modern representation of a Mephisto.

Besides these representations of *Faust*, we have had seven orchestral concerts, with Mr. Joseffy as pianist. The programmes have been very interesting, and included four Concertos played by Mr. Joseffy, namely: Beethoven's in E-flat, Op. 73; Chopin's No. 2, F-minor; Mendelssohn's G-minor, and that of Henselt, Op. 16. We have had from the orchestra Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; Schubert's in C, No. 9; Mendelssohn's in A-minor, the "Scotch,"—and Brahms's Op. 68, in C-minor. We have had a Beethoven programme, and also one devoted to Mendelssohn. Overtures by Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Wagner and Rossini, have graced the programmes, while modern musical thought has had representation from Rubinstein, Liszt, Berlioz, Reinhold, and others. Taken as a whole, our season of orchestral concerts has been very interesting, and viewed from an art side, educational. On the evenings when *Faust* was given, the audiences have been very large; but the other programmes have not called out as many people as ought to have attended. The price of tickets, two dollars for the best seats, may have had something to do with it; and also the heavy storms that have filled our streets with snow; but whatever the reason, it is a matter of great regret, for the hall should have been filled for every performance, with such programmes for an attraction. I hope that by some wise means we may be able to have Symphony Concerts every winter, at least to a limited number.

Before I close my letter, I wish to mention that Mr. Edward B. Perry, the pianist from your city, gave a recital here on last Saturday. He played an attractive programme, and in a manner to delight his audience. He has improved greatly in his playing since last season. He has won the friendship and appreciation of many of our musicians and musical people, who wish him that success which he so fully merits.

Of Mr. Joseffy's playing, I made no particular mention, for your readers understand how truly artistic he is, and with what delight he is received by all lovers of pianoforte music. His very name now speaks his own praises, so great has it become. C. H. BRITAN.

#### NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

NEW YORK. The great May Festival, projected and directed by Dr. Damrosch, bids fair to equal, if not surpass, anything of the kind yet attempted in this country. His scheme of programmes, to be sure, shows rather a preponderance of startling novelties, a leaning to the masters of the new dispensation (so to speak) in music. Yet he seems to have tried to preserve a certain balance between the new and the old. If on the one hand modern curiosity is piqued, so on the other hand will the sincere, abiding love for the immortal masterworks be ministered to; how it will seem amid such a blaze of musical curiosities and novelties, remains to be seen. But if there is a "Tower of Babel," by Rubinstein, there is also *The Dettingen Te Düm* by Handel; while the Berlioz Grand Requiem, with five orchestras, may be considered balanced by the *Messiah*; and Beethoven, in his C-minor and Ninth Symphonies, will hold his own against the numerous things from Wagner, Liszt and other moderns: and even old Sebastian Bach is allowed a place once at the organ, with the aid of the orchestra to modernize him. On the whole it is a very interesting scheme of programmes; and the presentation of the grander works upon so great a scale, with an orchestra of two hundred and fifty, an immense and well-drilled chorus, a fine array of solo artists and numerous pleasing accessories, like the chorus of girls from the seminaries and

of boys from the church choirs, will doubtless crowd the vast hall of the Seventh Regiment Armory with musical pilgrims from all parts of the country. Here is the scheme for each of the seven performances so far as yet announced:—

#### TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 3.

"Te Düm (Dettingen)," for Solo Quartet, Chorus, Orchestra and Organ, . . . . . G. F. Handel  
The "Tower of Babel," Sacred Opera for Solo, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ, . . . . . A. Rubinstein

#### WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 4.

Overture, "Olympia," . . . . . Spontini  
Duo from "Julius Caesar," for Soprano and Contralto, . . . . . G. F. Handel  
a. Siegmund's Love Song from "Die Walküre," for Tenor Solo, . . . . .  
b. "Ride of the Walkyries," . . . . . R. Wagner  
Solo for Soprano, . . . . .  
"La Captive," Solo for Contralto, . . . . . H. Berlioz  
Symphony in C-minor, No. 5, . . . . . L. van Beethoven

#### WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 4.

Festival Overture, for Orchestra and Organ, L. Damrosch  
Grand Requiem, for Tenor Solo, Chorus, Grand Orchestra, and four auxiliary Orchestras, H. Berlioz  
"Kaisermarsch," for Orchestra and Chorus, . . . . . R. Wagner

#### THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 5.

Prelude, for Organ Solo, . . . . .  
Overture, "Euryanthe," . . . . . C. M. von Weber  
Solo for Contralto, . . . . .  
Folksong, from "Norse Suite," Op. 22, . . . . . A. Hamerik  
Scherzo, for Orchestra, . . . . . F. L. Ritter  
Solo for Soprano, . . . . .  
Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," . . . . . Mendelssohn  
Septet, for three tenors and four basses, from "Tannhäuser," . . . . . R. Wagner  
Rakoczy March, . . . . . H. Berlioz

#### FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 6.

"The Messiah," for Solo, Chorus, Orchestra and Organ, . . . . . G. F. Handel

#### SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 7.

Toccata, in F, for Orchestra and Organ, . . . . . J. S. Bach  
"Alla Trinità," XV Century, for female voices sung without accompaniment by 1,000 young ladies and 250 boys, . . . . .  
Chorus, from "Paradise and the Peri," sung by 1000 young ladies and 250 boys, with Orchestral accompaniment, . . . . . R. Schumann  
Scene from "Romeo and Juliet," Violoncello, Obligato and Grand Orchestra, . . . . . O. B. Boise  
Duo for Soprano and Contralto, . . . . .  
Solo for Tenor and Solo, Quartet from the "Maizoni Requiem," . . . . . G. Verdi  
Chorus of The Messenger of Peace, from "Rienzi," with Soprano Solo, Tenor Solo, Orchestra and Chorus of 1,000 young ladies and 250 boys, . . . . . R. Wagner  
"Les Preludes," Symphonie Poem, . . . . . F. Liszt

#### SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 7.

Overture and Selections for Solo, Chorus and Orchestra, from "The Meistersinger of Nürnberg," . . . . . R. Wagner  
Ninth Symphony for Solo Quartet, Chorus and Orchestra, . . . . . L. van Beethoven

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* was performed here in the City Hall on Friday evening, Feb. 18, by the Hampden and Hampshire County Musical Association, Mr. B. C. Blodgett, Conductor, and Mr. E. B. Story, organist and pianist. The soloists were Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, Mr. C. R. Hayden and Mr. Henschel. The accompaniments were by the "Harvard Symphony Orchestra," including the Beethoven Quartet (Messrs. Allen, Dannreuther, etc). Before the *Hymn of Praise* a miscellaneous selection was given as follows:—

Overture, "Der Freischütz," . . . . . Weber  
Aria, from Elijah: "It is enough," . . . . . Mendelssohn  
Mr. Henschel.  
Adagio Cantabile from Septet, Op. 20. For violin, cello, basso, clarinet, horn and bassoon, . . . . . Beethoven  
Tenor Songs: a. The Page, . . . . .  
b. Gold rolls beneath me, . . . . . Rubinstein  
Mr. Hayden.  
Romanze, from Quartet, Op. 18, . . . . . Tchaikowsky  
Beethoven Quartet.  
Song: "O Ruddier than the Cherry," from "Acis and Galatea," . . . . . Handel  
Mr. Henschel.  
Fantasia for violin, from "I Lombardi," . . . . . Vieuxtemps  
Mr. Charles N. Allen.  
Aria: "O Don Fatale," from "Don Carlos," . . . . . Verdi  
Mrs. Humphrey Allen.  
Aria: "Why do the Heathen rage!" from the *Messiah*, . . . . . Handel  
Mr. Henschel.

CINCINNATI. The Opera Festival, given in the great Music Hall, by the College of Music, and Col. J. H. Mapleson of her Majesty's Opera Company, took place according to announcement in the last week of February. There were six evening performances, besides a Matinée on Saturday. The musical directors



were Signor Arditi, Otto Singer, and Max Maretzek. The principal singers were: *Soprani*, Gerster, Valleria, Swift, Montesini, Martinez, Valerga, and Lorenzini-Gianoli; *Contralti*, Annie Louise Cary, Belocca and Ricci; *Tenori*, Campanini, Ravelli, Runcio, Lazzarini, Rinaldini and Grazi; *Baritoni*, Del Puente, Ballati, and Galassi; *Bassi*, Franco Novara, Monti, Ordinas and Corsini. Mr. S. E. Jacobsen was Concertmeister, and Mr. George E. Whiting, Organist. Financially it appears to have been a very great success, especially to Col. Mapleson. For the rest, having received but meagre reports of the results artistically, we borrow from the New York *Studio* and *Musical Review* the following paragraph with extracts from a couple of the local papers:—

"There was such a bewildering display of rhetorical fireworks in the Cincinnati newspapers all last week that it is somewhat difficult to form any clear idea of the degree of merit attained at the much celebrated Opera Festival, which took place in the Music Hall under the joint management of Mr. Mapleson and the College of Music. There is only one point on which there is no doubt, and that is that the financial and popular success was overwhelming. The great hall, with seats for forty-four hundred people, was filled to its full capacity nearly every night, and on the popular nights was crowded. The receipts, certainly, mounted up to the altitude of those of the last May Festival, and may have got even a point or two higher. Cincinnati and the neighboring cities and towns gave token of the festival spirit within them by expending in the neighborhood of \$55,000 for one week of Mr. Mapleson's opera, with Music Hall surroundings, and a chorus swelled in numbers but hardly in volume by local singers. The lion's share of this large sum was carried off by Mr. Mapleson, under an arrangement with the College management, by which he was paid \$15,000, and then took two-thirds of the net profits, the College paying for hall rent, chorus hire (for the societies that participated were paid) and all other local expenses. The profits to the College will probably be from \$2,000 to \$6,000. The operas were mounted in a style that called out great enthusiasm from the public, and the solo singers were overwhelmed with applause. The operas given were *Lohengrin*, *Magie Flute*, *Mefistofele*, *Aida*, *Lucia* and *Sonnambula*. From the columns of enthusiastic description written on the occasion, we extract two sober statements which indicate an effort on the part of two writers to make something like an estimate of the artistic accomplishment of the week. Said the *Commercial* on the last day of the festival:—

"The chorus and ballet were of the Mapleson Company. There was very little, evidently, of the local chorus element in the performance, except in the thrilling suggestion of what 'might have been' which came from behind the scene at the close of the second act. In fact, what was feared after the first two performances is now a certainty, that, grand as the success of the first season of opera at Music Hall is 'Socially, Financially, Musically, and Artistically,' to quote the enthusiastic headlines of a gushing contemporary, its festive character has not been pronounced. It seems homelike, almost, therefore, and a pleasant relief to find the American singer, Annie Louise Cary, so nearly associated with the history of the Hall and its great festivals, the feature of a performance that was in every way remarkable, but not more so than previous ones of the same great organization here before and annually in New York. These are the facts, whatever the causes that created them, and, as intimated yesterday, they arise more from the inexperience of both of the managements in such joint enterprises than from any inherent incapacity, or from any intention to make false pretences. In all of the operas the great local chorus has been well up, and in all they have swollen the professional chorus and improved it, taking the places and the costumes that would have been otherwise used by supernumeraries, but as a body they have not been heard, and feel that they have not been done justice to, and that they have not done justice to themselves. As said yesterday, there has been lavish outlay in scenery, but it is still a fact that the scenes for the two great spectacular operas *Mefistofele* and *Aida* were not prepared for the stage of the Music Hall, originally. Even if there had been time to do it, the wisdom of the attempt would have been questionable, either from a business or other standpoint. Leaving economy aside, it is doubtful if either opera could have been so well presented as they have been if everything had been provided new for the occasion. The main thing is to get at the truth, that the season has been practically Mapleson's in Music Hall, with such additional scenery, augmentation of chorus and orchestra, as any liberal management in the country would have provided with such enormous patronage in view. It has been a season of really grand opera. It has given the experience which may make the next a festival in deed, as well as in name. Above all, it is a success well managed, and giving very general satisfaction—thanks to the energetic pushing of Colonel Nichols, the splendid company of Impresario Mapleson, and, above all, to the existence of Music Hall; thanks, therefore, *a fortiori*, to Reuben Springer."

"And the *Gazette* a few days earlier:—

"We must not take the Cincinnati Opera Festival as a *ne plus ultra* model and compare it on such a standing, with opera as produced in the large cities of Europe. It is but proper in reviewing the merits of the festival to consider the short time allowed for preparing the stage and machinery, for training the voices of the chorus, and for perfecting the minute details of work, so necessary for the smooth rendering of opera. It is a first attempt at opera, carried out on a grander scale than could be possible in any of our theatres, and whether it appear to some not to

be compatible with the dignity of the classic Music Hall to present the spectacular effects of opera or not, it must be conceded that the festival so far has been a greater success than was expected. True, there is nothing that Cincinnati may be particularly proud of from a classic and personal standpoint. Home talent has gained no reputation by it, such as might be the case in our classic May Festivals. Most of our best musicians are in Chicago, and there is no chance of planning ourselves much on the orchestra, further than to admit that the College of Music has been fortunate enough to secure an adequate number of musicians who might play much better. The wood instruments are very poorly supplied. But with all this fault-finding, it is true that the opera festival has so far proved a popular success. Mapleson's Opera Company is not one that particularly challenges admiration. Barring the fact of a few able soloists, who with perhaps the exception of Gerster and Campanini, can scarcely be called great, there cannot be much that would attract the masses. The chorus of the company certainly deserves little praise. But the great secret of success lies in the spectacular effects, the convenience and lofty size of the hall, and the fact that very few in this country have seen opera carried out on a grand scale. Hence they can make no comparisons."

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y. The Tenth Recital of the Music Department of Temple Grove Seminary, (Feb. 8) was devoted almost exclusively to music of Chopin (born Feb. 8, 1810), preceded by a lecture on the composer by the Director, W. C. Richardson. The programme, performed by teachers and pupils, included:—Preludes, Op. 28, Nos. 6 and 15; Polonaise in E, Op. 26, No. 1; Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2; Waltz, Op. 64, No. 2; Nocturne, Op. 35, No. 1; Mazurka, Op. 63, No. 3; Song, "The Ring;" Fantaisie Impromptu, Op. 66; Marche Funèbre; Polonaise in A, Op. 40, No. 1;—besides the Serenade by Schubert, and Larghetto from Himmel's Concerto, Op. 89. The subject for Feb. 15 was Robert Schumann.

BURLINGTON, IOWA. Mr. Henry Worllhaf's third Piano Recital (Jan. 8) offered Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C-minor, and Gigue in G; Bourrée, Handel; Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*; Chopin: Mazurka, Fantaisie Impromptu, and Polonaise in A; Schumann's "Grillen," "Warnung," "Aufschwung;" Grieg's Norwegian Wedding March; Liszt's *Rigoletto*.—For the fourth Recital (Feb. 5):—Bach: Prelude and Fugue in G-minor; Beethoven: Sonata in G, Op. 14, No. 2; Schumann: "Faschings-Schwank;" Chopin: Etudes, Op. 10, Nos. 3, 8, and 12, and Polonaise in C-sharp minor; Liszt: Schubert's "Wanderer," and Galop Chromatique.

SAN FRANCISCO. A farewell concert was given (Feb. 4) to Mr. Louis Schmidt, Jr., the accomplished leader of the Schmidt Quartet (of strings). He is about coming eastward, and we trust he will soon be heard in Boston, though it is too late for the Symphony Concerts. The programme of the farewell was as follows:—

Octet, first movement	Mendelssohn
Song, "Wanderer"	Schubert
Herr Jacob Müller.	
Violin Concerto, "Andante and Finale"	Mendelssohn
(With piano and string accompaniment.)	
Louis Schmidt, Jr.	
Piano Solo: a. Fantasia, C-minor	Bach
b. Gavotte, B-minor	Bach
	(Saint-Saëns)
c. Impromptu, G-flat	Chopin
Herr Louis Lissier.	
String quartet, a. Prelude	Chopin
b. Mazurka	
(Transcribed by Louis Schmidt, Jr.)	
Schmidt Quartet.	
Violoncello Solo: a. Reverie	Fischer
b. Gavotte	Popper
Mr. Ernst Schmidt.	
Piano Solo: a. Romanza in F-sharp	Schumann
b. Arabesque in C	Schumann
c. Lützow's Wild Hunt	Kullack
Herr Louis Lissier.	
Song, "Wohl über Nacht" (Good-night, my love)	A. C. Elmer
(With violin obligato by Louis Schmidt, Jr.)	
Herr Jacob Müller.	
Violin Solo: a. "Spanish Dance,"	Sarasate
b. "Hungarian Dance"	Brahms-Joachim
Louis Schmidt, Jr.	
Meditation sur Faust	Gounod
(For piano, organ, violins and violoncellos.)	

#### MUSIC ABROAD.

LONDON. Of the old Philharmonic Society the *Graphic* says:—

"Now that all official matters are arranged, the list of directors completed, and Mr. W. G. Cusins established in his position as sole conductor, the Philharmonic Society, intent upon improvement, is anxious to make its sixty-ninth season as attractive as possible. There are to be two rehearsals in lieu of the old traditional one, and to the second of these subscribers will be admitted. The number of concerts will be six, and the orchestra consist of eighty performers. Several new works of interest are promised, not the least interesting being a 'Sinfonietta' so called, composed expressly for the Society by Mr. F. H. Cowen, the only English musician, by

the way, whose aid has been invited, which is a mistake. The resolution, too, that no work by any of the seven directors *pro tem* shall be performed at any of the six concerts is also, in our opinion, a mistake, though, no doubt, it has been framed on specious grounds. Berlioz is to play a conspicuous part in the general arrangements, inasmuch as not only his great—some insist his greatest—work, *Roméo et Juliette*, but his early overture, *Waverley* (of which Schumann speaks so encouragingly), is to be produced. Without, however, entering into further particulars, it is evident that the Society is bestirring itself. Let us hope that this may be to good purpose—for the benefit of art and the credit of an ancient and honorable institution which has done no little for music in its time."

CRYSTAL PALACE. At the concert on Saturday Schubert's Symphony in B-flat (No. 2, composed at the age of seventeen) was the feature. It was no stranger, having been heard already at the Crystal Palace on the 20th of October, 1877. A renewed acquaintance with the work brings out in stronger relief its most attractive points. Again, like its immediate precursor, it is melody from end to end. The form is that of Haydn and Mozart, but the essence is purely Schubert. Mr. Herbert Reeves, the one vocalist on this occasion, besides an air from Sullivan's *Light of the World*, and another from Gounod's *Cinq Murs*, sang the "Ave Maria" of Schubert with the chaste expression befitting so earnest a supplication. This was like an after-ray of light reflected from the symphony, written in the same key. The first pianoforte concerto of Herr Brüll is much of the same calibre as the second introduced to the Crystal Palace audience three years since. It has merit, doubtless, if no marked individuality, and is chiefly noticeable on account of showy passages for the leading instrument, of which the author knows how to make the best. Herr Brüll also played solos by Chopin, Brahms, and himself. The great sensation of the day was produced by Beethoven's *Leonora* overture (No. 3), which by this time, we imagine, the orchestra could play without parts just as easily as Mr. Manns could direct its performance without score.—*Musical World*, Feb. 19.

MADAME NORMAN-NERUDA made her last appearance this season at the Popular Concerts on Monday, when she played a "Sarabande" and "Tambourin" for violin by Leclair, and led Signor Verdi's quartet in E-minor. On Saturday the distinguished pianist led Mendelssohn's string quintet in A, and played with Herr Ignace Brüll Goldmark's suite in E, Op. 11, for piano and violin. Herr Brüll selected for his solos on Saturday Chopin's studies in C-minor and E, Op. 10, and in A-minor, Op. 25; and on Monday he played Chopin's "Barcarolle," Op. 60, and took part in his own pianoforte trio. Herr Becker will play next Saturday and Monday, and on Feb. 21 Herr Joachim will appear for the first time this season.

THE Bach choir, at their first concert on March 3, added to their repertory Bach's cantata, "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," Sterndale Bennett's unpublished eight-part anthem, "In Thee, O Lord," Schumann's "Requiem for Mignon," and some motets by the old Italian masters.

MR. GANZ has issued the programme of his five orchestral concerts, which will take place at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoons, April 30, May 14, 28, June 11, 25. The three principal novelties will be produced at the first three concerts. At the first concert, on April 30, will be produced, it is said for the first time in this country, Berlioz's symphonie fantastique, "Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste." At the second concert, Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette* will be given. This work has never yet been performed in its entirety in this country, although the first four parts—that is to say, the whole symphony, with the exception of the scenes of the awaking of Juliet and of the reconciliation of the families—were performed by the New Philharmonic Society at Exeter Hall in March, 1852, under the composer's direction. Mr. Ganz, who will, of course, direct the performance on May 14, was then a second violinist in the orchestra, and he may thus fairly lay claim to be acquainted with the "traditions" of Berlioz derived from the master himself. The choruses in this work will be sung by Mr. Faulkner Leigh's choir. At the third concert a recital of Gluck's opera, "Orfeo et Euridice," which has, it is believed, not been performed in London within living memory, will be given. Besides these absolute promises, a selection will be made from a repertory which comprises Mihalovich's "Hero and Leander," "La Ronde du Sabbat," and "Trauerklänge," Rubinstein's first symphony, Lachner's suite in C, No. 6, Rheinberger's piano concerto in A-flat, Op. 94, and works by Hiller, Holstein, Raff, Svendsen, Alice Mary Smith, Taubert, A. Goring Thomas, Vieuxtemps, and the Abbé Vogler.—*Figaro*, Feb. 19.

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29. Third Chamber Concert of Messrs. Adamowski and Preston, at Chickering's.

**APRIL, 1881.**

1. 3 P. M. Philharmonic Public Rehearsal.
2. Third Philharmonic Concert.
13. Philharmonic Fourth Rehearsal.
13. Annual Benefit of Miss Abby Noyes.
14. Philharmonic Fourth Concert.
15. (Good Friday). Handel and Haydn Society: Bach's *Passion Music*.
17. (Easter Sunday). Handel and Haydn Society: "St. Paul."
20. Fifth and Last Enterpe Concert.
- 22, and 26. Fifth and Sixth Apollo Concerts.
27. Mr. A. P. Peck's Annual Benefit.
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**MAY, 1881.**

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BY FRANCIS HUEFFER.

(Continued from page 40.)

To return to our immediate subject, the general tenor of the Diary leads one to infer that the knowledge of music amongst the aristocracy, although less general than in Queen Elizabeth's reign, was at least more in vogue than later on, when Lord Chesterfield warned his son against the practice of the art as altogether unworthy the character of a gentleman. There was, however, in the time of the Restoration, amongst the better class of citizens, an enormous amount of that well-intentioned but extremely trying kind of amateur music with which we moderns are unfortunately too familiar. Mr. Pepys's sufferings from this social plague are expressed in the most amusing manner, and his terms of reprobation in the Diary are all the more emphatic as in real life he was too much of a diplomatist to give vent to his anger. "Went to hear Mrs. Turner's daughter play on the harpsicon," he writes, May 1, 1663, "but, Lord! it was enough to make any man sick; yet I was forced to commend her highly." The no doubt excellent reason for which Mr. Pepys thought it necessary to be civil to Mrs. Turner and her daughter is not supplied, as it is in another case referred to in the following passage, which, besides being very amusing, is also instructive, in so far as it illustrates the practices and antics of a French singing-master two hundred years ago: "July 24, 1663. — They (Mr. and Mrs. Bland) had a kinswoman they call daughter in the house, a short, ugly, red-haired slut, that plays upon the virginalls and sings, but after such a country manner, I was weary of it, but yet could not but commend it. So by-and-by, after dinner, comes in Monsieur Gotier, who is beginning to teach her; but Lord! what a droll fellow it is to make her hold her mouth, and telling this and that so drolly would make a man burst, but himself I perceive sings very well. Anon we sat down again to a collation of cheese-cakes, tarts, custards, and such-like, very handsome." Cheese-cakes, and custards, and tarts, following, it should be added, upon a dinner got up "very finely and great plenty," no doubt atoned for much that was faulty in the performance of Mr. Bland's adopted daughter, ugly and red-haired slut though she might be.

So much about the practice of music in the early days of the Restoration.

## III.

Music, as we have seen, was with Mr. Pepys a matter of sentiment, a passion, but a passion not wholly irrational, not altogether

in the clouds, but founded on a sound basis of fact. To facts, as connected with the music of his time, this third Pepysian article shall be devoted; opinions must be left till a later occasion. Not that these latter are, in this particular instance, of no value, or even of less than the bare record of things existing. On the contrary, Mr. Pepys was a man of great taste and a judicious critic if ever there was one. There are critics who have acquired a world-wide reputation by being always wrong, by abusing genius before the world had acknowledged it, and by mistaking for giants, the pigmies who manage to strut and fret their hour upon the contemporary stage in a cleverly demonstrative manner. Time is the test of opinions, and Mr. Pepys's utterances about the composers of his age have stood that test remarkably well — as we shall see by-and-by. But first of all as to facts. There are in the Diary a number of curious entries referring to the mechanical appliances of the art, the various musical instruments from which our ancestors elicited sweet sounds in the days of the Restoration. To appreciate the historical or practical value of these pieces of information, the present writer knows himself to be peculiarly incompetent. All he can do is to quote the words as they stand for the benefit of Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Carl Engel, and other learned men interested in these matters.

To begin with the king of instruments, the organ: here is a statement relating to the history of its vicissitudes in England. The following extract, dated November 4, 1660, will at the same time illustrate the havoc the Commonwealth had made in the service — musical and otherwise — of the Church: —

"Lord's Day. In the morn to our own church, where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer by saying 'Glory be to the Father,' etc., after he had read the two psalms; but the people had been so little used to it they could not tell what to answer. This declaration of the king's do give the Presbyterians some satisfaction, and a pretence to read the Common Prayer, which they would not do before because of their former preaching against it. After dinner to Westminster, where I went to my Lord's, and having spake with him I went to the Abbey, where the first time that ever I heard the organs in a cathedral."

The explanation of the last sentence is too obvious. The ordinance passed by the Lords and Commons on May 9, 1644, "for the further demolishing of monuments of idolatry and superstition," contains a special paragraph to the effect "that all organs and the frames and cases wherein they stand, in all churches and chapels aforesaid, shall be taken away, and utterly defaced, and none others hereafter set up in their places;" and Mr. Hopkins, who reprints the ordinance in his exhaustive article on the "Organ" in Grove's "Dictionary," adds a description of how "at Westminster Abbey, the soldiers brake down the organs and pawned the pipes at several alehouses for pots of ale."

Immediately after the Restoration a new organ was erected in the Abbey, being, like that in the Chapel Royal — also mentioned

by Pepys (July 8, 1670) — the work of Father Smith. It was a small instrument, having cost only £120, and stood on "the north side of the choir." These and other details may be found in that mine of valuable information, "The Organ: its History and Construction," by Mr. Hopkins and Dr. Rimbault. The following facts relating to the instrument on which Purcell played, and which Mr. Pepys heard, are found in the same work. According to one account it was removed from the Abbey in 1730, when the present organ by Schreider and Jordan was built. It was given or sold to the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the remains of it, lying for many years in the tower, were disposed of by the church-wardens about forty or fifty years ago. Another account states that it was removed to Vauxhall Gardens, and was the instrument in the orchestra of the Royal Gardens when they ceased to exist.

[To be continued.]

## THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

MR. WILLIAM F. APTHORP'S LECTURES BEFORE THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.<sup>2</sup>

III. (Concluded.)

## THE MUSIC-REFORM OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Harmony began to be looked upon as a study in itself, and not as a merely secondary result of counterpoint. The first man to achieve any real important results in the new field was Don Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa. He was the son of the Archbishop of Naples, and pupil of one Pomponio Nenna, who was himself quite a daring musical innovator. Gesualdo fingered about on the keyboard and succeeded in discovering harmonies such as no one had ever dreamt of before. It is only fair to say that in finding out all these new combinations of notes, Gesualdo had not the faintest idea what he was doing, nor the least notion how his new chords were to be used, what they were, or whence they came. He often made a most distracted piece of work of it, but on the other hand, often stumbled upon combinations of the rarest and most exquisite beauty; things that sound as modern as if written yesterday. Yet wholly ignorant as Gesualdo was of a true system of chromatic harmony, he appreciated very keenly the emotional power of chromatic progressions. But now I must go back a few years. The Florentine musico-dramatic movement found, as I have said, no lack of adherents. The seed sown by Caccini and Peri fell neither upon rocks nor sand.

Among their many followers there was one whose name has an importance in the history of the development of the art of music such as only one other name approaches to having. In musical history there are two sorts of heroes — men who have produced the greatest compositions and men who have taken the greatest and most decisive steps in advance of their age. Of this latter sort there are two far more noticeable than all others: Josquin Desprès, who first discovered that counterpoint could be beautiful; the other and still greater one was the man of whom I am now about to speak, Claudio Monteverde.

Of his works and life I will say nothing now, as he belongs distinctly to the history of the opera; but of his great discovery, perhaps the most important ever made in music, I shall have to speak at some length. He discovered our modern tonal system. The difference between

<sup>1</sup> From the London Musical Times.

<sup>2</sup> Revised by the author from the Boston Traveller's report.



this tonal system of ours and the old modal system is wide indeed.

The great defect of the old Gregorian system was that it was to a great extent empirical. The Gregorian modes were purely a matter of convention; their scale rested upon the arbitrary choice of a tonic, not upon an internal musical necessity. The old contrapuntists recognized only one sort of musical necessity. This was that whenever two voices sang simultaneously two notes which lay side by side in the scale of any mode, one of the notes was magnetically attracted or repelled downward by the other. The harmonic interval between any two adjacent notes is a dissonance; it affects the ear disagreeably, which can only be satisfied by the dissonance being resolved, as it is called, by one of the notes falling until the voice that sings it becomes consonant with the other. We can see by simple experiment that in harmony two notes may be placed in such a relation to each other that they become magnetic and exert a certain repulsion upon each other. Thus a musical necessity is brought about.

The ear absolutely requires a dissonant, or, as I have called it, a magnetic interval to progress in a certain definite way. This magnetic quality of two adjacent notes was perfectly well known by the old contrapuntists; but as it was true of any two adjacent notes in any scale, the fact could have no bearing upon the essential character of a particular scale or mode. But Monteverde discovered that there was another interval which had very marked and unique magnetic properties. This interval was the long-despised and much-abhorred tritone. This interval was regarded with especial horror alike by the artists and composers. This prejudice dated very far back. In the days when harmony was unheard of, and melody was the only form of music, it was a perfectly natural one. As a melodic interval, that is, an interval between two successive notes, the tritone is indeed hideous; but as a harmonic interval, an interval between two simultaneous notes, it is anything but that; in fact it has very peculiar virtues.

That the tritone was known as a harmonic interval and scrupulously avoided for several centuries is probably owing to the fact that composers were too much afraid of it to look it squarely in the face and see what manner of thing it really was. At any rate, its virtues, notably its magnetic quality, were unsuspected until Monteverde discovered them. The tritone is indeed doubly magnetic; its two notes force each other apart; the ear not only requires that its lower note shall fall, but that its upper note shall rise. . . . .

. . . . . The essential difference between this tonal system of ours and the old Gregorian modal system may be thus expressed: in the old system a certain note was recognized as the tonic of a mode, because the music came to a final rest on that note. In our modern system the music comes to final rest on a certain note because that note is the tonic.

Our tonal system is based upon the principle of natural musical attraction and tendency. It is not empirical, but the natural result of a potency and power that had lain hidden in the musical material for centuries, until Monteverde discovered it. It can be imagined what a shriek went up from all the musical theorists of his time! Monteverde had used the tritone with malice prepense, and was not ashamed of it. Just see what the Florentine music-reform had brought about, and what all the charms of a platonian palingenesis were to end in! Galilei, Bardi and Caccini had introduced the monodic style, where a single voice sang a melody to an instrumental accompaniment. In this accompaniment harmony was for the first time considered as

something by itself, and not as a mere result of counterpoint, and the first important result of this was the emancipation of the tritone and the discovery of the chord of the dominant seventh. In a previous lecture I warned you that we should find that the tritone had not been called the devil for nothing. It has proved so. The tritone is in music what desire, longing, yearning are in life.

We owe the music of the Haydns, Bachs, Beethovens, Schumanns, and all our modern heroes, to this little devil of a tritone which Monteverde let loose in the calm and happy musical paradise of the Gabriellis, Josquins, and Palestrinas. With Monteverde, music came down to earth; if it was destined to soar again up to those celestial regions of pure ecstasy to which it had borne Palestrina, it was to be like the captive balloon, anchored to earth to which it must return. How far modern music can be made to go in the opposite nether direction, some of our respected contemporaries have shown with unmistakable clearness. Yet as for the matter of soaring to the empyrean, let us console ourselves with the reflection that we have every reason to believe that until we die we are better off on this earth than anywhere else; and that music which is thoroughly and genuinely human is, perhaps, better suited to our æsthetic needs than music which is simply and purely divine. But if, at any moment, we feel a desire to throw off this earthly being, to leave behind us all that recalls this struggling life of ours, and for a brief space to commune with the pure and beautiful soul of music, let us turn to Palestrina. The music of Bach or Beethoven may tell us of the bliss of heaven. Palestrina's music, not to speak irreverently, is the heavenly bliss. Although the new departure in music begun by Caccini and Peri in Florence, and energetically followed by Monteverde and his pupil in Venice, had for its sole object the utter subjugation of music to poetry, and had begun by attacking all the established musical forms, composers very soon found that music had other ends than that of being merely dramatic. The new tonal system gave music a power of expression hitherto unknown and unsuspected, but at the same time gave the art new and varied opportunities for developing itself in a new way, and without too scrupulous adherence to the special laws of its sister art, poetry. We find that after the element of individual emotional expression had been once admitted into the domain of music, and the inevitable fermentation consequent upon such a step had begun to subside, this dramatic element very soon began to find its own level, and after Monteverde the independent development of the art went on very much as it had done before him. New musical forms sprang up in a wholly musical way.

Figured or thorough-bass was the natural result of harmony being worked upon as a special study, and is nothing more than indicating chords by a series of figures written under the bass. In fact, it is a sort of musical short-hand. The first man to treat of it, to reduce it to a system, was Ludovico Viadana. The development of two new musical forms also belongs to this period. They were double-counterpoint and the fugue. Double-counterpoint is not, as its name seems to imply, the art of writing two simultaneous counterpoints. It is the art of writing in two or more voices so that the counterpoint is equally good when the composition is sung as it was originally written, and when the order of the voices is inverted. Although this sort of counterpoint is mentioned as something generally known in a work of the learned theorist Zarline, published in 1558, we can find no instance of its having been used by the composers of the sixteenth century. It seems to have been first used by the great Italian and German organists of the seventeenth century. . . .

Girolamo Frescobaldi was born about 1588 in

Ferrara. His works show him to have been the virtual founder of the great schools of organ-playing, and the greatest composer of organ music till we come to Sebastian Bach. To him we owe the prelude, the suite, the Choral-Vorspiel and the fugue. His fugues to be sure are not quite what we call fugues now-a-days. The fugue form was developed somewhat later; but Frescobaldi's compositions which bear this name are fine music, and the discovery of what is known as the tonal fugue is ascribed to him.

Giacomo Carissimi was the father of the oratorio. This form was first developed into a condition very nearly approaching its greatest splendor by him. He was born in 1604, and was thus a contemporary of Monteverde. He accepted the new tonal system and the new musical ideas. But to Monteverde's daring he added a larger calibre of genius, and a far greater skill in counterpoint. He stood at the head of the great modern schools of choral composition. It was his great pupil, the Neapolitan Alessandro Scarlatti, who, more than any other, helped form the grand musical style of Georg Friedrich Händel.

The lecture then concluded with a selection from Carissimi, given by a select choir.

#### MUSIC IN CINCINNATI.

CONCORDS AND DISCORDS. — THE THOMAS INVASION. — PAST ORCHESTRAS. — THE OPERA FESTIVAL.

The following is the principal portion of a letter from Cincinnati (March 5) to the *Boston Daily Advertiser*: —

Doubtless many of your readers think of Cincinnati as a great musical centre, a place where symphonies and operas are every-day affairs, a city in which pigs become pork to slow orchestration, and wherein beer is brewed to grand choral accompaniments. Such being the popular notion, it may be well for me to state the facts.

Not many years ago Cincinnati was as barren musically as any other Western town. Theodore Thomas came here with his orchestra, and played to small audiences; but classical music was not appreciated, and it is said that he went away in disgust. Slowly an interest in good music sprang up, however, and in spite of many discouragements some gentlemen of influence organized a musical festival, copied somewhat after the Händel and Haydn triennials. The first experiment was highly successful; it was repeated another season, and the biennial festival became an established institution. In 1875 the festival, finer than ever before, was held in the old, defective Exposition building, a temporary structure built of wood, and in nowise suited to such purposes. The festival was brilliantly successful, and, in consequence of the enthusiasm which it aroused, Mr. Reuben Springer gave a large sum of money towards the erection of a permanent music hall. Other money, upon which the gift of Mr. Springer was conditioned, was raised; the music hall was erected, flanked by permanent exposition buildings, and provided with a huge organ, the largest, if not the finest, on this continent. Here, in 1878, another grand musical festival was held, followed by the last, and thus far the grandest, in 1880.

As an outgrowth of the musical spirit developed by the earlier festivals, a Cincinnati orchestra was organized, and this for several winters gave short series of symphony concerts, which drew fair audiences and were modestly sustained. In 1878, however, a change came. Mr. George Ward Nichols, a prime mover in the great festivals, conceived the idea of organizing a college of music. He secured the co-operation of Mr. Springer and other wealthy gentlemen, and suddenly it was telegraphed all over the country that Theodore Thomas had been engaged to take charge of the enterprise. Thomas came; stu-

dents flocked to study under the teachers whom he gathered together; the Cincinnati orchestra of Michael Brand was swallowed up in a grander orchestra, of which Thomas was conductor; two seasons of brilliant concerts were given in the Music Hall; chamber concerts were furnished by a picked string quartet; and Cincinnati was looked up to as the musical stronghold of America. Soon came discord into all this harmony; there were quarrels in the College of Music; one teacher after another resigned; finally there was a grand crash, and Thomas himself withdrew. The college remained, Nichols remained, and the Music Hall remained. Such was essentially the state of affairs at the beginning of the present season.

So much for the past, now for the present. Musically, with one or two important exceptions, the season in Cincinnati has been dull. The foregoing historical sketch suggests a growth in musical interest so rapid and extraordinary that much of it must have been forced; a hotbed product of local pride and western enthusiasm. Early last autumn the Cincinnati orchestra proposed a series of symphony concerts. Seven hundred subscribers were needed to insure success, but only five hundred could be secured, so the enterprise fell through. The quartet from the College of Music has given a few good chamber concerts; there have been two or three other concerts of the promiscuous kind, one oratorio and a little opera; but this, barring the late opera festival, has been all. Such concerts as are given in Boston by the Cecilia, Boylston and Apollo clubs are practically unknown here; pianoforte recitals are rare, and poorly patronized; musical entertainments, in short, to succeed in Cincinnati, must be of the very biggest kind; small affairs are barely tolerated.

This passion for bigness and grandeur has been well exemplified by the opera festival held here last week. The enterprise was conceived by Col. Nichols, and carried out under the auspices of the College of Music. It has been in all essential particulars a most brilliant success. The great Music Hall, which seats nearly five thousand people, was converted into an opera-house; Mapleson came here with all his resources; the Cincinnati orchestra was added to his, and some new scenery was painted. For a week the performances continued. *Lohengrin*, *The Magic Flute*, *Mefistofele*, *Lucia*, *Sonnambula*, *Aida*, *Faust*, and part of *Moses in Egypt*, were magnificently rendered. The audiences numbered something like an average of seven thousand for each performance, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. Mapleson made money, the College of Music made money, Nichols won popularity, and nearly every one was satisfied. Now, however, we are far enough away from the festival to see it with a little perspective, and we may properly ask wherein it was great, and wherein it fell short of the advertisements. As regards the performances, they were certainly magnificent. But then they were given by Mapleson's company, with Gerster, Valleria, Cary, Belocca, Campanini, Ravelli, Novara, Del Puente, and all the other fine soloists with whom he travels. His company can be heard in any great city, and there is no reason to suppose that it sang better here than elsewhere. The orchestra, however, was a great addition to Mapleson's forces, and added to the performances a breadth and vigor truly remarkable. The chorus was also somewhat larger than usual, and, furthermore, there was the great Music Hall organ, which in certain scenes—as, for example, in *Lohengrin*, when the bridal party enters the cathedral—was used with magnificent effect. In these particulars the rendition of the several operas excelled; in none did they fall short. From a spectacular point of view, on the other

hand, the festival was not quite up to all expectations. The settings were very good, but not extraordinary; the best of the scenery was that which Mapleson carries with him. In fact, the stage was too small and too shallow for the grandest spectacular effects, and it was folly to suppose that as much could be done with a mere temporary arrangement as can be accomplished on a really large and thorough stage like that of the Boston Theatre. As regards scenery, and so forth, the thing could be much better done in Boston; but Boston could not supply the space for that other element of a great spectacle, the enormous audience. In this particular the festival was unique; no better could be done anywhere in the world without the special construction of a building equal to our Music Hall. C.

#### MR. STANFORD'S OPERA:

##### "THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN."

Among all the interesting and important works which have lately been produced at the Hoftheater at Hannover, no one has been looked forward to with more interest or received with greater enthusiasm than the opera, *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, by C. Villiers Stanford, performed for the first time at the above theatre on the 6th Feb.; and surely no one has a better claim to the attention of Englishmen, having been originally written to an English libretto by one of the most prominent of the younger school of English composers. Mr. Stanford's name is well known in the musical world, and although his fame rests perhaps as much on the excellence of the performances given under his direction at Cambridge as upon his compositions, yet such of the latter as have been heard in London—as, for instance, those that have been given at the Crystal Palace and at the Richter Concerts—have aroused the attention of the discerning part of the musical public, and by them his career as a composer is watched with ever-increasing interest. Now, however, he has come before the world in a new light, as the composer of a grand opera, a work of greater importance than has hitherto appeared from his pen.

In his choice of a subject, Mr. Stanford, actuated probably by national sympathy for the poet, for he is a fellow-countryman of Thomas Moore's, has been especially fortunate. "*Lalla Rookh*" has already yielded much excellent material for musical treatment—witness Spontini's *Nourmahal*, Félicien David's *Lalla Rookh*, Rubinstein's *Feramors*, and last, but not least, Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*; but it is remarkable that the story which, of all the episodic poems in that work, exhibits the greatest possibilities for dramatic treatment, should have been hitherto almost entirely overlooked. Schumann, it is true, had intended to set it as an opera, but his purpose was never fulfilled, and the only evidence of its existence is in a letter written by him to Zuccalmaglio. The story of "*The Veiled Prophet*" has furthermore the advantage of being historically true. In D'Herbelot's "*Dictionnaire Orientale*" a description is given of the personage who gives his name to the poem, of which the following is an extract: "*Mocanna, surnom de Hakem, fils de Haschem, fameux imposteur dans Khorassan, sous le règne du Khalife Mahadi. Il reçut dans les combats qu'il donna un coup de flèche qui lui fit perdre un œil, ce qui l'obligea pour cacher cette difformité de porter un voile ou un masque que l'on nomme en Arabe burca, ce que lui fit donner le surnom de Burcaï. Cet imposteur, quoiqu'il fût d'ailleurs fort malfait de sa personne, voulut cependant par une témérité incroyable passer pour un Dieu, et eut plusieurs sectateurs qu'il abusait, et qui lui servirent à se rendre maître de quelques places fortes dans le Mavaranahar, autour des villes de Nekscheb et de Kasche; de sorte que, s'étant rendu déjà puissant, et la faction croissant de jour en jour, le Khalife Mahadi fut obligé d'envoyer une armée pour en arrêter les progrès et pour châtier cet imposteur. . . . Après une longue défense se voyant réduit à l'extrémité, il prit le parti de se faire monrir lui et tous les siens, par une invention fort nouvelle. Pour venir à bout de son dessein, il donna*

du poison dans le vin à tous les gens, et se jeta lui-même ensuite dans une cuve pleine de drogues brûlantes et consumantes afin qu'il ne restât rien de tous les membres de son corps, et que ceux qui resteroient de sa secte pussent croire qu'il était monté au ciel, ce que ne manqua pas d'arriver. Ben Schonach dit qu'il montrait une espèce de lune qu'il faisoit lever la nuit quand il vouloit passer pour Dieu." Moore's ending, poetic and touching as it is, is an addition to the story, and as such it has been discarded for one more in accordance with the historical facts and dramatic effect. In other respects, the author of the libretto, Mr. W. Barclay Squire, has made use of Moore's version of the story, and adhered to it almost entirely. It will be remembered that in Moore the story is related in three divisions or narrations; these form the three acts into which the opera is divided. A short description of the action and the most prominent features of the music as connected with it may not be unwelcome. The curtain rises on a hall of state in the Palace of Merou. A throne is set in the middle, and round it is grouped a band of neophytes, who have abjured the service of the Caliph for that of the mystic prophet Mocanna, whose coming they await with expectant excitement. After a short chorus for male voices, the first notes of a march are heard in the distance, and soon the procession of the Prophet appears, at the end of which he himself enters, clad in a long white garment, his face being covered with a glistening and semi-transparent veil, which allows only the general outline of his head to be seen. He takes his seat on the throne, and at the conclusion of the chorus an impressive phrase of three bars is given out on the low strings and the wood wind, which phrase is afterwards inseparably connected with the Prophet's appearance. Mocanna rises and addresses his followers, enjoining on them strict obedience and absolute devotion to him and to his cause, which he declares to be the freedom of the world. They are to be ultimately rewarded by the revelation of his countenance, which he describes as being of the most perfect beauty and brilliancy, inasmuch that it is necessary to veil it from all human eyes. The music to which these words are set is of great beauty, and its principal subject is used as a *motif* for the veiled countenance of Mocanna; the entire solo is most effective and well calculated for the voice (a true baritone). The Prophet's speech is interrupted by the entrance of Abdullah, his confidential slave, who rushes in breathless, and describes in terrified accents how he has seen the Caliph's army drawn up in battle array outside the city. Mocanna takes this opportunity of testing his followers' devotion, and despatches Abdullah to bring Azim in, a young warrior of invincible might, also a newly arrived proselyte to the cause, who enters fully armed. After a few bars of recitative, begins a trio for Azim, Mocanna, and Abdullah (tenor, baritone, and bass), with the chorus; the whole *ensemble*, in which Azim is invested with the leadership of Mocanna's troops, is one of the finest numbers in the opera.

The scene is now changed to a room in the palace, with a lattice-window looking down into the street below. The martial strains of the first scene are heard on the stage, and Zelica, the virgin priestess, is discovered watching the troops go past the window. She describes Azim in the procession, and utters a shriek; after a few bars, during which she has only strength to falter his name, old remembrances of their early love come flooding in upon her, and she describes how Azim was carried away to the war and how news afterwards came of his death. This solo, one of the most pathetic and original in the work, is interrupted by the Prophet, who comes to induce her to join in a plan for assuring Azim's allegiance to the cause by means of the fascinating allurements and enchantments of the harem; in this scheme she is to be the central figure. Amazed at the contrast between the Prophet's former professions and his present commands, she refuses with indignation, but is reminded of the terrific oath by which she has been bound to him forever, and is compelled to consent to his demands, which are accompanied by a promise that she shall see his face. This he ends by showing her, lifting his veil with his back turned to the audience, and

she, uttering a scream of horror, falls fainting to the ground. The whole of this act, as will be seen, abounds in powerful dramatic situations, of which the best advantage is taken by both librettist and composer.

In striking contrast to this is the second act, the greater part of which is purely lyrical. The scene is in a garden in the harem. It is evening, and groups of women are seen wreathing garlands, preparing for Azim's arrival. The opening number is a chorus, with a solo sung by Fatima, the chief slave of the harem, after which the women leave the stage, hearing footsteps approaching. Abdullah comes in leading Azim, who has been blindfolded. The scarf is taken off by Abdullah, who then sings a song in which Mocanna is compared to a fowler, his prey being the women whose voices have just been heard. Azim, whose faith in the Prophet is unshaken, drives out the ribald slave, and when left alone, having searched the garden in vain for any traces of his long-lost Zelica, he gives up the quest as hopeless, and in an aria of great beauty calls on death to relieve him from his despair. He casts himself upon a couch, and the voices of the women are heard again, this time behind the scenes, singing an invocation to the Spirit of Love, in words built upon those of Moore, whose arrangement at this point is closely followed, being peculiarly well adapted for stage representation. This chorus is followed by a ballet, between the two divisions of which the dancers bring in Fatima, who sings the well-known verses beginning "There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream," to an air of peculiar charm, built on a scale of Oriental character. At the conclusion of the whole ballet, a figure enters among the dancers, enveloped in a white veil, similar to those worn by the dancers themselves, which, when left alone, she lifts, and shows herself to be Zelica. Azim springs up in astonishment, unable to believe that it is his long and eagerly sought love. She stands motionless and silent, until Azim charges her to tell whether she is really Zelica, when she confesses that they have both been duped by Mocanna. Azim urges her to fly from the monster's presence, which she refuses to do, being reminded again of her oath by the mystic influence of Mocanna, who at that moment crosses the stage at the back unseen by the lovers; she entreats him to leave her, but he declares that he will live or die with her. They resolve on flight, and are on the point of departure, when they are interrupted by the Prophet, who rushes in to prevent them. Azim draws his dagger and attacks Mocanna; but his weapon breaks against the concealed armor of the Prophet, who utters a derisive peal of devilish laughter as Azim leaves the stage vowing vengeance.

In point of musical treatment this act is, perhaps, the most elaborate in the work; in fact, it may be said that the first portion of the act, which is, as respects dramatic action, the slightest in the whole opera, is somewhat overweighted by the importance of the music. Of course the love duet between Azim and Zelica is the climax both of the action and the music, and as such it stands out from the rest of the act with due prominence; but it fails in some degree of its full effect, owing to the interesting numbers that have preceded it. Among these may be mentioned, as being of especial importance, Abdullah's song, with its Mozart-like sweetness and gaiety; Azim's aria; the whole of the ballet music, with its peculiar Oriental rhythms and character; and Fatima's song. The *ensemble* of the duet is exceedingly effective and well-written, and the canonic imitation in the middle section is a striking evidence of the possibility of combining passionate dramatic action with theoretic skill.

The scene of the third act, which takes place at night, is laid in the court-yard of the palace. On one side of the stage is the palace itself, with steps leading up to it; in the background is a pool or well, surrounded with tall palm-trees; and opposite the palace a part of the city wall is seen, with its battlements and towers. On this wall a Watchman is keeping guard, and beguiling the time with a love-song of a very original character, in which the Oriental character is again prominent, and during which the trumpets of the Caliph are heard break-

ing in upon the silence of the night. As he goes away along the wall a group of mailed figures is seen stealing out from behind the palace. They are the proselytes with whom the first act opened, who have now begun to disbelieve in the glory and the promises of Mocanna, and who resolve to return to their allegiance, and to throw themselves on the mercy of the Caliph. Abdullah comes out of the palace, and gives himself to the conspirators, who sing an excited and turbulent chorus, expressing their disbelief in the Prophet and their determination to kill him. At this moment Mocanna himself appears in their midst, and stands before them unarmed, daring them to fulfil their murderous resolve. Overawed by his dignity and the mysterious influence which is inseparable from his personality, they are mute. He then offers, in order to strengthen their expiring faith, to show them a test of his power over heaven and earth, by commanding the moon to rise out of the pool, giving them leave to destroy him if the ordeal does not succeed. He ascends the steps and, amid the tumultuous murmurs among the crowd of his followers, who are joined by the women from the palace, begins with mystic gestures to conjure the moon by the sign of Soliman. For some time nothing breaks the darkness, and the chorus becomes more impatient, when at last a gleam appears among the palms which overshadow the well, and the moon gradually rises in full brilliancy.<sup>1</sup> The followers, whose unbelief is turned into wonder and repentant admiration, throw themselves at Mocanna's feet, with enthusiastic expressions of devotion. He bids them to a feast, at which he promises to reveal the mystery of his countenance, and they enter the palace leaving him gloating over his approaching vengeance; for he has determined to punish their apostasy by means of poison, and to crown his hellish triumph by showing them his hideous visage as they are expiring. He follows them into the palace, and at the same time Zelica and Fatima enter at the back, prepared to take their flight and to deliver up the city to the Caliph. After a short duet, which serves as a relief to the dramatic intensity of the scenes which precede and follow it, Fatima is despatched to complete the plan of escape which had been previously determined upon. Zelica, when left alone, sings a very touching and beautiful invocation to the night for protection and concealment, which is interrupted by the faintly heard death-groans of the dying followers from the palace. After a pause Mocanna's voice is heard as he lifts the veil and discovers himself to his doomed victims. Zelica hastens up the steps and looks into the palace, and then, with a terrified cry, hides herself among the shrubs on the brink of the pool. Mocanna appears on the steps bearing the poisoned cup in his hand, and, on perceiving Zelica, he tries to compel her to join him in the fatal draught. She flings the cup away, calling for deliverance on Azim, who appears at the same moment, led in by Fatima. He draws his sword, rushes on the Prophet, bearing him down, and delivers him to the guards of the Caliph; Mocanna breaks from them, and, standing on the brink of the pool, pours imprecations upon those who had been duped by him, tears the veil from his ghastly countenance, stabs himself, and plunges into the water. During the last scene the Caliph and his troops have been admitted; the day has begun to break, and as the sun bursts out in full splendor, a *finale*, consisting of a quartet (Zelica, Fatima, Azim, and the Caliph) with chorus, begins, and forms a fitting conclusion to the whole work.

In the third act the interest is well sustained throughout, and the composer is more than equal to the occasion. In particular, the whole of the scene in which the moon is raised is musically conceived, and carried out in a very powerful manner. The orchestral passage representing the gradual ascent of the moon, the solemn and impressive tones in which Mocanna utters his spells, the impatient cries of the people, changing into shouts of wonder and adoration when the first gleam of light is seen upon the water, and last, but not least, the snatches of the Watchman's song heard above the

other voices at the moment of the moon's appearance—all these unite to form an *ensemble* rarely surpassed in dramatic power and musical treatment. Here the composer shows himself a thorough master of the materials at his command. The treatment of soli, chorus, and orchestra is alike excellent. After this elaborate and moving climax relief is wanted. This is provided by the duet and solo which immediately succeed this scene; these serve to prepare for the intensely dramatic duet between Zelica and Mocanna, and for the *finale*, in which a broad and flowing melody is prominent, being well divided among the voices, and a most effective conclusion.

Mr. Stanford's style as a dramatic composer is all his own. Before hearing this work it might have been expected that traces would be found of that tendency to imitate Wagner which is the besetting sin of most of the younger school of operatic writers. Such, however, is by no means the case. It is true that particular musical phrases are used to represent special leading personages or ideas in the drama, in the manner of Wagner's *Leitmotive* (if indeed he can rightly be called the inventor of what was employed by many before him); but these phrases are employed in a manner quite different from that of Wagner, being used in a much simpler and less complicated way, and being only introduced for special purposes, and then definitely marked, so that their meaning cannot be mistaken. This is the sole resemblance that can possibly be found in Mr. Stanford's work to Wagner's. For example, his view of the relation between the voices and the orchestra is entirely different from that of the great music-dramatist; the passages and phrases given to the former are never difficult or impossible to sing, or harsh in effect, while the latter is throughout the work kept in the background, pervading and giving color to the whole, while it never obtrudes itself unduly into notice. On the other hand, the orchestral writing is not the less careful, because it is not always prominent, but in every part of the work it is full of individuality and charm. Mr. Stanford's style of instrumentation, both here and in his other orchestral works, is built more or less on that of Schumann; while his style of dramatic treatment bears more resemblance to Meyerbeer than to that of any other master. With regard to what is technically known as "local color," i.e., the employment of special peculiarities of rhythm, tonality, or orchestration, in order to bring vividly before the hearer the feeling of the locality or period of the action—Mr. Stanford's method is again purely original. In the case of many works, especially in some of recent date, the local coloring is obtruded and insisted upon throughout, by which means the most important dramatic points are apt to be obscured, and the hearer to be wearied with the persistency and monotony of the characterizing elements in the music. Two prominent instances of this may be given—Rubinstein's *Maccabäer* and Bizet's *Carmen*. In the one phrases and figures characteristic of Jewish music, and in the other, rhythm and intervals peculiar to Spanish dances, are insisted upon to such a degree that the hearer's pleasure is greatly diminished. Here, however, the case is different. The Oriental characteristics, which are very beautiful and of new effect in themselves, are reserved entirely for the lyrical portions of the opera, and in no single scene do they intrude upon the more serious and dramatic sections. Thus, in the second scene of the first act, where Zelica is recounting the story of her early love, they are introduced with a sparing hand, and do not appear again until the second act, where, as has been said above, they are used with greater freedom. In the opening choruses, in both sections of the ballet-music, which is of wonderful originality and charm, and in Fatima's song, they occur, combined with a wonderful feeling of enchantment and glamour, which is cast over the whole by an entirely new use of orchestral effects. Again, in the third act, the Watchman's love-song, before alluded to, is peculiarly Oriental, both in the melody and in the accompaniment, and the distant trumpets heard behind the scenes heighten the effect produced by the employment of local coloring.

<sup>1</sup> It is right to say that the rising of the moon is not intended to be considered as the effect of magic, but as the result of Mocanna's superior astronomical knowledge, whereby he imposes upon the ignorance of his followers.



With regard to the performance of the work at Hanover, the first meed of praise must be given to the indefatigable director and talented translator of the libretto, Herr Capellmeister Ernst Frank, on whom devolved the whole labor of producing the opera, and whose diligent supervision and masterly powers as a conductor are only equalled by his courage in bringing out this the first dramatic work of its author. It will be remembered that he it is to whom the world owes the production of Hermann Goetz's operas, "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Francesca da Rimini," the latter of which was completed by him from the sketches bequeathed to him by the composer.

The rendering of the part of Zelica by Fräulein Börs was beyond all praise. Possessed of an organ of extraordinary sweetness and purity, combined with an absolutely faultless intonation and great power, this lady is also gifted with an amount of dramatic genius rarely, indeed, to be met with on the lyric stage. Since Mdle. Tietjens, such a combination of great dramatic power with a voice of such rare excellence has scarcely been seen. Her impersonation of the maiden priestess, under the baneful influence of the Prophet, with the contrasting reminiscences of her old life and of her fatal oath always struggling together in her mind, with her longing for deliverance from the false atmosphere with which she finds herself surrounded; all this was given with marvellous power and pathos. The part of Zelica is one which requires great acting to do it justice, and to awaken the human interest, which, it must be confessed, does not lie on the surface, and which, in almost any other hands, might easily fail to find expression. Herr Schott's Azim was a creation of no less excellence. Gifted, as those of our readers who witnessed his performance of *Lohengrin* last winter in London will remember, with a superb stage presence, he looked the part to perfection, and sang the music allotted to him most admirably, but the character is not one to excite great interest. The central figure of the opera unfortunately did not find so satisfactory a representative. Doubtless the part of Mocanna is one of no ordinary difficulty, chiefly perhaps because, by the face being covered, all expression is of necessity confined to movements of the figure and limbs: but Herr Nollet, to whom the part was intrusted, although possessed of a powerful voice, has extremely little histrionic ability, and failed utterly in his conception of the character. The parts of Fatima, Abdullah, the Watchman, and the Caliph were admirably filled by Frau Vizthum-Pauli and Herren Bletzacher, Emge, and Von Milde respectively. The chorus was very efficient, and the playing of the orchestra absolute perfection. The whole opera was exceedingly well put upon the stage; the mounting of the second act especially being of unusual beauty. The evolutions of the ballet were extremely graceful, being copied from Oriental dances; the dresses were a great relief from the conventional costume, with its hideous contour, being long, almost reaching to the feet, and soft and flowing in outline, with veils which were used with great effectiveness in the dance. These dresses, and indeed those of all the principal characters, were closely copied from Mr. Tenniel's illustrations to "Lalla Rookh."

After the second and third acts, at the first performance, the composer and the chief singers were called repeatedly before the curtain; and at the second performance, on the 11th ult., the ultimate success of the work was assured, the enthusiasm with which it was received being, if possible, still greater than that of the first night. — *London Musical Times, March 1.*

#### VON HÜLSEN AND WAGNER.

The following letter has been addressed by the Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal of Prussia to the publisher of the *Musikzeitung*, in reference to the non-production of the *Nibelungen-ring* Tetralogy at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin:—

"The attacks directed against me by certain Wagnerites have not exasperated me, however

much they were, perhaps, intended to do so. Despite all that has occurred, the position I have assumed with regard to this work of Wagner's is the result of, and has been fortified by, circumstances. Like you, I am far from doubting that the *Nibelungen-ring* marks an epoch. But in other respects we differ, for I believe that the epoch will not last very long. In fifteen, or perhaps twenty years, people will not talk much about it. If you will look with me at the actual facts, everywhere repeated, you will find with me that the sacrifices and trouble entailed by nearly every performance of the work are utterly disproportioned to the ideal or material success. Most of this is merely apparent. As every impartial person will to-day without more ado allow, even the model performance at Bayreuth was by no means successful, because the very large majority of the visitors went away altogether dissatisfied. It is, moreover, true that the performances at Vienna, Leipsic, and Hamburg, turned out still more unfavorably; those at Leipsic were most successful, yet the manager has had all the same to find out another locality for the purpose of re-indemnifying himself. One manager told me that his '*Nibelungen Cycles*' caused him bitter regrets. I can believe it. Of the pecuniary deficits which followed all the performances in question, I will say nothing, for this consideration alone would not exercise a decisive influence on the Opera of the King of Prussia; but how did the public behave towards the *Ring* in Vienna and Leipsic, after the fever of novelty had died out? Get some one to make thoroughly the requisite investigation; you will be shown some extremely dispiriting figures. Now, it would not be possible at the Royal Operahouse to get up the entire work in one season; to do so, we should have to neglect everything else. Is such a course advisable? And, were I to have one of the four pieces produced every year, the first would be forgotten when the fourth appeared; we should have to begin afresh, and, consequently, throw over all the other pieces of our repertory. . . . *Die Walküre* excited my enthusiasm, and I would willingly have purchased the right of representation for the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, immediately after the first performance in Munich; but at that time the work belonged exclusively to the King of Bavaria. The composer promised me at Bayreuth that I should have it, but subsequently retracted his promise. That very recently he did not reply to a message connected with this, is something you do not, perhaps, know, and everything has its limit. The impartiality which I have invariably endeavored to observe in all art matters, a circumstance which you yourself emphasize in your article, I have exhibited, to the best of my belief, in this business of Wagner's. Though perfectly well aware that only *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* really possess the power of drawing, I did not hesitate bringing out *Die Meistersinger* as well as *Tristan und Isolde*; up to the present moment, the former has never proved completely successful with us, and the latter has never proved so at all. What trouble we all took with it! In vain! After the first four or five performances, the interest in it was at an end, and could never subsequently be revived. Herr Wagner once reproached me with having been unjust towards him because I did not begin and set the example, as I might well have secured all the best talent at the other Court Theatres of Germany. Whoever is acquainted with the real state of things knows whether the Intendant-General of Prussia would or would not have been able to assemble the leading singers of all the Court Theatres in Germany for a '*première*' in Berlin."

NEW OPERAS. — Mme. Ingeborg von Bronsart, composer of the one-act musical piece, *Jery und Bütely*, has completed the score of a four-act opera, *König Hiarne*. The book, founded on a Danish *saga*, is written by the lady's husband and F. Bodendstedt.

Wagner has announced that *Parsifal* will be performed exclusively in the Festival Theatre at Bayreuth, but that, after the claims of the "patrons" have been duly satisfied, there will be performances for the outside public, and that they will probably come off in August next year.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1881.

### RECENT CONCERTS.

BOSTON PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. This new organization gave its first symphony concert in the Music Hall, on Thursday evening, March 10, preceded by a public rehearsal on Tuesday afternoon, March 8. The hall of course was well filled, through the cheap and popular "club" plan, whereby "associate members," who subscribe ten dollars each for five concerts, receive four tickets each for every concert, making them practically half-dollar concerts. The sum realized from these five or six hundred private subscriptions is further eked out by throwing the doors open to anybody who will pay fifty cents to hear the public rehearsal of the full programme of the concert. It would seem to be a pretty shrewd business scheme, whatever it may prove to be in its artistic spirit. It was horn apparently out of a curious fermentation and pot-boiling of the petty local politics and jealousies of music; but that is none of our business; we are bound to judge it by what it does for music, and not by any avowed or suspected motives.

Both concert and rehearsal were given with the well-known Harvard Symphony orchestra, the same in number and in membership, with the exception of a first violin to make out the eight, while Mr. Allen stepped to the head, and Mr. Listemann to the conductor's desk. The programme, too, was modelled essentially upon programmes often given by the older association, and such as its fault-finding censors used to denounce as "heavy." In short, here was a good, classical programme, made up of the best sort of matter: four large, satisfying compositions of the masters, — enough for a feast (or nearly, with some short overture or march to end with), — and followed by a "new school" appendix, which made it rather long. But so has the Harvard Association done its share of late in the production of new works. This was the programme for the two occasions: —

Overture, "Iphigenie in Aulis" . . . . . Gluck  
Pianoforte Solo, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue . . Bach  
Wm. H. Sherwood.  
Symphony No. 4, in B-flat. Op. 60 . . . . . Beethoven  
Concerto in A-minor . . . . . Schumann  
Wm. H. Sherwood.  
Serenade for strings with 'cello, Op. 69 . . . . . Volkmann  
Sigurde Slembe, Symphonic introduction to  
Bjornson's drama of same name . . . . . Svendsen

Gluck's noble overture was played not only with Wagner's conclusion — necessary, because the overture runs into the opening scene of the opera — but according to Wagner's peculiar theory as to the *tempo* in which the whole piece should be played. That is, it was taken *Andante* from beginning to end, giving it a large and stately air, to be sure, but robbing it of life and movement, and nearly doubling its length. Heretofore we have always heard it given, after the model of nearly all such overtures, with a short slow introduction, followed by a lively *Allegro*, and we doubt whether any one but Richard Wagner ever found it ineffective, or inexpressive, or uninteresting in a good performance after the old traditional way. Wagner's reasons certainly are plausible. In the first place (but this is of least account) in the original French score of *Iphigenia in Aulis* the overture is marked *Andante* at the beginning, and the mark is never changed, although the whole character and spirit of the music, after the first eighteen or twenty measures, becomes altogether different. But Wagner says that Gluck, while continuing the same *Andante* beat and measure, fills the measures with notes of

only half the length (quarters for halves, eighths for quarters, etc.), which in effect amounts to the same thing as a change to *Allegro*. Does it, though? There is more show of reason in the interesting analysis which he gives of the *Inhalt*, or ideal contents, of the overture into four motives, namely: "1, a motive of appeal out of a heart's gnawing grief and anguish" (slow introduction); "2, a motive of force, of imperative, all-powerful demand; 3, a motive of grace, of virgin gentleness and loveliness; 4, a motive of sad and painful sympathy." Wagner thinks that the third motive loses its charm and delicacy in a swift *Allegro tempo*. We never heard it taken otherwise, and yet always felt its charm. Would not a slight *retardando* here answer every purpose of expression? And, after all, is it not more than probable that the French and German conductors and kapellmeisters of the ante-Wagner period had been keeping on in the safe path of tradition from the composer's own example? And what dogged self-restraint it must require, in any but a frozen orchestra, to keep from plunging into that stormy second motive with a looser rein! The first scene of the drama, into which the overture merges itself, brings back the opening theme of the slow introduction. Wagner did wisely, therefore, in making his conclusion out of that. As a matter of curiosity, this Wagner rendering was interesting (to those who knew what was going on), and we have to thank Mr. Listemann for the experiment, and for a very even, smooth performance.

The beautiful fourth Symphony of Beethoven is of course ever welcome. Strangely some of the papers have bailed it as a sort of neglected treasure, notwithstanding that for sixteen years it has taken its turn nearly every alternate year in the Symphony Concerts; it is a favorite Symphony with Carl Zerrahn, and has figured also in his concerts, and in those of Theodore Thomas. This time it was in many respects finely played; but the time of the exquisite Adagio was not quite slow enough; and the finale (*Allegro ma non troppo*) was really played *Allegro troppo*, — at such an excessive rate of speed that it was hardly possible for certain wind instruments to more than scramble through it. If it be true that other conductors have sinned likewise, we can only say: "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Mr. Sherwood gave a splendid rendering of the Schumann Concerto, which was well accompanied. We think we have heard the Chromatic Fantasia of Bach made more interesting — not more brilliant, but less dry — even in that too spacious hall for such things. But whatever Mr. Sherwood does is masterly; the dryness may have been subjective in the receiver of the impression.

We did not find either the Volkmann or the Svendsen piece particularly edifying. The Serenade might more properly be called, perhaps, a *Serenading Scene*; for it seems to represent a very ardent and persistent lover pouring out the burden of his song under the fair one's window, but ever and anon interrupted and jeered at by roguish spirits in the orchestra, making very quaint and pretty effects of contrast and surprise. At first the 'cello melody (beautifully played by Wulf Fries), with the rich, euphonious accompaniment, was charming; but the sad serenader renews his plea so many times that the thing becomes very tedious. As for the "Sigurd Slembe" introduction, it was all vague and meaningless for aught that it could tell us; rich and we dare say skilful instrumentation, but that is cheap in these days.

During the past month Mr. B. J. LANG has given at Tremont Temple, before large audiences, two concerts quite unique in character, being as it were between orchestral and chamber concerts, though

nearer to the latter. For the first (Thursday afternoon, Feb. 24) the programme was as follows:—

Quintet in F-major, Op. 55, for Pianoforte, Flute, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon. . . . Rubinstein.  
Messrs. F. W. Schlimper, E. Strasser, E. Schormann, Paul Eltz, and B. J. Lang.

## SONOS.

Resting Place. . . . . Schubert  
Lotos-blume. . . . . Schumann  
"Ich grolle nicht." . . . . Schumann  
"Ecco quel fiero istante." . . . . Beethoven  
Adelaide. . . . . Beethoven

Mr. F. Korbay.

Sinfonietta, Op. 188, for two Flutes, two Oboes, two Clarinets, two Horns, and two Bassoons. Raff.  
Allegro — Allegro molto — Larghetto — Vivace.  
Messrs. E. Beyer, F. W. Schlimper, A. L. De Ribas, C. Faulwasser, E. Strasser, O. A. Whitmore, E. Schormann, C. Schumann, Paul Eltz and E. Regestein.

It was a pleasant thing to hear the gentler pairs of orchestral wind instruments communing by themselves for once. They admit of many pleasing combinations without aid from the royal family of violins and 'cellos; nor need they wait on these, when they can set up such fine state on their own account. Much good music has been written for them, which we now hear very seldom; much in the form of sextets, septets, octets, and still larger combinations, such as Divertimenti, Serenades, etc., especially by Mozart. It would enlarge and diversify our acquaintance with the musical literature, if we could hear such oftener. Moreover such employment, as solo or concerted instruments, would be refining practice for the flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and horns which figure, not always to the best advantage, in our orchestras. We hope, therefore, that Mr. Lang's example will find followers. For reasons of his own, he chose his illustrations from composers of to-day, instead of brushing the dust from too long-neglected treasures of Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, etc.

The Rubinstein Quintet alone brought Mr. Lang's excellent pianoforte-playing into requisition; but all the instruments seemed to be equal in importance. The composition is original, and in many passages, especially the slow movement, beautiful. The scherzo, too, is captivating. But on the whole the genial composer seems in this instance to grasp at more than he can compass; promising ideas fade out and vanish, and there are tiresome stretches of vague groping after the lost thread or new beginnings. A certain monotony was felt, too, in such fresh colors for so long a time without either the fine shading or the searching heart-tones of the strings; for company (accompaniment) the violin family is rather indispensable. But it is folly to try to gauge such a work after a single hearing!

Raff's Sinfonietta made a more pleasing, although not a deep, impression. The instruments were charmingly contrasted and combined, though not perhaps always in such a way as to draw out the individual genius of each. The movements are full of graceful melody, fascinating fragments and phrases of which, often quite florid, fall to the share of various instruments in turn. The Sinfonietta seemed as a whole like a rural, sunshiny, fresh and verdant picture, reflecting just the superficial sense of nature, without any mixture of the imaginative Beethoven temperament and soul. It was on the whole very nicely executed, Mr. Lang conducting.

Of Mr. Korbay's singing it is dangerous to speak. He has so many fair admirers, here and in New York, to whom in song and person he is all *couleur de rose*, that we shall hardly be forgiven the confession that we found his style too sentimental for our taste. He has a baritone of large compass and sweet quality, although a little husky that day (possibly the effect of a cold); and perhaps it was the effort to overcome this obstacle, that made much of his delivery seem overstrained and bordering on "gush." Certainly the voice was tremulous, — perhaps in the way that the sensitive leaf is tremulous; and we felt a want of manliness, especially in Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht," which we have heard given with so much more effect by Mr. Chas. K. Adams and by Mr. Henschel. Yet there is no denying that there is much refinement and much feeling in this truly musical Hungarian's singing. He plays his own accompaniments with freedom and expression.

— Of Mr. Lang's second concert (March 10) we borrow a brief and, we believe, fair report from the *Evening Gazette*:—

The novelty of the programme was an octet by Rubinstein in D-minor, for piano, violin, viola, 'cello, basso, flute, clarinet and horn. It can hardly be called an octet in the strictest sense of the word, as it partakes more of the character of a pianoforte concerto with a septet accompaniment. The piano is rarely silent, and takes the lead throughout, and in the first movement in particular the subjects are of a nature that renders their development through the other instruments impossible. Except in the andante, the work has little of the character of chamber music; but it is very charming and wholly interesting. The opening allegro is perhaps spun out to too great length, but it is wonderfully spirited and large in style. The succeeding movements are delightfully clear, melodious and fresh, and there is an exceedingly attractive originality in the composition as a whole. The vivace is deliciously crisp and graceful, and the andante has an almost Italian warmth and expression. It was well worth the hearing, and will improve upon better acquaintance. It was very well played, as were, in fact, the other selections, which included Mendelssohn's octet and Bach's concerto for four pianos. Mrs. Humphrey-Allen sang a group of songs in that refined and tasteful manner which characterizes all of her efforts in the concert-room. Mr. Lang is to be thanked for these two instructive concerts, and for the opportunities he afforded for hearing new works of such importance as the quintet and octet of Rubinstein, and the sinfonietta of Raff.

SOME VIOLIN CONCERTS. First under this head let us speak of the wonderful Brazilian boy, of whom so much in praise was heard from Europe during the past two years, MAURICIO DENGREMENT, now in his fifteenth year. The good Emperor Dom Pedro furnished the means of his education in Paris under the celebrated violinist, Leonard. After great successes in Paris, Dresden, London, and New York, he came to conquer Boston, giving here three concerts in the Music Hall, on the evenings of March 1st and 4th, and on Saturday afternoon, March 5th. He proved himself at once to be no "prodigy," no abnormal instance of precocity, but in the truest sense an artist. Not seeing, but only hearing him, you would not dream that you were listening to any but a full-grown, mature master of his instrument and art. His tone is full, sustained and even; his intonation pure, infallible; his phrasing admirable; light and shade sensitively (one would almost say instinctively) true; and his whole play unites sincere, fine feeling with a manly strength and fervor. Yet he plays, even in the most trying passages, with utmost ease, apparently, never thrown off his balance, never swaying to and fro, and making no contortions, giving no sign of desperate effort, but always with the air and attitude of dignified repose — one of the prime qualities of art when most alive. Such artistic manifestations, with such youth, such personal grace and dignity of bearing, with the fine form, the noble beauty of the head, and the frank, amiable countenance, combined to make a most harmonious impression. He plays like a musician, one who thinks and feels in music, with an educated musician's taste and judgment, and he commands the repertoire of a complete artist, as these programmes show. Of course, if he be not spoiled by flattery (and he does not look nor act much like an easy victim), he has yet more to develop, both in manly strength and passion. May he never lose that beautiful repose! Here is the first programme:—

Seventh Concerto,	Mauricio Dengremont.	De Beriot
Barcarole,	Hubert de Blanc.	Thalberg
Three Pieces,		Widor
a. Moderato. b. Allegro Agitato. c. Andante.	Adolphe Fischer (of Paris).	
Polonaise. — "Mignon,"	Miss Annie Trafford.	Thomas
Nocturne (Chopin),	Mauricio Dengremont.	Sarasate
Aida — "Fantaisie et Variations,"	Hubert de Blanc.	Liszt
a. Romance,	Adolphe Fischer	
b. Gavotte,	Adolphe Fischer (of Paris).	Popper
La Zingarella,	Miss Annie Trafford.	Campana
Souvenir de Haydn,	Mauricio Dengremont.	Leonard

In De Beriot's concerto the young violinist showed himself at home in the approved classical style,

and equal to all ordinary requirements of bravura playing. That stamped him as an artist. The Chopin Nocturne was rendered with refined expression, and he responded to a recall with a truly poetic interpretation of some of those characteristic, charming Spanish dances arranged and played here once by Sarasate. In the "Souvenir de Haydn," Leonard's most bold and brilliant variations on the Austrian Hymn, followed by a livelier theme, he played as if technical difficulties, which others grow old in battling with, had ceased to exist for him. His triumph with the exacting audience was complete.

A feature of almost equal interest in that concert was the admirably artistic violoncello playing of M. Adolphe Fischer. The French pianist also made a very fair impression; but of the singer it were hardly fair to speak.

In the other two concerts given with an orchestra (the Philharmonic), Dengremont played the Mendelssohn Concerto very beautifully and satisfactorily; the Sarasate *Airs Espagnols* again; *Souvenir de Baden*, by Leonard; the *Fantasia Caprice*, by Vieuxtemps; a *Tarantella*, by dear old Sivori; and a grand show-piece (anonymous) on *Il Trovatore*. There is no doubt about young Dengremont!

— MR. TIMOTHEUS ADAMOWSKI, the young Polish violinist, who is fast becoming an established favorite here as teacher and as virtuoso, gave his first concert at the Meinaon, Feb. 7, assisted by Mr. B. J. Lang, Mr. George L. Osgood, Mr. John A. Preston, and the Adamowski String Quartet, composed of young men whom the concert-giver has trained and leads in person (T. Adamowski, first violin; H. Haldean, second violin; B. Cotter, viola; and P. Upham, violoncello). The audience was flattering in character and numbers; the programme interesting and unique:—

Scherzo and Andante from Quartet in D. Tchaikowsky  
Romanza, "I greet thee now," Schubert  
Sonata, Violin and Piano, Grieg

SONGS.

a. "Star vicino al bel idol," Salvatore Rosa  
b. "I wore your roses yesterday," J. K. Paine  
c. "As sings the lark," Rubinstein

VIOLIN SOLOS.

a. Notturmo, Jensen  
b. Zigeunerweisen, Sarasate

Mr. Adamowski's associates, for novices just venturing for the first time from the shade, helped him in quite a successful rendering of the two movements from the Russian Quartet, which had a certain charm of originality, although the Andante seems to travel spell-bound in a circle, as if not knowing when to stop. The Sonata Duo by Grieg, which we hear often of late, in public and in private, and which grows upon one with acquaintance, was of course finely played by Mr. Adamowski and Mr. Lang, and the former's solos, fresh and choice in character, were interpreted with fine discrimination and with fervor. Mr. Osgood's song selections were of the best, tastefully contrasted and sung with poetic feeling and expression.

— Another young violinist, now settled here, M. ALFRED DE SEVE, a French Canadian, pupil of Vieuxtemps in Paris, gave a Soirée Musicale at Chickering's on Friday evening, Feb. 25, with the following fine programme (only too long, what with encores):—

Organ Toccata and Fugue in D-Minor, Bach  
(Transcribed for Piano by Carl Tausig.)

Mr. Orth.

Unter Blühenden Mandel Bäumen, Weber  
Mr. Winch.

Sonata for Piano and Violin, F-Major, Beethoven  
Mr. Orth and Mr. De Sève.

Dante's Sonnet to Beatrice, Ciro Pinsuti  
Miss Daisy Hall.

a. Two Themes on one string (the 4th), Paganini  
b. Polonaise, Léonard  
Alfred De Sève.

a. Im Abendroth, Schubert  
b. Marmeladen Lüttchen Blütenwind, Jansen  
Mr. Winch.

Sonata for Piano and Violin, F-Major, Grieg  
Mr. Orth and Mr. De Sève.

Bouquet: a. Star vicino al bel idol, Salvatore Rosa  
b. C'est Mon Ami, Marie Antoinette  
c. Es war ein Traum, Lassen  
Miss Daisy Hall.

Addaïde, Beethoven  
Mr. Winch.

a. Etude in D-Flat, "Pensez une peu à Moi qui pense toujours à vous," Henselt  
b. Polish Dance, Op. 3, Scharwenka  
c. Nocturne in A-Flat, Liszt  
Mr. Orth.

Fantasia Appassionata, Vieuxtemps  
Alfred De Sève.

M. de Sève has all the look and action of an enthusiastic artist, musical by nature, full of energy and fire, as well as highly intellectual. He entered into the spirit of the well-known charming F-major Sonata of Beethoven, which he played with elegance of style and with poetic feeling. We did not care so much for Paganini's "fourth string," but the Polonaise of Leonard was brilliantly effective. The now familiar Sonata by Grieg did not suffer in comparison with other performances, and the impassioned Fantaisie by Vieuxtemps was given with a fervor and a freedom which might have pleased the master himself.

Mr. John Orth gave a careful, conscientious and strong rendering of Tausig's immensely difficult transcription of the Bach Toccata, which, however, does not seem to us so true to the Bach form and spirit as the one by Liszt. In the two Sonatas and his group of solos he appeared to good advantage. Miss Daisy Hall won instant favor by her clear, sympathetic voice, her finished style, and her vivacity and variety of expression. She sang in three languages (and, if we remember rightly, also in English for an encore), and gave the individuality and flavor of each choice song acceptably. In the Dante Sonnet she showed fine power of expression. Mr. Wm. J. Winch sang charmingly as usual, though not in his best voice, particularly that rare tenor melody from *Euryanthe*, and the undying *Adelaide*.

— We must take another opportunity to report of the three remarkably attractive Chamber Concerts which Mr. ADAMOWSKI, with Mr. JOHN A. PRESTON, is giving at the Chickering rooms on Tuesday evenings. One more remains, for Tuesday evening, March 29.

NOTES.

ANTHUR FOOTE's eighth and last Saturday evening concert at the Chickering rooms will be given this evening. String quartet by Mozart in E-flat, and quartet with piano in G-minor by Brahms (repeated). Mrs. Allen will sing. This brave enterprise has been both instructive and in every way successful. We trust that future series of trio and quartet concerts are in store for us. We shall speak of the whole course collectively hereafter.

— The BOYLSTON CLUB, on Wednesday evening, March 16, gave its multitude of friends a new opportunity of hearing Palestrina's *Requiem Mass*, for five-part mixed chorus, sung with beautiful blending of the unaccompanied voices. The *sostenuto*, phrasing, light and shade, were carefully observed; and the wonderful music, passionless, impersonal, had an uplifting, spiritual influence. It was followed by an uncommonly choice collection of part-songs, choruses, and songs sung by Mrs. Jennie M. Noyes and by Mr. George L. Osgood, the director, all produced in rare perfection.

— Next Monday evening the CECILIA will give the first performance in America of Schumann's music to scenes from Goethe's *Faust*—the best of all the Faust music. It will be sung with orchestra, Mr. Lang conducting.

— The Handel and Haydn Society's announcements for the remainder of the season are as follows: April 15 (Good Friday), Bach's Passion music, according to Saint Matthew, solos by Miss Edith Abell, Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mr. William J. Winch, Mr. John F. Winch, Mr. Georg Henschel; April 17 (Easter), Mendelssohn's *Saint Paul*, solos by Miss Lilian Bailey, Mrs. Jennie M. Noyes, Mr. Charles R. Adams, Mr. Georg Henschel.

— We are likely to have orchestras enough. The Transcript says: "Professor Louis Maas, late of the Leipzig Conservatory, is proposing, if sufficiently encouraged by subscriptions to a guarantee fund for a month's experiment, to establish nightly orchestral concerts at Tremont Temple, at fifty cents and twenty-five cents a ticket. Mr. Maas holds that only by keeping an orchestra together in daily work, under the same conductor, can a permanent local orchestra be created and maintained in Boston, and he counts on the public desire for such an orchestra being earnest enough to afford the necessary guarantee until the question can be tested whether the people will frequent concerts of good music. Mr. Maas's standing and position as a musician are guarantee that the music of such concerts under his control would be of high character, even if the programmes aim to please the most general taste. It is to be hoped that the distinguished professor will be helped to try his proposed experiment. Whatever popularly cultivates musical taste and spreads the de-

sire for really good music among the larger number of people benefits all music, all musicians, and all musical enterprises. But it is to be feared that the professor has to learn that Boston is not Germany nor even New York, but has provincial peculiarities very discouraging to such an undertaking as he proposes to himself."

— MR. SHERWOOD's concerts will be given in April. At the first, Beethoven's Sonatas, Op. 31, No. 2, for the piano, and Op. 12, for violin and piano, with Mr. De Sève, violinist, and solos by Bach will be given, Mrs. Gleason will sing. At the second Mr. Sherwood will perform Schumann's Fantasia, Op. 17, and *Études Symphoniques*; *Études*, by Chopin, and with Mrs. Sherwood, Schumann's Andante with variations, and Chopin's rondo for two pianos. At the third, selections from Liszt's *Tasso*, and Wagner's *Walküren Ritt* for two pianos, and other works, and Miss Daisy Hall will assist.

— Wilhelmj, the famous violinist, has presented to Miss Teresa Carreno Campbell of South Boston a \$1000 violin, made for his own special use by Louis Noebe, who is known in Germany as the "Messiah of violin makers." After hearing Miss Campbell play, Wilhelmj remarked: "Your violin, my dear young lady, is not worthy of you; I will give you one more worthy of your talents." He accordingly presented her with the violin described above.

— HARVARD UNIVERSITY. Professors W. W. Goodwin, J. W. White and J. K. Paine (Committee of Arrangements) announce the *Edipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles to be performed in the original Greek, in Sanders Theatre, on the evenings of May 17, 19 and 20.

The part of *Edipus* will be taken by Mr. George Riddle, instructor in elocution, and the other parts by students of the University. The music for the choruses has been composed for this performance by Prof. J. K. Paine; and the choral odes will be sung by a dramatic chorus of fifteen students, assisted by a supplementary chorus composed chiefly of graduates, with orchestral accompaniments.

The music of the choruses, composed by Prof. Paine, with Greek and English words and piano accompaniment, will be published March 30 by Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt, 146 Tremont Street, Boston, who will send it by mail on receipt of price, \$1.25.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, March 21. On Tuesday evening, March 8, the N. Y. Philharmonic Club gave its fifth concert, with this programme:—

String Quintet, Op. 28 . . . . . F. Ries  
Three Romances . . . . . Brahms

Larghetto (new) . . . . . Von Wilm  
(Violin and harp.)

Three Songs . . . . . Schumann  
Miss Schelle.

Piano Quartet . . . . . Mozart  
(Mr. Mills and Club.)

This was a good programme, and was very well rendered. The Ries Quintet went particularly well, and is a very interesting and well constructed work. Miss Schelle made a genuine success in her capable performance of the Brahms and Schumann songs, which she certainly sang exceedingly well. Her voice is fresh and strong, her intonation very accurate and pure, while her phrasing is careful, and her method very good indeed. Altogether she is decidedly a success.

The Larghetto for harp and violin (played by Messrs. Arnold and Breitschneck) is not especially meritorious as a composition, but is very pleasing, and was enthusiastically encored by the delighted auditors. The Mozart Quartet also, an old favorite, must not be overlooked; it was carefully played, and Mr. Mills showed new evidences of improvement in his style. He is absolutely developing into a good pianist in the true sense of the term. This is exceedingly gratifying in every sense.

Mr. Feininger's fourth and last Chamber Concert occurred on a very stormy evening, and I did not attend; but I am given to understand that it was successful musically, if not pecuniarily, and that it reflected great credit upon Mr. Feininger and his associates.

On Thursday afternoon, March 10, Mr. Rummel gave his third Recital (of the current series of four) and this also was a marked success in every way. Mr. Rummel is now fairly launched in his undertaking, and at each Recital he seems to put new energy and care into his work. His rendering of the Schumann Fantasia was especially excellent.

On the same afternoon Mr. G. W. Morgan and Miss Maud Morgan gave the first of a series of five harp and organ recitals, at Chickering Hall. Mr. Morgan handled his instrument with all his accustomed ability, while Miss Maud played the unsatisfactory harp in a



most pleasing and tasteful manner. Their programme was an attractive one, and the audience was very large and attentive. At the second recital, Miss Winant, our best resident contralto, is to sing.

Mr. Mapleson has begun his spring season of opera at the Academy. On the opening night we were regaled with *Marta*. Boito's *Mefistofele* was promised for Friday evening, March 11; but owing to the illness of Campanini, Gounod's *Faust* was substituted. This was poetic justice, for both authors touch the same subject, although of course in totally different ways. The artists showed the fatigue naturally consequent upon their extended trip in the West, and for that reason only a fair performance was given. Sig. Lazzarini (called "Mapleson's utility tenor") took the title rôle, and although he very obviously struggled earnestly to do justice to the composer and to himself, his success was but measurably respectable. Sig. Novara, as Mephistopheles, was simply admirable in every way. His voice is not as pure and clear as might be wished, but his method is excellent, and his musical conception entirely accurate. Besides, he is a magnificent actor, and that in itself is an unusual accomplishment in an Italian vocalist. Mlle. Valleria did not do herself justice as Marguerite, and was evidently suffering severely from indisposition. Del Puente was excellent, as he always is, and his death-scene was a very masterly piece of work. The chorus was fairly good, and the orchestra admirable; but it is useless to deny that the opera was not well done. One glaring fault was the use of an organ (in the church scene) which was nearly a quarter of a tone below the orchestral pitch. Of course the chorus sang with this organ, and, equally of course, Mlle. Valleria sang with the orchestra; the effect was unique, but unpleasant.

Mr. Mapleson promises us soon the *Magic Flute* and the *Barber of Seville*; other works are supposed to be in preparation.

On Saturday evening, March 12, occurred the fifth concert of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society, with the appended programme:—

Overture, "Demetrius" . . . . . Rheinberger  
Concerto, No. 3 . . . . . Bach  
.. (String orchestra.)  
Pianoforte Concerto, Op. 54 . . . . . Schumann  
(Mr. R. Joseffy.)  
Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" . . . . . Svendsen  
Sixth Symphony . . . . . Beethoven

Rheinberger's overture is a beautifully instrumented composition, and possesses many elements of grace. The harmonies are well contrived and the purpose definite, but there are many things about it that do not impress one favorably upon a first hearing.

The Bach Concerto is a gem of the first water, and was very well played, when one considers Mr. Thomas's terrific *tempos*. It is not necessary to demonstrate that a capable orchestra can play so many notes in a given period of time; it is quite as essential that the hearers should be enabled to gain some idea of the work.

The Svendsen Fantasia is exceedingly beautiful. The melodic phrases are elegant and full of charm, while the orchestration is worthy, in its rich coloring, of Raff himself. This is very high praise, but, as I think, justly founded.

Joseffy played the Schumann Concerto with grace and delicacy, and, of course, with admirable taste; but his conception of the work is not sufficiently broad and large; it lacks the indefinite something which would show real greatness. The orchestral accompaniment was not as well done as it should have been, and, altogether, the concerto left scarcely a favorable impression in my mind; the audience, however, being blissfully ignorant of any of the canons of criticism, applauded the pianist *con amore*, and he finally responded by playing (admirably) a Bach fugue in A-minor; this was neatness and precision personified, and, as such, deserving of hearty praise.

On Saturday evening, March 19, occurred the fifth concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, with the programme which follows:—

Symphony, B-flat . . . . . Haydn  
Concerto, Op. 54 . . . . . Schumann  
(Herr Joseffy.)  
Unfinished Symphony . . . . . Schubert  
Fantasia, "Ruins of Athens" . . . . . Beethoven-Liszt  
Damnation de Faust . . . . . Berlioz  
(Four orchestral numbers.)

The traditional rain-storm was in full force, which reduced the attendance to some extent; nevertheless, the concert was enjoyable, and amply repaid the hardship of those who braved the elements. F.

[We are permitted to print the following extracts from a private letter of Miss Neely Stevens, a young pianiste now studying with Kullak in Berlin.]

BERLIN, Dec. 30. You remember perhaps that I came to Germany to study under V. Bülow. At the time we reached Germany in July, 1879, Bülow was enjoying his summer vacation, but he had arranged that I should visit Weimar and attend the classes at Liszt's until the season began in Hannover, where you know, he was at that time royal kapellmeister. This arrangement was of course a great delight to me, and after a few days of London sights, we went direct to the famous little Saxon village so sacred to the memories of Goethe and Schiller. Every student writes about Liszt, till one is quite weary of reading again and again the catalogue of the old master's virtues and misdemeanors. Yet I cannot pass over my charming days at Weimar, though I will confine myself to facts as strictly as possible. My way to Liszt was made easy, as Bülow had kindly spoken to the master in my behalf. I did not arrive until near the close of the season, yet I had the opportunity of attending the last five recitals. There were twenty-six young ladies and as many gentlemen, who were each probably "the favorite pupil of Liszt" when they returned to their respective homes. There were among the number a few good artists and there were also a goodly number of *very bad players*. Liszt is so amiable and kind that he cannot refuse to receive many whose artistic merits could not possibly give them a place among his pupils. The old master is a most charming and elegant host. He has a kind word for every one, but one can easily tell who the favorites are. Max Pinner is an immense favorite personally, as well as in an artistic way. Liszt's sign of approval is a quiet "bravo" and his disapproval is generally expressed very forcibly, but always politely, in some cutting sarcasm. His pupils sometimes succeed in getting his technique, but his spirit (or *Geist*, as the Germans say) escapes them, and they consequently hang in a fearful manner. Liszt will forgive technical deficiencies, if a pupil has good talent, yet it seems to me a sad mistake to go to him until one's fingers are reduced to absolute submission. In listening to so much bad playing I could not help feeling sorry for the grand old master whose kindness and hospitality gave him patience to devote so much of his time and energy to young aspirants for fame. He never receives remuneration in any form, and a few who have enjoyed the benefits of his criticisms go away and talk about him in the most ungrateful manner.

I enjoyed the great honor of receiving a call from Liszt. Mr. Pinner accompanied him. It was such a happy surprise, and Liszt was so affable and made us all so merry with his stories that mamma and I did not realize our distinction until he had taken leave. My mother and I had called on him on our arrival in Weimar, and I presume Liszt had returned the call on Bülow's account. It is not his custom to pay visits and we therefore appreciated his call the more highly. I will not weary you further with Liszt enthusiasm. Perhaps as a fact I might say that the Liszt classes in 1879 occurred every Wednesday and Saturday, from three to seven p.m. One Sunday there was also a little company at his house to which we were all invited. There was a quartet of stringed instruments. They played from Liszt and Grieg. A little Italian lady sang some of Liszt's songs, the composer accompanied. I cannot leave Weimar reminiscences without a *fact* about Henselt whom we saw while there. He is a noble looking old gentleman with gray beard and hair, warm, round brown eyes, rather large figure, and a good-natured man altogether. His little fingers are in some way deformed. Though this is not noticeable, yet he never plays before any one. He allowed us to sit outside the door and listen to his music. He played his beautiful étude, *Danklied nach Sturm*, also a second pianoforte arrangement for the G-minor concerto of Mendelssohn, a young artist (Paul Toepler) playing the first piano. The tone he got out of the piano was really wonderful in its fullness and dramatic effect. Liszt said that Henselt could produce tones from the piano which no other pianist could find, and yet Henselt would never play in public.

I must leave Liszt at Weimar and see what I can remember of Bülow at Hannover. That is coming from the sublime, not to the ridiculous, but to the purely intellectual. No artist in Europe can compete with Bülow in point of intellectuality. Every one knows what an erratic, unamiable man this artist is. He is his own worst enemy, and always shows the worst side of his disposition inopportunistly, but he has really a kind heart, and if all his good actions were known, I think the public would be more lenient toward his eccentricities. He is very benevolent, and always ready to help young artists or students who try to help themselves. I remember on one occasion, about a year ago, he in-

tended giving his Beethoven recital for the benefit of the Bayreuth Fund. At that time the suffering among the poor at Linden, a suburban town of Hannover, was very great, and in behalf of the poor a committee called upon Bülow to ask him to devote the proceeds of his concert to the Linden poor, instead of the Bayreuth Fund. The little man flew into a terrible rage, and declared he would not be dictated to. While people were berating him for his meanness he was privately making arrangements to give a concert of a more popular character for the benefit of the Linden, which he afterwards did with great success. I do not doubt but that he enjoyed having people think him an inhuman monster. His orchestra have a hard time as well as his singers. He sometimes keeps them for four or five hours in constant practice. The poor musicians had a hard time, but those who had been submissive and worked hard were handsomely rewarded by their kapellmeister at the end of the year.

[To be continued.]

## MUSIC ABROAD.

PARIS. An orchestral concert was given Jan. 29, in the Salle Herz, by the Choral Society of Amateurs, under the direction of M. Guillet de Sainbris. Programme: Selections from a Church Cantata of Bach; *Toggenburg*, Ballad for soli and chorus, by Rheinberger; Selections from *Anne de Bretagne*, by M. Cheronvriër; "Moses Saved from the Waters," by M. de Boisdeffre; Chinese Chorus, by V. Juncières; Cantata by Scarlatti.

MILAN.—The *Gazetta Musicale* publishes further and very full particulars of the first International Musical Congress, to be held, it is expected, in June in that city. The work of the Musical Exposition is grouped into different sessions. The first group of the first of these sessions embraces composition, sacred music and oratorio, music of classical build, dramatic, chamber, popular, and ballet music. Group two concerns the work of theoretical and practical departments, including elementary principles, methods of singing by stages, of popular types, for children, for primary, secondary, and normal schools, up to the higher branches; methods for dramatic singing, methods for choral and school classes; new methods of notation; acoustics as applied to music; instrumental methods; methods of harmony, counterpoint and composition; and methods on the treatment of instruments and orchestration. Section three deals with the literature of music, starting with the history of music; of instruments; of their growth and manufacture; of the theatre; of the lyric drama of Italy; of singing; of the music schools and of the choral and orchestral societies. Next, dictionaries, biographies and articles on the progress of the art. Philosophy, as regards musical aesthetics: the management of the voice, and what is "theatrical jurisprudence," in the list. The instrumental group is comprehensive enough, including percussion instruments of indeterminate as well as of determinate sounds; instruments with keys; those played with bows; those with struck or plucked strings; wind instruments of all types; instruments with artificial wind supply, and newly-invented instruments. Group five is devoted to all sorts of musical curiosities, ancient instruments, autographs, etc. The second session will be of the nature of a conference and lectures. The third session, under the general head of a musical congress, will involve the consideration of musical topics and interests. It is the endeavor of the promoters to make the meetings as cosmopolitan and international as possible.

MEININGEN.—The programmes for the seven Beethoven Concerts given by Bülow were remarkable. There were as follows: First Concert—Overtures *Coriolanus* and *Egmont*; First and Second Symphonies; Romance in G-major for violin. Second Concert—Overtures, *Namensfeier* and *Prometheus*; Concerto for piano, violin and violoncello; Rondino for wind instruments; and the *Eroica*. Third Concert—Overtures, *Dedication of the House* and *King Stephan*; Elegiac Song for solo quartet and strings; Symphonies in B-major and C-minor. Fourth Concert—Overture to *Leonore* (No. 1); Introduction to the second act, Recitative and aria from *Fidelio*; G-major Concerto for piano; Romance in F-major for violin; *Adelaide* for tenor; and the *Pastoral* Symphony. Fifth Concert—Overture to *Leonore* (No. 2); Recitative and aria from *Fidelio*; Concerto for violin; Scene and aria, *Ah Perfidio*; Symphony in A-major. Sixth Concert—Symphony in F-major; Overture and choruses from the *Ruins of Athens*; *Calm at Sea* and *Happy Voyage*; Overture to *Leonore* (No. 3); *Fantasia* for piano and chorus. Seventh Concert—The Ninth Symphony, played twice in succession. (!)

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VOL. XLI. No. 8.

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- 11-16. One week of Her Majesty's Opera Company. Boston Theatre.
12. Second Matinée (11 1-2 A. M.) of Ernst Perabo. Meinaon.
12. (Evening) Second Trio Concert of Miss Emma V. Richardson. Chickering Rooms.
13. Philharmonic Fourth Rehearsal.
13. Annual Benefit of Miss Abby Noyes.
14. Philharmonic Fourth Concert.
15. (Good Friday). Handel and Haydn Society: Bach's Passion Music.
17. (Easter Sunday). Handel and Haydn Society: "St. Paul."
20. Fifth and Last Enterpe Concert.
21. Miss E. V. Richardson's third Trio Concert. Chickering's.
22. Fifth Apollo Club Concert.
- 22, and 26. Fifth and Sixth Apollo Concerts.
23. Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood's First Concert. Meinaon.
24. Mr. B. J. Lang's first Orchestral Concert in Brattle Square Church (Sunday evening).
26. Sixth Apollo Club Concert.
27. Mr. A. P. Peck's Annual Benefit. Music Hall.
28. Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood's Second Concert.
29. Concert of Mauricio Dengremont. Music Hall.
30. Matinée of Mauricio Dengremont. Music Hall.
30. Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood's Third Concert. Meinaon.

MAY, 1881.

1. Second Orchestral Concert of B. J. Lang, at Brattle Square Church.
2. Fourth Cecilia Concert (Probably).
3. Philharmonic Fifth Rehearsal, 3 P. M.
3. Fifth Public Rehearsal of Philharmonic Society, 3 P. M.
5. Philharmonic Fifth Concert.
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MR. PEPYS THE MUSICIAN.<sup>1</sup>

BY FRANCIS HUEFFER.

(Conclusion of No. III.)

It seems strange that Mr. Pepys, who was born in 1632 and passed his early youth in or near London, should, as he states in the passage last referred to, not "remember to have heard the organs and singing-men in surplices in my life." The explanation is probably that the boy was a staunch Roundhead, although the man conformed to the more congenial tenets of the loyal Church. Mr. Pepys's early republican tendencies troubled him a good deal in after years, and there is an amusing account in the Diary of how he meets a Mr. Christmas, an old schoolfellow, and is much afraid "that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the king was beheaded (that were I to preach upon him my text should be 'The memory of the wicked shall rot,') but I found afterwards that he did go away from school before that time."

After a passing reference to a "pair of Virginalls" saved in a boat from the great fire of London, we pass to the description of a fearful and wonderful instrument which, with its congeners, the learned men aforesaid must identify. "Thence to the musique meeting at the Post-office where I was once before. And thither anon came all the Gresham College, and a great deal of noble company, and a new instrument was brought called the Arched Viall, where, being tuned with lute strings and played on with keys like an organ, a piece of parchment is always kept moving; and the strings which by the keys are pressed down upon it are grated in imitation of a bow by the parchment; and so it is intended to resemble several vyalls played on with one bow, but so basely and harshly that it will never do. But after three hours' stay it could not be fixed in tune, and so they were fain to go on with some other musique of instruments."

There seems to be a curious fate reigning over the instruments which have the word "arch" prefixed to their name. They have no vitality, and somehow or other come to grief. Even the famous archlute, which was still a living thing in the time of Handel, has now disappeared from the concert-room and joined Mr. Pepys's "Arched Viall" in the limbo of things forgotten. Whether the latter twanged again on any subsequent occasion, and with less unharmonious results, the Diary does not say. Mr. Pepys's verdict, that it would never do, at any rate, has been fully confirmed by the event, as his predic-

tions usually were, being, indeed, always founded on calm judgment and close observation. For the latter he had, with regard to this particular subject, a good opportunity in his own collection of musical instruments, the remnants of which are still in existence. It was not without good reason that, as early as August 21, 1663, when his prosperous days had scarcely yet begun, he could write: "This evening I paid Mr. Hunt £3 for my viall, and he tells me that I may, without flattery, say I have as good a Theorbo viall and viallin as is in England."

How, four years later, Mr. Pepys was on the point of adding an organ to his collection, and how reasons of space and prudence prevented him from doing so, the following extract may tell: "At my bookseller's and did buy 'L'illustre Bassa'<sup>2</sup> in four volumes for my wife. Meeting Dr. Gibbons,<sup>3</sup> he and I to see an organ at the Dean of Westminster's lodgings at the Abbey, the Bishop of Rochester's; where he lives like a great prelate, his lodgings being very good; though at present under great disgrace at Court, being put by his Clerk of the Closet's place. I saw his lady of whom the *Terræ Filius*<sup>4</sup> at Oxford was once so merry; and two children, whereof one a very pretty little boy, like him, so fat and so black. Here I saw the organ, but it is too big for my house and the fashion do not please me enough; and therefore I will not have it."

Readers may care to know that the "fat and black boy" so unceremoniously introduced grew up to be an Irish judge, and a baronet of Queen Anne's creation.

We next come to a short excursion on scientific ground, which, although it does not refer to the art of music, may be interesting to the pupils of Helmholtz and others, as a landmark in the history of acoustics. Mr. Pepys, it may be added, although a man of science and later on the President of the Royal Society, was too reasonable a man to believe in the monstrous idea propounded by some people now-a-days, that composers as composers would be benefited by a knowledge of acoustics, or of what is absurdly called the *science* of music. In a passage, which will be quoted by-and-by, he classes music with "the other parts of mathematical knowledge," but this has reference to a more systematic and, therefore, more scientific method of teaching musical theory, which he justly advocates against the barbarous jargon of his contemporaries. As for acoustical science, he regarded it as being on the same footing with other branches of knowledge in which he took an interest, not as a musician or musical amateur, but merely as a man of wide culture and catholic intelligence. In explanation of the following passage, it should be stated that the Mr. Hooke referred to is Rob-

ert Hooke, a great scientific authority of the period, who frequently turns up in the Diary as a lecturer on the Comet of 1664, and on felt-making, and as the author of a book "of the Microscope, which is so pretty that I presently bespoke it, and away home." This is Mr. Hooke's theory of vibrations, as connected with musical sounds:—

"August 8, 1666. Discoursed with Mr. Hooke, whom I met in the streete, about the nature of sounds, and he did make me understand the nature of muscalle sounds made by strings mighty prettily; and told me that having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with his wings (those flies that hum in their flying) by the note it answers to during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined; but his discourse in general was mighty fine."

Speaking of acoustics, it will be well to mention one of the most curious passages in the Diary, curious in so far as it illustrates in the most striking manner the saying of Tacitus, "*Rebus humanis inest quidam circulus.*" Here, at a very primitive period of dramatic music in England, we find foreshadowed the idea carried out at the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth, the idea of the invisible-orchestra. The Theatre Royal, at which this idea was first tried, was one of the predecessors of "Old Drury," being situated near Drury Lane, although not yet called by the name of its local habitation.

"May 8, 1663. Thence to my brother's, and there took up my wife and Ashwell to the Theatre Royal, being the second day of its being opened. The house is made with extraordinary good contrivance, and yet hath some faults, as the narrowness of the passages in and out of the pitt, and the distance from the stage to the boxes, which I am confident cannot hear; but for all other things it is well, only, above all, the musique being below and most of it sounding under the very stage, there is no hearing of the basses at all, nor very well of the trebles, which sure must be mended."

Mr. Pepys's censure, it should be remembered, applies to a time when "musique," both orchestral and choral, was executed on a small scale; had he known the gigantic bands of modern days perhaps he would have judged differently.

To conclude, we must hear a little of one of Mr. Pepys's favorite hobbies, the reform of musical theory, which in those days of scholastic nomenclature, with a very vague meaning at the back of it, was, indeed, urgently needed. The new scheme, including, as we have seen, a remodelled system of notation, was as eagerly sought by Mr. Pepys as if it had been the philosopher's stone. More than once the secret seems within his reach. "All the evening," he writes, 20th of March, 1668,—"after a day's hard work at the office "to enable us to set out twenty-seven ships"—"pricking down some things and trying some conclusions upon my viall, in order to the inventing of a better theory of musick than hath yet been abroad; and I think verily I shall do it." Whether he ever "did it," and what

<sup>2</sup> "Ibrahim, ou l'illustre Bassa." It was the first of that almost interminable series of "Twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt," published by Magdaleine de Scudéri. It was printed in 1641.—M. B.

<sup>3</sup> Christopher Gibbons, the second son of the great Orlando. Born in 1615; appointed organist of Westminster Abbey, 1660; Doctor of Music, Oxon., 1664; died 1676. He is buried in the cloisters of the Abbey.

<sup>4</sup> A scholar appointed to make a satirical and jesting speech at an Act in the University of Oxford. The custom was discontinued about the beginning of the last century.—M. B.

<sup>1</sup> From the London Musical Times.



was the result, is more than the present writer professes to know. Some light on the general bearings of Mr. Pepys's theory is thrown by a passage in one of his letters, written many years after the close of his Diary, and not long before the close of his life. But his love of music never left Mr. Pepys, and well might he have promised to be faithful to Polyhymnia "till death do us part." The letter is dated Clapham, November 5, 1700, and is addressed to Dr. Charlett of Oxford, and refers to a scheme of teaching the "Mathematical Sciences" propounded by another learned man, Dr. Gregory, and submitted to Mr. Pepys by the first-named divine. Music, it appears, had no place in Dr. Gregory's scheme, and after a few introductory remarks, Mr. Pepys begins accordingly:—

"To which, what I would now recommend to your giving the same regard to, with the particulars therein named, is first Music—a science peculiarly productive of a pleasure that no state of life, public or private, secular or sacred, no difference of age or season, no temper of mind or condition of health, exempt from present anguish, nor, lastly, distinction of quality, renders either improper, untimely, or unentertaining. Witness the universal *gusto* we see it followed with, wherever to be found, by all whose leisure and purse can bear it; while the same might, to much better effect, both for variety and delight to themselves and friends, be ever to be had within their own walls, and of their own composes too, as well as others—were the doctrine of it brought within the simplicity, perspicuity, and certainty, common to all other parts of mathematical knowledge, and of which I take this to be equally capable with any of them, in lieu of that fruitless jargon of obsolete terms, and other unnecessary perplexities and obscurities, wherewith it has been ever hitherto delivered, and from which, as I know of nothing eminent, or even tolerable, left us by the ancients, so neither have I met with one modern master (foreign or domestic) owning the least obligation to it, for any of their now nobler compositions; but, on the contrary, charging all (and justly too) upon the happiness of their own genius only, joined with the drudgery of a long and unassisted practice."

The passage is well worth serious contemplation. It is interesting also from a literary point, showing as it does the different style of Mr. Pepys's learned correspondence from that of the Diary. Instead of felicitous, albeit unconscious, grace of expression, we have here long and involved sentences, and a train of thought not always easy to follow. But through all shines a true and earnest love of the art.

(To be continued.)

#### THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

MR. WILLIAM F. APTHORP'S LECTURES BEFORE  
THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.<sup>1</sup>  
IV.

FROM BACH AND HANDEL TO BEETHOVEN.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—We have seen how music, as represented by the Ambrosian and Gregorian chants, travelled from Milan and Rome to France and the Netherlands; how the French,

after receiving the Gregorian chant with open arms, carried it back to Italy in the more developed form of the *disceantus*; how in turn the French *disceantus* was taken up by the Netherlands and developed into counterpoint; and how they took their counterpoint to Italy, where it was carried to its highest pitch of perfection by Palestrina. We have also seen how the music-reform was begun by Caccini and Peri in Florence, how the dramatic and monodie styles sprang up, and how Monteverde discovered the modern tonal system. Modern music really began with Monteverde. I have said already that the earlier history of its development belongs mainly to the history of the opera. Although modern music owed its origin to a deliberate departure from counterpoint and from all contrapuntal forms, and to the establishment of the monodic style, the new tonal system had not long been in vigor before the old contrapuntal forms began to re-appear in it; they were gradually developed still further in this new musical atmosphere until tonal counterpoint arrived at quite as high a degree of perfection as the old modal counterpoint had reached before it. This gradual growth of tonal or modern counterpoint may be said to have begun with Monteverde himself, and to have reached its culmination under Bach and Händel. The time it took tonal counterpoint to attain to its full growth was somewhat shorter than that taken by the old modal counterpoint. Of course it is impossible to fix dates with any approach to accuracy, but the following figures will give a general idea of the time which the two styles took to grow to perfection. From 1380 (the year of Dufay's entrance into the Pontifical choir) to 1565 (the year of Palestrina's *Mass of Pope Marcellus*) is 185 years. Thus it took not quite two centuries for the old counterpoint to reach its full growth. From 1594 (the year of the publication of Monteverde's third book of madrigals) to 1729 (the year of Bach's great *Passion-Music*) is 135 years. Modern counterpoint accordingly grew to manhood in a little over a century and a quarter; but then, we must remember, it had the old counterpoint to start from.

The detailed study of this gradual growth of modern counterpoint is neither so interesting nor so important as that of the older forms. In studying the history of strict modal counterpoint, we find ourselves steadily rising step by step from Dufay to Palestrina. If at any point in our path we turn to look back upon the ground we have gone over, we see it all lying before us. But if in our study of the development of modern counterpoint we turn and look back, we see Palestrina standing like a mighty mountain-peak far above us, and we feel like returning to him. It is only when we get as far as Bach and Händel that we find ourselves once more standing on ground as high as that which we have left behind us. Upon the whole the growth of modern counterpoint is little more than the gradual absorption of the old contrapuntal forms into the new tonal system. Or let us rather say that these forms are one by one transplanted from the old modal system into the new, prurient soil of modern tonality, and take root and grow there in a very flourishing manner.

But this is to be noticed: as when you take a slip of grape-vine from the banks of the Rhine and plant it in the rich soil of our Western States, its fruit grows to twice its original size, so do we find the old contrapuntal forms enlarging and expanding; but the grape has lost its original character, and the wine made from it is no longer to be compared with the old Rhine wines. Just so with the transplanted contrapuntal forms and the music made from them. The music is more dramatic, more striking to the ear, but the old calm grandeur and purity have been lost, and these sublime qualities are not found again in their full

glory until we come to Bach and Händel. This is to be explained partly by the overwhelming genius of the two great men whose names I have just mentioned, and partly by the fact that the contrapuntal forms themselves had not reached the full development made possible for them by the modern tonal system, until these men came upon the field. Modern counterpoint culminated in Bach and Händel, just as the old modal counterpoint had culminated in Palestrina.

It is unfortunate that we are forced to bring the names of Bach and Händel so closely together. Apart from the fact that both came at the end of a great musical period, were equally great, each in his own way, and were contemporaries, the two had but little in common. Both were brilliant performers on the organ and harpsichord, but Händel was a man ever before the public. His life was one unintermittent struggle to outdo famous and admired rivals. If we could ask any of his contemporaries what Händel's special department was, the answer would probably be that he was an opera composer. His fame was universal in his own day. He carried on a brisk rivalry not only with the Italian Buononcini in London, but with Porpora Ariosti and others.

Bach, on the other hand, was a man who, perhaps, never in his life faced a very brilliant public. He wrote mainly for the church. While Händel's works were brought out one after another in England by all the splendid instrumental and vocal talent that British wealth could attract to the capital, Bach had to rely on the meagre resources of a Leipsie church choir. Instead of applause and ovations, he was met on every side with pooh-poohing and absurd objections. Only the select few even began to appreciate him. What fame he had during his lifetime was little more than local. With the exception of such compositions for the organ and harpsichord as he played himself, it is probable that Bach never heard a decent performance of one of his own works. Händel's works were given over and over again in London, Oxford, and Dublin. Bach's cantatas were written for and performed on a certain Sunday, and then laid aside, not to be used again.

Indeed, Bach was the most striking example of self-forgetting devotion to art, and to art alone, that we find in history. He wrote for himself and followed his own ideal. He wrote so far over the heads of his public that he could hope for very little praise or pudding. The technical difficulty of his compositions was so great that he could not count upon that high pleasure of every artist, of hearing his own works well performed. Never was a man more isolated from the world—his own genius was companionship enough for him. Bach may be called the Palestrina of the Lutheran Church. Add to Palestrina's music the musical ferment of modern tonality, and the religious ferment of the Reformation, and after a century or so of effervescence you get Bach. The similarity between the two men, and their methods, is great. The germ from which Palestrina's music sprang was the ritual Gregorian chant. In the same way Bach's music sprang from the Lutheran chorale. Yet this difference is to be noticed: where Palestrina prays, Bach preaches. Palestrina's masses are pure ecstasy; Bach's cantatas are musical exhortations and homilies. Bach's fame as an organist has done his reputation some injury. He has been judged too exclusively by his instrumental compositions. But wonderful and beautiful as these are, if we would know Bach's real greatness in its full glory, we must look for it in his church cantatas. Then we stand astounded at not only the sweetness and grandeur of his genius, but at its fecundity. He wrote cantatas for chorus, solos, and orchestra, for every Sunday and church Holy

<sup>1</sup> Revised by the author from the Boston *Traveller's* report.

Day for five years. Of these over 200 are preserved. Numbers mean something: but when we consider that all of these cantatas are written in the most elaborate style, and that, speaking roughly, one is as fine as another, we can begin to appreciate what a prolific genius Bach's was.

Besides these cantatas he wrote five mighty Passion-Musics, a great deal of Catholic church music, secular cantatas, sacred motets and other vocal works. As for his instrumental works their name is legion. Like Palestrina, Bach was not an innovator. He wrote in the style of his day; he came to complete the work of his period, not to begin a new one. In this respect he was also like Händel. Of the style of this period it may be said that many of its peculiarities were conventional. Ever since the Florentine music-reform had brought the individual singer into prominence, singers exercised an unmistakable influence upon composition. The great Italian singing teachers, Bernachi and Pistocchi, had developed the art of singing to the utmost, and had given to the world in their pupils a race of singers who for absolute mastery of the vocal art have probably never been equalled since. Singers, like other performers (in fact more than other performers), live to a large extent upon applause. Flexibility of throat, brilliant vocal flourishes and long roulades are the most efficient means of winning applause from the masses. Thus the great singers very naturally preferred florid and brilliant music, and this preference was not slow in reacting upon composers. Florid vocal writing had become the reigning style of the period in which both Bach and Händel lived. This ornate style, which in solo writing was almost wholly conventional, was far less so in choral composition. The choral writing of the day was chiefly founded upon more fully developed forms of imitative counterpoint, notably upon the fugue. In the fugue a certain amount of florid vocalization is, if not indispensable, at least musically justifiable. As the form of the fugue is based upon the juxtaposition of two melodies or themes of strongly contrasted character, it is evident that this desired contrast can be most easily obtained by having one of the themes slow and stately, and the other rapid, florid and brilliant. And let me say here, by the way, that the general notion that the fugue is necessarily a dry, mechanical form, is utterly and totally false. A great Beethoven student once said, and said truly: "It is curious to note how Beethoven, in his last period, when his music had become most transcendental and thoroughly soaked in passion and emotion, showed a peculiar fondness for fugal forms. Whenever he had worked himself up to a white heat of passion he almost invariably took to the fugue as the only adequate means of expression."

But to return to Bach and Händel. We are now too prone to decry this florid vocal style, calling it ridiculous and undignified. But let us remember that to the composers of Händel's and Bach's day it was so much a matter of course that they could write in it with perfect singleness of artistic purpose and absolute good faith. Their brilliant vocal passages bear the stamp of thoroughly genuine inspiration: a quality which, above all others, acts as a preservative against the changes of taste and fashion and keeps a work of art ever young and vigorous, no matter how much the peculiar style in which it is written may have fallen into disuse. That which is intrinsic and genuine will live; it is only the affected and spurious that dies. Again, let us remember that the very carpers against the long vocal roulades of Bach and Händel are often ready to admire the most outrageous flourishes of the modern Italian operatic school, forgetting that the latter generally serve no higher end than to display the singer's vocal agility. The Bach and Händel rou-

lades play an important part in the very structure of their compositions. They grow naturally out of the music as the rose blossoms out on the rose-bush. The modern vocal ornaments are too often put upon the music as we sometimes fasten camelias onto various sorts of shrubs to adorn our ball-rooms. In comparing Bach with Händel, critics have generally erred in ascribing a too overwhelming superiority in the technique of musical composition to the former. True, in the end Bach must be called the greater contrapuntist of the two, but his superiority in this respect is by no means so marked as some people would have us believe. Bach's habitual style was more intricate and varied than Händel's. He often faced and conquered technical difficulties such as Händel rarely attempted to grapple with. No musical problem was too abstruse to frighten him. But yet it must be owned that, although Bach always got through the contrapuntal snags that would ever and anon obstruct his course, and always came out victorious in the end, it was often by a certain laxity of style that he was enabled to do so. Bach often cut the Gordian knot, and his works abound in passages which can scarcely pass muster when tried by the strict rules of counterpoint. Händel's style is, in general, purer, if less daring. Yet we may say, upon the whole, that absolute purity and exactness of style, which we find in the older Italian contrapuntists, is not to be found, except in a few instances, in the works of any of the German composers. It were, perhaps, wrong to say that the extended forms of tonal counterpoint are much more difficult to treat in a thoroughly pure style than the more restricted forms of the old modal counterpoint. But it is certainly true that tonal counterpoint and the fugue offer more temptation to the composer to take irregular liberties than the older forms did, and that such liberties are far less liable seriously to affect the musical beauty of a composition than similar lapses from severe strictness of style in the old modal writing. This is partly owing to the intrinsic difference between modern tonality and old modality, but chiefly to the greater expansion of all musical forms. The older forms were so compact that any imperfection in detail was very noticeable; the musical forms of Bach's and Händel's day were so much vaster and more complex, they depended so much more upon the proper succession of musical periods than upon the finished turning of every single phrase, that slight imperfections in detail could pass by unnoticed. When we see a single platoon of soldiers drill, one man's getting out of step or holding his musket at a wrong angle is a serious blot on the picture; but when we see a whole regiment go through its evolutions, our eye is so taken up with watching the accuracy with which each platoon plays its part in the movements that we do not notice the slipshod marching of this or that particular man. One difference between Bach and Händel is, however, very marked. Händel was in constant intercourse with the greatest singers of his, or of any day; he had also learned much from Alessandro Scarlatti, and had thus become a complete master of the art of writing easily, naturally and effectively for the human voice. He wrote better for the voice than any other German composer except Mozart. Bach, on the other hand, was never under the influence of great singers; he had made no studies in Italy, at once the cradle and the nursery of the art of singing, and wrote in general very awkwardly for the voice. This is the one serious blemish in his writing—some of his phrases are extremely difficult to sing. To be sure his German successors have gone far beyond him in this particular, and some of the greatest German composers have not hesitated to impose the most absurd and well-nigh impossible tasks upon their much-abused

singers. Here Bach was greatly Händel's inferior. But in other respects, especially in point of original genius, neither of the pair can be called greater than the other. Indeed they were both so great that we have no trustworthy means of exactly measuring their æsthetic attitude.

With Bach and Händel we have well-nigh finished the list of composers of the highest rank. Those who now sit enthroned in the topmost circle of the musical heaven are few. Four of them we know already, Josquin Deprès, Palestrina, Bach and Händel, and when we have added two others, Mozart and Beethoven, the roll-call will be full. If there are other seats in this bright circle, they are as yet vacant; the glorious company of six still await the accession of a seventh peer.

(To be continued.)

#### ANOTHER "LEONORA" SYMPHONY.

That a young gentleman of twenty should gravely attempt to surpass Raff in his delineation of the music of the charnel-house seems the height of ambitious absurdity. The "Eleanora" piece of Signor Bandini, produced at the Crystal Palace concert last Saturday, is, we are told, the "symphony" for which the first prize was adjudged out of eighty-seven compositions at Turin last July. If this be the case, its hearers can hardly acquit the adjudicators of a sly touch of humor. That "Eleanora" was really the best of the collection seems so improbable that imagination almost halts in divining of what sort of stuff the inferior eighty-six could possibly have been made. Like the symphony of Raff, the fantastic production of Master Bandini is founded upon Bürger's ballad. In a brief introduction, Mr. Manns, who for the nonce assumes the function of analyst, confidently assures us the "first thirty-five stanzas" of Scott's imitation are comprised. This, of course, includes the return of the warriors from the Crusades, the anguish of the maiden whose lover is still absent, the prayerful comfort of the mother, the visit of the ghostly knight, and his urgent entreaties to mount the phantom horse and speed to the bridal bed. Those who can perceive all this, wrapped deftly up in the bounds of the "Introduction," must possess a lively fancy indeed. The allegro, which forms the principal section of the work, is less difficult to comprehend. In this sensational stuff may without trouble be recognized the rattling of skulls and crossbones, the clanking of chains on the gibbet, the shrieks of the ghosts, the hoots of the owls, and all the rest of the cacophony of pandemonium. It would be idle to inquire why these musical quidnuncs love to depict, with an accompaniment of horrors, that death which Christians and atheists agree is, at any rate, a state of peace; doubly idle, because a youth of twenty is hardly likely to trouble his brains with such purely practical considerations. Master Bandini has obviously heard Raff, and not having the German master's ability or experience, he has carefully adopted his eccentricities. Nor can Mr. Manns entirely escape blame, at a period when so many important works await a hearing, for wasting the valuable time of the Crystal Palace orchestra with rubbish whose only effect is to tax severely the temper and the patience of its auditors. — *London Figaro*, March 19.

#### THE GREEK DRAMA.

PROGRESS OF THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE NOVEL PRODUCTION AT THE SANDERS THEATRE, HARVARD COLLEGE.—THE CAST, THE CHORUSES AND OTHER DETAILS.

The details of the production of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, of Sophocles, in the original Greek, at the Sanders Theatre at Harvard College, are now nearly complete. The cast of the tragedy will be as follows: Mr. Riddle, the teacher of elocution, will be the *Œdipus*; Mr. Ipydycke, of the Law School, will play the part of *Jocasta*; Mr. Manning ('82) will be the priest; Mr. Norman, ('81) *Creon*; Mr. Guild ('81), *Teiresias*; Mr. Roberts ('81), the messenger, and Mr. Lane ('81), the servant. Master Charley, son of Professor Goodwin, will be the page. Professors Goodwin and Norton have charge of the

costuming, and Mr. John Wheeler of the stage. Professor White has undertaken the general oversight of the whole performance. Under the direction of Mr. Dyer, particular attention has been paid to acquiring purity in the pronunciation of Greek. The stage scenery, which has been designed by Mr. Van Brunt, the architect of Memorial Hall, will represent the front of a Greek palace, two stories high, with a door in the centre and one on each side. The seats are to be removed from the orchestra of the theatre, and in the centre of the space thus left open will be placed the *thymele* or altar around which the chorus takes its stand when it enters from the *paradoi* on either side of the stage. A few feet in front of the orchestra circle, and parallel to it, a screen will be placed, and behind this will be concealed a supplementary chorus of fifty voices and an orchestra of thirty-two pieces led by Listemann, which will be made up of the best instrumental performers in Boston. The supplementary chorus will be chiefly composed of Harvard graduates residing in Boston and vicinity, and will contain many who are prominent in the musical circles of the city. The music is arranged so that the altar chorus sings the strophes and the full chorus joins in on the antistrophe. This is a departure from the old Greek custom, which only allowed a chorus of fifteen to sing, but Professor Paine, in composing the music, decided that it would be best to sacrifice the letter of the custom for the sake of the grand effects to be produced by a larger number of voices. The managers of the play have been so fortunate as to secure the services of Mr. George L. Osgood, who will sing a tenor solo in the fifth chorus. Professor Paine has devoted much time and labor to drilling the several choruses, and will personally direct the music when the play is presented.

In costuming an attempt will be made to follow the ancient Greek style as closely as possible. The two gentlemen who have had the matter in charge have been considerably assisted in their work by the artistic taste of Mr. Frank Millet, as well as the kindly suggestions of many Cambridge ladies who have become interested in the project. It has been decided not to wear masks, although such was the ancient custom. In the Greek theatre the distance between the stage and the audience was so great that the spectator could not see the actors' faces with any distinctness; so large and brightly painted masks were worn for the benefit of those in the back rows. In the moderately-sized modern theatres, however, such a device is altogether unnecessary. It was feared that any attempt to produce the choral dance, which was so prominent a feature in the Greek drama, would prove a failure, but it has been decided to introduce a simple rhythmic movement into the acting of the chorus so slight as to preclude the possibility of its seeming absurd. In this, as in other matters, as little departure as possible will be made from ancient customs. If the play proves a success, another presentation of it will probably be given before class day.—*Daily Advertiser*.

#### OPERATIC CHRONICLES.

In the present day, when we have the foregleams of a purely American opera, and this continued nightly through a whole season, from the demand of an educated musical public, it may be well to recall that one of the most finished tenor singers that ever appeared before a Boston audience was Perelli, who belonged to the famous Havana Opera Troupe which appeared at the Howard Athenaeum in 1847. His rendering of *Cujus animam* (recently magnificently sung by Campanini) was considered the finest ever heard in Boston of that sublime air. Signor Marti, of this troupe, was the first impresario who had the honor of introducing Italian opera into this country, appearing in that year with Tedesco, Novelli, Vita, Sanguirico, and some others of note, as well as Perelli, with Bottesini for the contrabasso and Arditi as leader of the violins, and who created, through his superb company, immense enthusiasm on the part of the patrons. The opening night was devoted to *Ernani*, followed by *Don Giovanni*. Truffi and Benedetti first appeared among us in 1848. They remained here for some three or four years, and became great favorites with all who intimately knew them. Madame Bosio, Signors Bettini and Badiali, together with the great basso Marini, and

others of excellence, under the management and conductorship of that "prince of conductors," as he was then termed, Max Maretzek, made their first appearance in Boston at the old Federal Street Theatre in 1852. The season commenced on Monday, February 16, with *Lucia*, and closed 11th March, with *Norma*, *Lucia*, and *Sonnambula*, Madame Bosio's benefit. Several other operas were produced that season—*Borgia*, *Don Giovanni*, *Puritani*, *La Favorita*, etc. It is the opinion of some that as a tenor Signor Bettini has not been equalled since. Of the other great artists who visited us later—Lind, Mario, Alboni, Sonntag, Brignoli, and all the rest—are they not a part of the renown of Boston?—*Commonwealth*.

M. LAMOUREUX. —The first of two "Orchestral Concerts," announced some time ago by this adventurous French musician, late conductor of the Grand Opera, and chief promoter of Handel's works in Paris, was a thoroughly legitimate success. M. Lamoureux, an experienced and admirable conductor, had engaged an orchestra of over a hundred practised executants, fully capable of rendering a good account of any "novelties" that might be set before them. The programme was almost exclusively made up of music by French composers, including among other things some familiar excerpts from the pen of the now so much extolled Berlioz, a highly effective performance of whose overture, *Le Carnaval Romain*, convinced the audience that they had come to listen to an entertainment of no ordinary excellence. This, in fact, was exemplified throughout the evening in various compositions by Gouvy, Lalo, Godard, Saint-Saëns, Massenet and Reyher. Incomparably the best among them was the Symphony in F, by Théodore Gouvy, second of five works of the kind, which (like the symphonies of another French composer—M. Reber) ought, long ago, to have been introduced among us. The *Symphonie Espagnole* of M. Edouard Lalo, though by no means without intrinsic merit, owed its success chiefly to the admirable performance of the violin *obligato* part by M. Sainton. The vocalists were Mme. Brunet-Lafleur, who comes from France with a high reputation (her claim to which was fully established by her rendering of an air from Gluck's *Alceste*) and our own superb contralto, Mme. Patey. Besides taking the vocal part of "Aurore," a solo for contralto voice with orchestral accompaniments by M. Godard, Mme. Patey joined her French comrade, Mme. Lafleur, in the *nocturne*, "Nuit paisible et sereine," the most popular number in the opera, *Beatrice et Benedict*, originally produced by Berlioz, at Baden Baden, at the suggestion of Mme. Pauline Viardot Garcia. This was given by both ladies to perfection. In fact, the concert was a success in every respect merited. M. Lamoureux announces a second concert for Tuesday next, in aid of the funds of the French Hospital and Dispensary.—*Graphic*.

### Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1881.

#### THE ORCHESTRAL PROBLEM WELL-NIGH SETTLED.

In most of the daily papers suddenly appeared, one day last week, the following "word," with noble motive, power, decision, and wise plan behind it. Every one has read it, yet none the less we wish to have it stand recorded here:—

##### A WORD IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MUSIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF —

Notwithstanding the development of musical taste in Boston, we have never yet possessed a full and permanent orchestra, offering the best music at low prices, such as may be found in all the large European cities, or even in the smaller musical centres of Germany. The essential condition of such orchestras is their stability, whereas ours are necessarily shifting and uncertain, because we are dependent upon musicians whose work and time are largely pledged elsewhere.

To obviate this difficulty the following plan is offered. It is an effort made simply in the interest of good music, and though individual inasmuch as it is independent of societies or clubs, it is in no way antagonistic to any previously existing musical organization. Indeed, the first step as well as the natural impulse in announcing a new musical project, is to thank those who have brought us where

we now stand. Whatever may be done in the future, to the Handel and Haydn Society and to the Harvard Musical Association we all owe the greater part of our home education in music of a high character. Can we forget either how admirably their work has been supplemented by the taste and critical judgment of Mr. John S. Dwight, and by the artists who have identified themselves with the same cause in Boston? These have been our teachers. We build on foundations they have laid. Such details of this scheme as concern the public are stated below.

The orchestra is to number sixty selected musicians; their time, so far as required for careful training and for a given number of concerts, to be engaged in advance.

Mr. Georg Henschel will be the conductor for the coming season.

The concerts will be twenty in number, given in the Music Hall on Saturday evenings, from the middle of October to the middle of March.

The price of season tickets, with reserved seats, for the whole series of evening concerts will be either ten dollars or five dollars, according to position.

Single tickets, with reserved seats, will be seventy-five cents or twenty-five cents, according to position.

Besides the concerts, there will be a public rehearsal on one afternoon of every week, with single tickets at twenty-five cents, and no reserved seats.

The intention is that this orchestra shall be made permanent here, and shall be called "The Boston Symphony Orchestra."

Both as the condition and result of success the sympathy of the public is asked.

H. L. HIGGINSON.

Here is the orchestra question suddenly settled, it would seem, and over all our heads; settled by one-man power, a *coup-d'état*, with no pretence of any *plebiscite*. But in this surprise there lurks no mischief. Here the one-man power means only good; means music of the highest kind, accessible to all the people, and a plenty of it. Nothing could be more modest, simple and direct than Mr. Higginson's announcement of what he has resolved to do and how he has arranged to do it. Loving music, and having spent some of his younger years in Germany, where he enjoyed the best, it has been one of his dreams to be able some day to make this enjoyment and this culture cheap and common in his native city. Connected with the well-known banking-house of Lee & Higginson, and having recently become possessed of ample means, he now finds himself in a condition to realize the dream. He is prepared and willing, if need be, to sustain large losses in the enterprise, in which artistic excellence, completeness, and the elevation of the public taste are evidently of more account to him than any saving of expense, pecuniary profit being wholly out of the question. Probably the appearance here of Mr. Henschel was what crystallized the project long held in solution in his mind, and brought the whole thing to a practical decision now.

Nothing ever came more timely. Among the musical signs of the times here in Boston for some months past, has been the remarkable preoccupation of the whole community with what is called the permanent orchestra problem. For sixteen years the Harvard Musical Association (of which, by the way, Mr. Higginson is a member) has, through good report and ill report, in spite of insufficient means, and many obstacles (unsparing criticism, prejudices, party feeling, and capricious patronage), upheld the cause of classical Symphony Concerts, as well as it was able, losing not a dollar, to be sure, in the long run, but constrained to such economy as sadly interfered with its ideal in the matter of performance, although not of repertoire and programme. Still it has not secured the general confidence and sympathy enough to concentrate the general support upon its efforts; it has persevered in faith, trusting that the good time would come when money would not be wanting to enable it to do what from the first it has aspired to do. Of late, divided (not to say rival) movements in the same, or a similar direction have sprung up, until



the prospect was that by another year we should be flooded with orchestral concerts, yet no one series of them strong enough singly to do much toward the "permanence" of an orchestral organization. Mr. Higginson's decided movement, while it may take the wind out of the sails of all these, both the old and new, is on a larger scale than all of them combined, and is a very strong one, offering such positive advantages that we must all wish it God-speed and a long continuance.

Among these advantages are the following: (1.) It is free from all taint of speculation; art being made of more consequence than money-making. (2.) It places the best of music within frequent and easy reach of all who love it and cannot afford to pay the prices usual heretofore; and it tends to bring down the scale of prices for all such pure and elevating entertainments. (3.) It has the advantage of unity of plan and will, backed by abundant means;—although for permanence, and for consistent loyalty to a high idea, we still believe that such idea had better be embodied in an organized society, standing for a bulwark in this field, like our old Handel and Haydn Society (for instance) in the field of oratorio. (4.) It antagonizes no other organization, although it yet remains to see what special field is left for each to cultivate and make its own *par excellence*. (5.) It ensures a plenty of good orchestral music for next season, and a plenty of occupation for all good musicians, going farther than any promise yet held out toward the realization of a "permanent orchestra," that is, an orchestra whose members shall make that their one, at least their chief, occupation and support. And the very rumor of a Boston so full of music and of good work for musicians will draw other good ones to us. (6.) Last, not least, it makes Mr. Henschel one of us, and that will be a great gain indeed to Boston. Therefore, Success to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and thanks to Mr. Higginson!

#### RECENT CONCERTS.

We have too long postponed full mention of Mr. ARTHUR FOOTE's series of eight trio concerts. Let us hasten to make up for lost time now. In looking back upon the eight Saturday evenings which Mr. Foote has made us, and many others, pass so pleasantly at Messrs. Chickering & Sons' rooms, we are impelled to recognize, even more surely than at first, that these concerts of his deserve to be classed with the most really important events of the musical season. Let it not seem as if we intended a slight upon Mr. Foote's personal prowess, if we say that the great importance of these concerts lies mainly in the fact of their having been given at all, and in their unmistakable success. The concerts have had throughout a definite high musical purpose, and owe their valuable character to the distinctness and definiteness of this purpose.

We have many musical institutions in Boston which have a worthy and characteristic musical aim in view, and which thus stand as representatives of certain high phases of the art. For instance, our HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY represents the Oratorio; the CECILIA, after some years of dalliance with the lighter forms of vocal part-music, may now be looked upon as worthily representing the secular Cantata; the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION and the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY represent the symphony, the concerto, and other noble forms of orchestral composition; the EUTERPE represents the string-quartet. In like manner Mr. Foote's series represents the pianoforte trio. This peculiar phase of the sonata form of composition has not, if we remember aright, been so characteristically represented in Boston before; which is somewhat to be wondered at. Of the many applications of what is known as the "sonata form," there are five which have so distinct an individuality that they may be ranked as the chief, and most important exemplifications of this form. These are: the symphony, the concerto, the string-quartet, the pianoforte trio, and the pianoforte sonata. These are the forms of instrumental composition for which the greatest composers (since Haydn's day) have shown a peculiar predilection, rightly perceiving that, in them, the choice of instrumental material was best adapted

to ensure certain characteristic musical results. To our mind the string quintet, sextet, or octet, can never stand as such complete and perfect musical forms (generally speaking) as the quartet. Their greater wealth of instrumental resource overshoots the mark, just as the poverty of the string-trio (violin, viola and 'cello) falls short of it. In the same way, the pianoforte quartet or quintet, on the one hand, and the sonata-duo (pianoforte and violin) on the other, are, in general, less perfect and characteristic forms than the trio.

Hence a series of chamber concerts especially, or mainly, devoted to pianoforte trios, fills a most honorable place in any musical season, and has, as we have said, the merit of a definite and high artistic purpose. Now that Mr. Foote has so identified himself with this peculiar department in music, it is much to be hoped that these concerts of his will become an institution in our city, so that we may look for their regular recurrence every season with as much certainty as, say, Charles Halle's sonata-recitals are expected (or used to be expected) in London.

In the eight concerts this season, Mr. Foote has presented the following works, many of them for the first time:—

##### PIANOFORTE TRIOS.

Bargiel in F-major, Op. 6  
Beethoven in C-minor, Op. 1, No. 3: in D-major, Op. 70, No. 1  
Dvorák in B-flat-major, Op. 21  
Goldmark in E-minor, Op. 33  
Haydn in C-major  
Mendelssohn in D-minor, Op. 49  
Mozart in E-major  
Raff in G-major, Op. 112  
Rubinstein in F-major, Op. 15 (twice)  
Schumann in D-minor, Op. 63

##### PIANOFORTE QUARTETS.

Brahms in G-minor, Op. 25 (twice)  
Mozart in E-flat-major

Besides these have been played Beethoven's pianoforte sonata in A-major, Op. 101; and G. W. Chadwick's string-quartet in C-major, No. 2.

Mr. Foote has had the valuable assistance of Mr. C. N. Allen, Mr. Gustav Dannreuther, Mr. Henri Heindl and Mr. Wulf Fries; Messrs. Allen and Dannreuther playing at alternate concerts, except when (as in the Chadwick quartet) the services of both were required at once. The performances have been usually of a high degree of excellence, and the large audiences, of the very highest character Boston can furnish, have been steadily enthusiastic in their expressions of approval. The mental strain of listening to two consecutive trios was relieved each time by a charming group of songs by such writers as Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Jensen, Rubinstein, Widor, etc.; sung at the first four concerts by Miss May Bryant, and with notably brilliant effect at three of the remaining concerts by Mrs. Humphrey-Allen.

The larger pieces were, in almost every case, judiciously assorted, and especial praise is to be given to the judgment shown throughout the programmes. It is admitted on all sides that the mental strain of listening to the larger and severer forms of music is great. At one time it used to be thought advisable to relieve this strain by a large admixture of lighter music—that is, by dilution. Mr. Foote's plan is better: two strong pieces, with just enough singing between them to rest the musical sense without distracting it—that is, making the concerts very short. Two great trios are certainly enough for one evening, and it is better to go home satisfied after hearing them than to have the programmes diluted by irrelevant music. It is with concert-programmes as with a certain favorite beverage, the recipe for making which is: get your materials as good as you can, and then every drop of water spoils the punch.

W. F. A.

EUTERPE. The fourth of these choice Chamber Concerts (March 23) was the most delightful of them all so far. The return to the Meisnaon made it more enjoyable. No selections could be finer than those two precious string-quartets, one by Mozart and one by Beethoven. The former was the one in C, last of the six dedicated to Haydn, containing that wonderful *Andante cantabile* in F, in which the bass persistently repeats a most impressive figure, and

the exquisitely graceful and imaginative Finale. The whole work is one of the purest, rarest specimens of Mozart's art and genius. The Beethoven Quartet is the second of the Rasoumowsky set, Op. 59, in E-minor, introducing, like the other two of the set, a Russian theme in one of its movements. It has the most subtle, deep, poetic temper of Beethoven, especially in the first Allegro, in which the theme steals in so like the gentlest breath as to be almost imperceptible at first, unless played with the utmost nicety. The slow movement (*Molto Adagio*) takes one far into the depths of a great soul. The Allegretto contains the quaint and lively *thème Russe*, which is played with, and held up in various lights, and dismembered and put together again with genial, consummate skill and fancy. The Presto, too, is most exhilarating in its piquant, rapid movement.

The interpreters of both works were the New York Philharmonic Club (Messrs. Arnold, Gantzberg, Hemmann and Charles Werner), and we must say that it was about the best quartet-playing that the Euterpe has yet given us,—much better than the same artists gave us in former seasons. The works had evidently been most carefully and critically rehearsed, and were given throughout with sensitive regard to accent, light and shade; no point was missed; there was no coarseness, no lack of vitality: it was all clear, inspiring, and enchanting.

One more concert remains, for April 20, when the same artists will perform one of Beethoven's latest quartets (A-minor, Op. 132), and the second (F-major) of the three by Schumann, Op. 41.

BOSTON PHILHARMONIC. We were unable to attend the second Symphony Concert, on Thursday evening, March 24. Report speaks very highly of the performance, as a great improvement on the first. The programme certainly possessed intrinsic interest, with considerable novelty:—

Overture, "Anacreon" Chernbini  
Andante, Minuet and Finale, from *Serenade*,  
No. 12 (Köchel 3-8) Mozart  
For 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets, 2 Horns, 2 Bassoons.  
(First time in America.)

Symphony, B-flat Schumann  
Suite Algerienne. Picturesque impressions of a journey in Algiers Saint-Saëns  
1. Prelude. 2. Moorish Rhapsody. 3. Evening Reverie. 4. French Military March.  
(First time in America.)

Adagio, in C-major, from Quartet in G Haydn  
(For String Orchestra.)  
Overture, "Tannhäuser" Wagner

—Of the third concert (April 2) we were again robbed of the second part by foolishly attempting to divide the evening between two concerts (spoiling both for us). We heard, however, an excellent performance of Mozart's *Magic Flute* Overture, ever fresh and welcome; a finished, chaste, expressive rendering of Mozart's "Dove song," from *Figaro*, by Miss Amy Sherwin, a singer with a musical, true soprano voice, albeit slightly veiled, and an artistic style; and the larger part of Raff's romantic, sentimental, and in parts sensational, "Lenore" Symphony, which we never altogether liked. The first two movements (*allegro* and *andante quasi larghetto*) intended to express "Love's Happiness," contain the best music of the work, although a little vague and sickly, and they serve, like the interminable March, and the "Reunion in Death" (the fearful ride, so like that in Berlioz's *Faust*, with the spectre bridegroom), to tax the mettle of an orchestra; and they were indeed admirably played, Mr. Listemann, as conductor, being thoroughly master of the situation. We regret losing the tempting novelties of the second part of the programme, to wit:—

Suite Arlesienne (New) Bizet  
Andante. — Menuetto. — Adagietto. — Carol.  
Aria. Valse, Valse, from "Roberto" Meyerbeer  
Miss Amy Sherwin.  
Ballet Music, from the Opera "Démou" Rubinstein  
(First time in America.)  
Polonaise in E Liszt

—In our notice of the first concert we were in error in supposing that Wagner's conclusion to Gluck's overture was used; it was the usual one by Mozart. Writing long after the concert, and preoccupied with the question of the Wagnerian slow tempo, which was followed throughout, we did not remember about the conclusion, but took it for granted that that must have conformed to Wagner's theory like the rest. What would the "great claimant" say to such a half following?

MR. T. ADAMOWSKI and MR. JOHN A. PRESTON. The three chamber concerts given by these young artists in the Chickering rooms on successive Tuesday evenings in March, possessed a unique interest increasing to the end. The first programme was as follows:—

Trio Serenade for violin, viola and 'cello (Op. 8)  
First time . . . . . Beethoven  
1. Marcia. 2. Adagio. 3. Menuetto. 4. Adagio, Scherzo.  
Adagio. 5. Alla Polacca. 6. Andante con variazioni.  
7. Allegretto. 8. Marcia.  
Piano Solo, Scherzo (Op. 9) . . . . . Chopin  
Violin Solos:  
a. Gavotte . . . . . Bach  
b. Elegie. (First time.) . . . . . Bazzini  
Sonata, violin and piano (Op. 21) . . . . . Gade

Beethoven in his early period composed five trios for strings only. They contain beautiful ideas, and yet we almost never hear one of them, at least in the original form. This serenade is Mozartish, and yet the Beethoven individuality flashes out more than once. The Polonaise is very bright and vigorous. The Andante, with variations, has a most lovely theme, of pure, deep sentiment, which sounded familiar, for it has been transcribed in various ways; the variations, too, are charming, the three instruments taking up the theme in turn. The viola and 'cello parts were taken by two of Mr. Adamowski's pupils, members of his string-quartet, and the rendering was on the whole quite satisfactory. Mr. Adamowski's violin playing showed to fine advantage in his solos, especially in the "Elegie" by Bazzini, which is worked up with a great deal of passion. Recalled with enthusiasm, he responded with an effective performance of one of Brahms's Hungarian Waltzes. Mr. Preston played the Scherzo with a brilliant verve, and the Sonata-duo by Gade made a charming conclusion to the concert. The audience, this and every time, was both numerous and select, and of course enthusiastic.

Of the second concert we can only give the programme, as we had to lose it:—

Quartet (Op. 44, No. 1) . . . . . Mendelssohn  
Piano Solo, Fantasia and fugue in G-minor . . . . . Bach-Liszt  
Violin Solos: a. Scherzo . . . . . Spohr  
b. Larghetto . . . . . Mozart  
Rondo Brillant for violin and piano (Op. 70) . . . . . Schubert  
1. Andante. 2. Allegro.

The third and last programme was made up entirely from composers of Mr. Adamowski's own (Polish) nationality, as follows:—

Trio for piano and 'cello (Op. 22) . . . . . Ladislaus Zelenski  
I. Vivos voce! II. Mortuus plango. III. Fulgura frango!  
Piano solos— a. Polonaise.  
b. Preludes.  
c. Polish Songs . . . . . Frederic Chopin  
Violin Solos:—  
a. Bolero (Op. 16, No. 2) . . . . . Moritz Moszkowski  
b. Légende . . . . . Henri Wieniawski  
Rondo for violin and piano (Op. 17, No. 3) (In Hungarian style) . . . . . Philipp Szwed

The three short movements of the Trio were interesting and original, although we could not perceive any very palpable relation to the mottoes from the old Latin inscription on a church bell. It was played *con amore* by the violinist, well seconded of course by Mr. Preston, and by Mr. Stockbridge in the 'cello part. The pianist gave us a generous and well contrasted series of Chopin solos, playing the Polonaise superbly, and grouping together with much tact a number of the finest preludes (some of them seldom heard), among which that dainty morsel, the very short Andantino in A, appeared twice. The Bolero by Moszkowski was a brilliant and inspiring affair, and the young violinist threw himself into it with such *abandon* and delight that we almost expected to see him float upward, like Goethe's *Pater ecstaticus* in the last scene of *Faust*. The *Légende*, too, was beautifully played, and the Hungarian Rondo by Szwed kept up the interest to the end. Indeed the audience seemed loath to leave the room, and many did not until Adamowski had improvised a short supplementary concert.

CECILIA. Schumann's *Faust* music was sung, with orchestra, for the first time in this country, on Monday evening, March 28, and with such signal success that it had to be repeated last Monday evening. The wonderful music, particularly the scenes from the second part of Goethe's poem, made a profound impression, in spite of the mystical nature of the text. But it is too great a subject for us to attempt to treat until we have more room and time.

Several interesting pianoforte concerts still await notice: one by Miss Hamlin, a very promising pianist, formerly the pupil of Hugo Leonhard, who has since studied at Stuttgart, and is now with Mr. Sherwood; one by Mr. Tucker; one by Mr. Calixa Lavallée; and particularly an early morning concert in the Meinaon, by Mr. Perabo, with Mr. Dannreuther, who will give another at 11 1-2 A. M. next Tuesday.

## MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BALTIMORE, March 28. The following are the programmes of the three closing Symphony Concerts at the Peabody Institute:—

### THIRD CONCERT.

Symphony, G-minor, No. 2. Work 45, . . . W. A. Mozart  
Composed in Vienna, July, 1788.  
Violin-Concerto, D-major. Work 61, . . . L. van Beethoven  
Composed in 1806.  
Cadences by H. Vieuxtemps.  
Mr. Fritz Gaul.  
Three songs, with piano, . . . . . R. Schumann  
Miss Amy Sherwin.  
Minuet and Scherzo for orchestra. Work  
18, . . . . . Emil Hartmann

### FOURTH CONCERT.

a. Overture to Goethe's tragedy Egmont.  
Work 84, . . . . .  
Composed in 1810.  
b. Piano-Concerto, G-major, No. 4. Work  
58, . . . . . L. van Beethoven  
Cadences of first and last movements by L. van Beethoven.  
Madame Nannette Falk-Auerbach.  
Three songs with piano, . . . . . Anton Rubinstein  
Mrs. A. H. Darling.  
Norse Suite, A-major. No. 5. Work 26, . . .  
Composed in Baltimore, 1879-80.  
"On the Ocean," "Serenade," "Scherzo,"  
"In folk-song style," "Praise to the  
ocean," . . . . . Asger Hamerik

### FIFTH CONCERT.

Symphonique Poétique, F-Major. No. 1.  
Work 29, . . . . .  
Composed in Baltimore 1880-81. Manuscript.  
Allegro moderato ed espressivo, allegro  
marcato, andantino con moto, allegro  
giusto, . . . . . Asger Hamerik  
a. Andante Spianato and Polonaise. Work 22,  
for piano and orchestra, . . . . .  
b. Chant Polonaise, transcribed for piano, by  
Fr. Liszt, . . . . . Fr. Chopin  
Magic Fire from the Valkyrie, transcribed by  
L. Brassin, . . . . . R. Wagner  
Miss Cecilia Gaul.  
Four songs with piano, . . . . . Ed. Lassen  
Miss Emma Gaul.

Festal-Overture, C-major. Work 15, Leopold Damrosch

The programmes have always been given in full in order to show the readers of the JOURNAL with how much careful attention and taste the selections for each concert are made. The new works to Baltimore audiences, in the three programmes given above, are the Minuet and Scherzo by the younger Hartmann, a Danish composer, the Festal-Overture by Dr. Damrosch, and the Fifth Norse Suite and First Symphony by Asger Hamerik.

The first is a bright, sprightly composition, thoroughly Norse, suggestive of twilight dances of gnomes and mystic shadows on Elfin Hill. The Damrosch Overture is indeed a composition for a festal occasion. Broad, dignified and massive, it is a fitting close to any Symphony Concert. Dr. Damrosch is a composer and a conductor of whom our American musical public may well feel proud. There are few other representatives of the art in this country so thoroughly imbued with artistic ardor, so earnest and indefatigable in their work, and with such results to show for their strivings to present that which is most beautiful and grand in musical composition.

In the Fifth Norse Suite of Mr. Hamerik we have again the beauties of a style, in the handling of which this composer has been peculiarly successful. Mr. Hamerik is always at his best when he draws his inspiration immediately from natural objects, as witness his lovely chorus for female voices, full of the breath of spring and budding verdure (nothing more appropriate than to write it for a female chorus), and the prelude to an act of his opera "*Tovelille*," which opens with a forest scene.

Where can a Scandinavian find greater inspiration than in the contemplation of the sea?

"Du Danskes Vei til Ros og Magt, Sortladne Hav."  
How beautifully our own Longfellow has translated it!

The great beauty of Mr. Hamerik's works lies to a large extent in their finish. The prelude in "*Tovelille*," for instance, was written and rewritten three or four times, and it always became more beautiful. To this

perhaps may be ascribed the fact that his symphony, performed at the last concert, at a first hearing, fails to create the effect that might have been expected, and that it certainly will create after it has been more carefully revised and made more full and compact. That it contains many characteristic beauties no listener of any poetic sensibility will deny. To what extent these beauties are to be ascribed to form, and what position the work will take among symphonies, remains for musicians and for time to decide.

The programmes of the last three Quartet Concerts for the students of the conservatory were as follows:—  
TWELFTH CONCERT.

String-Quartet, D-major. Work 18, No. 3, L. van Beethoven  
Three songs, for two sopranos and pianos, Mendelssohn  
String-Quartet, A-major. Work 18, No. 5, L. van Beethoven

### THIRTEENTH CONCERT.

Missa Papae Marcelli, in six parts. An-  
nus. II, Tom. I, Fasc. VII, . . . . . Giov. da Palestrina  
Composed 1565.

Loreley, song-poem with piano, . . . . . Fr. Liszt  
Piano-Quintet, B-flat major. Work 5, for pi-  
ano, two violins, viola and violoncello, G. Sgambati

### FOURTEENTH CONCERT.

String-Quartet, C-major. Work 17, . . . . . Mozart  
a. Prayer from the opera "*Genoveva*," . . . . .  
b. "Why Aimless Wander?" song with piano, Schumann  
Piano-Trio, F-major. Work 5, . . . . . G. Matthison-Hansen

In the programmes of the Third and Fifth Symphony Concerts above appear the names of Fritz, Cecilia and Emma Gaul, three young musicians whom we regard with a certain amount of pardonable pride as distinctly Baltimore products. They are the children of a well-known musician, a member of the Peabody Orchestra, who has been living in Baltimore for a number of years devoting much to the musical education of his son and daughters. Miss Cecilia, better known here as little Katie Gaul, has achieved some success in Stuttgart, here, and in the West. Mr. Fritz Gaul is just beginning to show himself a violinist, serious, conscientious and devoting careful study to his instrument.

Your readers may imagine there never was a prouder father than Mr. Gaul when he acknowledged the tribute paid him by the audience at the last concert, after his three children had left the stage. The Oratorio Society has swelled to something like five hundred voices, and at the first concert to be given in May, nothing but the most complete success will satisfy us.

CHICAGO, April 2. Musical matters have taken a new departure, and we are having a season of real opera. Some two weeks ago, there was a simple announcement made in our daily papers that there would be a two weeks' season of opera at McVicker's Theatre, by the "De Beaplan French Opera Company." The list of singers was mentioned with no undue stress of their importance. The operas were advertised to be given without cuts, and also with the ballets as written. Mme. Ambré was the only familiar name among singers. The list of operas was as follows: *Les Huguenots*, *La Juvén*, *Faust*, *Aida*, *Robert Le Diable*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, *Carmen*, *L'Africaine*, *Romeo and Juliette*, *La Favorite* and *William Tell*. It will be seen by the above list that the company was ambitious, but it pleases me to state that they accomplished what they undertook. The orchestra was remarkable, was well under control, and they did splendid work. It is pleasant to see an able conductor like M. Momas. True, his motions may seem a little strange, and perhaps will be called after the style of "ye olden school;" but, judged by the results he produces, he must be entitled to full praise. In the first place he aims to produce the operas with completeness. He allows no one part to overshadow the rest. He requires finish and unity. He takes particular pains to keep his forces well in hand. It is a pleasure to see him going quietly among his orchestra, and giving them directions before the performance begins. It is also agreeable and praiseworthy to note how careful he is regarding the tuning; for in these days of degenerate operatic performances, every indication that marks improvement is worthy of mention. Then the chorus is better than we have had in years. They even make some pretence of acting, and really know their parts. There is no prompter's box, or any one calling out the lines. The singers, one and all, know their music, and their rôles, and have some intent in all they do. There are no stars, unless Mme. Ambré and M. Tournie may be so considered. At least there is no attempt to push one or more persons into a prominent position, at the expense of the rest of the rôles. Personally I have never been impressed with the French school of singing, nor is it always agreeable to my ear to listen to the tones they produce. The variation of quality in one voice is too marked to be pleasant, particularly if the singer is not gifted by nature with a wonderful or-

gan. Yet it is pleasant to see honest efforts made from an art standpoint, and we value them accordingly. Mme. Ambré sings much better at the head of her own company than she did when with Col. Mapleson; she has taken a higher stand as a singer. M. Tournie, the leading tenor, has a powerful voice, and is a dramatic actor of fine ability. Objection may be made to his constant *tremolo*, but he has some gifts that more than balance his faults. In *Aida* and in *La Juive* he is particularly fine; his acting is worthy of the highest praise. Mlle. Delprato is a most useful singer, and as Rachel in *La Juive*, and as Scleka in *L'Africaine*, did splendid work. M. Utto as Nelusko in the latter opera also indicated good ability. M. Jourdan, the bass, is also a useful singer, and has given us some most praiseworthy work. Mme. Ambré has appeared in *Les Huguenots*, *Aida*, *Faust*, *La Traviata* and *Carmen*, and made some fine representations of the rôles given her. It was pleasant to hear the ballet music of the different operas, for the orchestra was always good and the dancing graceful. The mounting of the operas has been very fine, and much care is taken that the representations may be harmonious. There has been an honest effort to do good work. I regret to state that our fashionable people have taken but very little notice of these performances. Perhaps the Lenten season may be a reason for it, but I fancy that it takes something besides good music to draw these people out. They must know what the fashionable world has done elsewhere before they follow in new ventures. Yet there have been quite good houses, made up mostly of Germans and French, with a few musical people from among our own nationality; but the fashionable circle have lost the best performances of opera that we have had this season. I would ask the musical people of Boston to give this company some encouragement should they visit your city, for such efforts are in the direction of true progress, and merit support. I believe that it is the plan of Mr. De Beauplan to return next year, with a still better company, when he proposes to divide his season up among three or four cities, giving a larger number of operas, and staying a longer time than has been usual heretofore. This plan will enable us to have more complete representations than we have ever had. It also divides the expense among a few large places, and lessens the cost of travelling. I hope that he will be successful, for commercial performances given to show the ability of a high-priced "star" are only drawbacks to artistic progress, and will never be of lasting benefit. Such performances as we have had in these two weeks have familiarized our people with some great works, and benefited them.

On Thursday evening of this week we had a remarkable night of music. The Mendelssohn Quintet Club of your city gave a concert; the "Bach and Handel Society" gave *The Flight into Egypt* of Berlioz, and selections from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*; while the Beethoven Society were holding a reunion, with a fine programme. Mr. Emil Liebling gave his second concert, offering the Quartet in G, of Mozart; *Fantasia*, Op. 28, of Mendelssohn; and the Octet, Op. 9, by Rubinstein; besides Jensen and Raff songs, by Mr. C. H. Clark, and some violin solos, by Mr. Heimendahl. At the same time the De Beauplan Troupe were giving a splendid performance of *Aida*, with Mme. Ambré, and M. Tournie in the cast, and the Cornley-Barton Company were singing *Olivette*. There were musical offerings at six places of amusement in one evening. I divided my time among three performances; the Mendelssohn Quintet Club Concert, the Beethoven Reunion, and *Aida*. It is a credit to the musical standing of Chicago to say that there were good audiences at all the performances I visited. Yet for the critic there was too much for one evening. To hear one movement of Mendelssohn's Quintet in B-flat, and the Scene and Air "Bel Raggio" sung by Miss Nellini, at the Mendelssohn Quintet Club Concert; to listen to a violin Suite by Ries, and the "Bel Raggio" again, as sung by Miss Jerzykiewicz at the Beethoven Reunion, with three acts of *Aida* at the opera, may be a variety, but it destroys that harmony necessary to real musical enjoyment. C. H. BRITTAN.

BERLIN, Dec. 30. (Concluding extracts from a private letter.) In regard to my own experience I found Bülow terribly irregular and unreliable. But he does such an immense amount of work, and is ill so much of the time, that a student cannot expect much of him. His illness is always due to nervous prostration, and if you desire to keep in his good graces you must not mention his state of health. At least I was so informed, and never dared to speak on the forbidden topic. It is strange the fondness Bülow has for his hat; he carries it everywhere, even into the orchestra and concert-room. When he came to our rooms he would never al-

low any one to take his hat, but kept it close by his chair, or on a table where he could grasp it quickly if any one approached it. He once asked if I could play a certain étude without notes. Upon my reply in the affirmative he said "Take your notes." About a year ago, Bülow had trouble with a tenor in the opera, Herr Schott; the trouble I believe, went the rounds of the American papers. Schott said that Bülow led the orchestra wrong, in order to put him out. Bülow affirmed that Schott sang false. Schott said he would not sing when Bülow led. Bülow declared he would not lead when Schott sang. The public seemed to side with Schott, but the most cultured and refined Hanooverians took Bülow's part. Schott sang *Lohengrin*, his best character, and the public gave him a grand ovation to express their sympathy. Shortly afterwards Bülow directed Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*, and his friends showered bouquets upon his rostrum, until his feet were covered. For some time it was hard to tell who was victorious; no one ever knew exactly, but Bülow left Hanoover, and gave concerts in England and Germany for several months. After Bülow left Hanoover, I, of course, had no desire to remain. Bülow gave me a very good letter to Kullak of Berlin, whom I have found in every way most satisfactory. Perhaps you may feel interested to know that Bülow told me if I worked hard I would succeed. I never thought my technique at all acceptable, but even Bülow said I had been well-trained and Kullak seems to find little fault with it. Liszt, I think, never mentioned technique to a student. I never heard very much of Kullak in America, yet he has so many American pupils. He is a grand teacher, because he is also a thoroughly finished artist; his knowledge of music seems almost unlimited. During the months I have been with him he has played everything I have taken without notes with one exception, the Bach-Tausig Toccata and fugue in D-minor.

His playing of Chopin is simply divine. He is considered the best authority on Chopin's works, and has already made an edition of the valses, études and other works by the same composer. Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood of Boston studied with Kullak, so also the Liebling brothers, Miss Clara Strong of Cleveland, and many of our best players. Moritz Moszkowski, Kullak considers the best pupil he ever had. This artist was also the best at Weimar, in the summer of '79. His compositions are highly thought of in Germany; he is at present engaged in composing an opera, I am told. Moszkowski's playing is truly masterful, and lacks only a little warmth to make it almost perfect. Alfred Grünfeld is another pianist, a pupil of Kullak, who is remarkably good; his exquisite touch will some time make him famous, and his technique is immense.

I suppose you know that Kullak has a conservatory here of twenty-six years standing. In April of last year he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary; there was a grand dinner, speeches and toasts, etc.; congratulations were telegraphed from many artists. I know nothing of the school personally, but was told that they teach there the Leipzig and Stuttgart methods. I know only Kullak's method, which is simple enough to tell, but most difficult to practise, i.e., get the most music with the least effort. His fingering is marvellous; he seems to simplify the hardest passages by changing a single finger. I sit at one piano, and he at another. We play together, which sometimes makes me scramble to keep up with him; he can be playing *fortissimo*, and yet know if I use a wrong finger. He generally has some story to relate about whatever composition I may be studying. He does it, he says, to exercise my imagination; for an artist must have imagination. It is very interesting, and gives me something to think about. Franz Kullak, Prof. Kullak's son, is a fine teacher and a brilliant player; he leads the orchestra of the school. I played the first movement of the E-minor Chopin Concerto a short time ago, and shall play the whole concerto without notes immediately after the holidays. It was my first attempt with orchestra, I found it nervous work. The audience kindly gave me very good applause. Emile Sauret is connected with the conservatory, and I expect to play with him when he returns from his concert trip; he played in Berlin in the Sing-Akademie last February, and was received with enthusiasm.

Camille Saint-Saëns played here last February; he played the first concert in the Concert House with B. Bilse's orchestra. Among his selections was his G-minor Concerto. His playing is as perfect as a music-box, and he can make the piano sound exactly like that not very artistic instrument. I think his technique is the most faultless I have yet heard. The programme was almost entirely devoted to his own compositions; and the Germans, in spite of their prejudice against the French, were obliged to acknowledge his greatness; he worked them up to a high state of enthusiasm. Yet he cannot play Bach, and I do not admire the man-

ner in which he rendered Beethoven. Of all Bach players Bülow is first; of all piano playing I ever listened to, Bülow's rendering of Bach gives me the most genuine pleasure.

Among the regular concerts given in Berlin, the Quartet Concerts with Joachim as first violinist are the most enjoyable. The other artists are de Abna, Wirth, and Hausmann, probably the best 'cellist in the world. You have read a great deal of Joachim, and yet you could not be disappointed in him. His violin sings, he plays so easily, and is so dignified! Critics consider his bow arm beyond criticism. This quartet gives each year two series of concerts; each series comprises four concerts. One can get a good seat (not the best) for the four concerts for \$2.50. There are also cheaper seats. The regular prices of admission to concerts of the first-class are \$1.25, \$1.00, down to 50 or 25 cents. Another scale of prices is \$1.00, 75 or 37 cents. We find the second-best seats perfectly agreeable for ladies going alone. In the opera one pays for parquet \$1.25; for first circle which is on a level with the royal box, \$1.50; for second circle 87 cents; this is pleasant for ladies. A porter will always buy one's seats when desired for a fee of 12 cents.

To go back to music. The royal kapelle, or orchestra belonging to the Royal Opera, gives nine symphony concerts each year for the benefit of the widows and orphans of its deceased members. On each programme are two symphonies and generally two short selections. They are the best orchestral concerts we have, and have been given for years. Certain seats have been reserved by certain families for perhaps twenty years. The concerts are given in the concert room of the Opera House; a charming room for chamber music, but a little small for orchestra. The room is handsomely finished in white and gold.

B. Bilse leads an excellent orchestra at the Concert House. Here we can have the best seat for 37 cents. The house is beautifully finished in green and gold. The large concerts given by non-resident artists are given in this house. Bilse plays every evening regularly, and his orchestra plays well. His manner of conducting is peculiar to himself. He stands facing the audience, and tosses his baton over his shoulder at the orchestra. At the conclusion of a composition he waves his baton down almost to the floor. The lower floor is devoted to the beer drinkers; looking down upon the throng of Germans seated about their tables drinking "beer," the ladies generally knitting, is a sight characteristic of German life. On Wednesday and Saturday Bilse gives symphonies, and smoking is forbidden until the third part of the programme.

Our singer, Miss Thursby, gave two concerts in the Sing-Akademie last October. She was unfortunately advertised too strongly. She seemed to take fairly well, though the Germans consider her "no phenomenon," as Engel the great critic said. She sings far better than any of their opera prima donnas. It is hard for Germans to acknowledge merit in Americans.

Mme. Annette Essipoff-Leschetzky has given us a treat. She gave a recital in the Sing-Akademie, playing with all her accustomed grace and finish selections from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Rubinstein, Reinecke and Chopin. In the duo from Reinecke, (*Manfred*), Mr. Leschetzky played with her, not with that exquisite grace of the Madame; but his technique is so crisp, and his phrasing so finished, one could see where she got her schooling. The gentleman was so proud of his wife; but Mme. Essipoff was evidently in ill-humor about something, and would not allow her husband to lead her to the piano. I afterwards learned she was angry because her name was put on the programme Essipoff-Leschetzky instead of plain Essipoff. The second concert was given with orchestra. The Saint-Saëns Concerto, No. 2, was played by Mme. Essipoff. She was dressed in delicate pink satin with diamond ornaments, and every one was admiring her charming appearance as well as her playing. She now wears her hair short and curled close to the head, a style which seems peculiarly adapted to her beautiful profile. The manner in which she advances to the piano Kullak says is truly queenly. She rendered the Saint-Saëns Concerto with a charming grace and ease which surpassed everything I have ever before heard from her.

#### LOCAL ITEMS.

PROF. J. K. PAINE's music for the *Ædipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, to be performed at Cambridge next month in the original Greek, has just been published in vocal score, with pianoforte, by A. P. Schmidt, 146 Tremont St. It consists of an overture, which with Mr. Paine's full instrumentation must be very impressive and appropriate, and of six choruses for male voices. These will be sung to the Greek words, and though



they are of course in no sense Greek music, any more than that of Mendelssohn to the *Antigone* and the *Edipus at Colonus*, yet, like Mendelssohn's, they have a masculine strength and dignity in keeping with the drama. Yet there is no imitation, no unconscious following in the track of Mendelssohn; the style of the music is original, strongly marked in its melodic motives, sometimes singular in rhythm, now bold and rugged in its harmony, now serious and tender, adapting itself to the generally sombre, but at the same time varying mood of the rich text. It abounds in unison, than which nothing can be more fit or more impressive for such use; in this way most of its sentences begin, each ending with a few bars of very rich, strong four-part harmony. The fifth chorus contains a fine tenor solo. The leading motive of the last chorus, which sings of fate and of the nothingness of mortal life, is worked up at length also in the last half of the overture. The whole of this music is well worth study, for the composer almost surpasses himself in this his Opus 35. All who intend to witness the performance should send to Mr. Schmidt and get a copy. It only costs a dollar.

—Carl Prüfer (34 West St.), has published two short choral works, which are easy and well adapted for the use of vocal clubs. The first is a romantic Cantata for female voices, composed by Henry Lahee, "The Sleeping Beauty," words by Tenyson. The accompaniment is for pianoforte and harmonium. The style is gently flowing and melodious, and very simple, offering nothing strange in harmony, nothing bordering on the edge of discord. —The other is Gounod's "Gallia," a Motet for soprano solo and mixed chorus, being an almost monotonously sombre, but deeply impressive lamentation over the downfall of Paris, with translation of the Latin text beginning: "Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo!" It is all in a very serious strain, but eloquent in its simplicity.

—The next important musical event here will be the performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* music, by the Handel and Haydn Society, on Good Friday, (15th inst.), followed on Easter Sunday by *St. Paul*. We have already named the soloists. Mr. Henschel in the principal bass arias and recitatives, especially in the part of Jesus, will add greatly to the interest of the *Passion* music. In 1875 he sang it in Vienna, when the lamented historian and critic, Ambros, (from whom we translate), after giving credit to the other soloists, wrote of him: "We have purposely reserved the guest from Berlin, the one (*par excellence*) who sang the part of Christus, Herr Georg Henschel, to the last. He showed his intimate acquaintance with his gigantic task, by singing it all through without casting a glance upon the notes. We shall not soon forget his wonderful performance! After the solemn words at the institution of the Last Supper, there broke loose through the whole hall a storm of applause which seemed as if it would not end. Mild, and at the same time like an eternal judgment sounded the passage: 'But woe unto the man by whom,' etc. What an effect was produced by the suppressed and scarcely audible 'My soul is troubled unto death!' And at the exclamation 'Eli, Eli,' there were signs—certainly a rare thing in Oratorio performances—of great emotion in the hall. This passage, too, is deeply touching in itself. Throughout the Oratorio we have become accustomed, as often as Christ takes up the word, to hear His utterance accompanied by soft, continuous violin sounds, like a phosphorescent halo; at the 'Eli' these sounds suddenly cease,—it is night! What a poet was this old St. Thomas Cantor!" —Mrs. Henschel (who last sang to us as Lillian Bailey) takes the soprano part in *St. Paul*.

—Mr. Lang will give two remarkable orchestral concerts in the church formerly occupied by Dr. Lothrop's parish on the evenings of the first and second Sundays after Easter. The orchestra will number about seventy-five performers, including fifteen first violins, as many second violins, eight violoncellos, and eight double basses. The programmes will be of the noblest character, that of the first concert opening with the overture to Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, including selections of sacred vocal music, sung by Mr. Henschel, and ending with Schubert's great symphony in C. The programme of the second concert will be of the same sort, and will include one of the great Beethoven symphonies, probably the fifth. There will be thorough and numerous rehearsals in advance. Two-thirds of the tickets have already been taken; the remainder may be subscribed for at Chickering's, the price being \$4 for both concerts. —*Advertiser*.

—Recent risings in the tide of musical affairs have discouraged Mr. Maas from attempting his proposed popular orchestral concerts for the present.

—There will be a public rehearsal of Bach's *Passion Music* on Thursday afternoon, April 14, at 2 o'clock, for which reserved seats are now for sale.

—The *Herald* says: "Mr. George W. Chadwick has been appointed musical director of the Clarendon Street Baptist Church. Mr. Chadwick's latest work, a dramatic composition for male chorus, baritone solo and orchestra, called 'The Viking's Last Voyage,' will

be produced at the next concert of the Apollo Club. The composer regards it as his strongest work. The poem is by Sylvester Baxter."

—A performance of Mendelssohn's opera, "Son and Stranger," will soon be given in the Park Theatre, Boston, for the benefit of the convalescent ward of the Massachusetts General Hospital. Mr. Lang will direct the large orchestra. Mr. Charles R. Adams, Mrs. Haskell (Mary Beebe) and Dr. Bullard will sing the leading rôles. The performance will be private in so far that no appeal will probably be made to the public to purchase tickets.

## MUSIC ABROAD.

PARIS. M. Lamoureux, the former director of the orchestra at the Opéra, has formed a Society for the performance of orchestral music every Sunday afternoon, under the style of Société des Nouveaux Concerts. The concerts are to be held at the Paris Théâtre du Château d'Eau.

At the Paris Opéra the greatest activity is being displayed in the rehearsals of Gounod's new opera *Le Tribut de Zamora*, and it is confidently expected that the work will be brought out on the 15th or 20th of this month. M. Gounod is indefatigable in revising and remodelling some of the scenes, being determined that his long expected operatic novelty shall be perfect in every detail.

Notwithstanding the habitual antagonism exhibited by Parisian audiences against Herr Wagner's music, M. Colonne, the Director of the Châtelet Concerts, has ventured to introduce, in one of his recent programmes, the poet-composer's characteristic "Ride of the Valkyries" (*La chevauchée des Walkyries*), from *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. The effect proved irresistible, storms of applause followed the performance, and the piece had to be repeated at the following concert.

SPAIN. Anton Rubinstein's present concert-tour in Spain is said to be attended by a series of ovations unexampled even in the experience of this much-admired pianist. The enthusiasm created by his playing is, in fact, described as "fabulous."

Herr Ferdinand Hiller is on his way to Barcelona, where he will conduct a series of Classical Concerts to be given by the Philharmonic Society of that town.

LONDON. At the Crystal Palace Concerts the Schubert symphonies, in chronological order, are going on with ever-increasing interest, and stamp the present series of concerts with a character apart. Four of the symphonies have already been heard, the last, on Saturday, being the C-minor, *Tragische Sinfonie* (the peculiarity of which is that there is nothing whatever of "tragic" in it). The execution of this work, so remarkable for a composer in his twentieth year, showed Mr. Mauns and his unrivalled orchestra at their very best. It may be described in a word as perfection. Another interesting feature was the performance, by Herr Hausmann, of a concerto for violoncello, with orchestral accompaniments, the composition of the late esteemed musician, Carl Eckert. The concerto is effectively written and the playing was of a high order. . . . The overtures at this concert were Mendelssohn's superb and picturesque *Hebrides*, a more effective performance of which it would be hard to conceive, and the curiously imposing *Frances Juges* of Berlioz. Mr. Edward Lloyd gave songs by Weber, Gounod and Schubert in his most finished style, and the concert was altogether one to remember. To-day Schubert's fifth symphony will be given, and Herr Joachim is to play Beethoven's incomparable violin concerto. —*Graphic*, March 5.

—Of Mme. Clara Schumann's reappearance at the Monday Popular Concerts the *Musical World* (March 5) writes:—

After being absent three successive seasons, Mme. Schumann returned on Monday night to the place of many labors and as many triumphs. Her coming was almost like a resurrection from the grave. At one time it was said that illness had terminated her public career; at another, we were told that she declined to undertake any more long and fatiguing journeys, and, as year after year passed, English amateurs virtually regarded her but as a memory. Again, however, the widow of Robert Schumann, herself illustrious and venerable, is amongst us, and youthful amateurs may now place upon the tablet of their recollection the appearance and the power of an artist who forms almost the last link between ourselves and a musically heroic age. That St. James's Hall was crowded to excess on Monday night, will be taken for granted. There was not a seat vacant, and when Mme. Schumann appeared on the platform, the throng almost rose to greet her, while the hall rang with loud and continued applause. Again and again the distinguished

lady, evidently touched by so enthusiastic a reception, bowed her acknowledgments, but the sounds of greeting still went on. This was well. We cannot too lavishly honor the great artists who have been bequeathed to us by a past generation, whose early achievements are history, and whose ultimate laurels it devolves upon us to confer. Mme. Schumann played, in the first instance, her late husband's *Etudes Symphoniques*, Op. 13, thus taking the earliest opportunity of settling the question whether she retains the great qualities of her art. We cannot say that time has left her physical vigor unimpaired, inasmuch as the right hand is obviously weaker. Apart, however, from technical considerations, Mme. Schumann's playing remains as grand as ever it was. All the old masculine grasp of subject and breadth of style are still apparent, as are the wonderful feeling for rhythm and unerring truth of accent which in former years made her execution *sui generis*. At the close of the *Etudes Symphoniques* Mme. Schumann was again overwhelmed with acclamations, and twice called back to the platform. Subsequently she joined Herr Joachim in Brahms's Sonata for violin and pianoforte, which work, by the way, grows in interest as it becomes better understood. Brahms was highly honored in such a conjunction of splendid talent, and his music enjoyed an advantage that cannot often fall to its share. Other features in perhaps the best programme of the season were Mendelssohn's Quartet in E-minor (Op. 44), and Haydn's in D-minor (Op. 76), upon which the respective composers might have elected with safety to rest their reputations as composers for the chamber.

—The following, in addition to large choral works already announced, will be performed at the Richter concerts in the course of the forthcoming season:—Beethoven: "Eroica," C-minor, and Choral symphonics, "Missa Solemnis," "Egmont" overture, and "Overture im Händel'schen Style," Op. 124; Bach: concerto for orchestra; Haydn: a symphony; Mozart: Symphony in D; Weber: "Oberon" overture; Schumann: Symphony in C; Brahms: Symphony in C-minor, and the two new "Tragische" and "Academische" overtures; Dvorak: Symphony in D; Goldmark: "Penthesilea" overture; Raff: "Wald" overture; Grädener: Capriccio for orchestra; Berlioz: "Frances Juges" overture, orchestral version of Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," and six songs for different voices with orchestra; Liszt: "Mazeppa," "Mefisto Waltzer," and "Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne" (Berg symphonie); and Wagner: "Tannhäuser" overture (with the new Venus music), scene from the "Rheingold," "Siegfried's Tod," Versammlung der "Meistersinger," "Siegfried Idyll," and "Huldigungs Marsch." Lastly, though by no means least, Herr Richter proposes to conduct Mr. Villiers Stanford's Psalm, "God is our hope and strength," and Mr. F. H. Cowen's new Scandinavian symphony. The repertory, a very strong one, will thus be suited to every taste.

—Niels Gade is engaged in composing an oratorio for the next Birmingham festival. The subject is the Greek myth about Psyche. The book has been written in German by Herr Lobedantz.

Gounod is composing an oratorio called "The Redemption," which is to be produced at the Birmingham Festival in 1882. He has already finished the whole of the first part, and the other two are well in hand.

Verdi is at Genoa, busy on a new opera, to be produced at the Scala, Milan, next season. The first title selected was *Otello*, but this is changed to *Iago*, so as not to clash with that of Rossini. The libretto is by Arrigo Boito. Verdi has also been remodeling his *Simon Boccanegra*, which has just had a remarkable success at La Scala, Milan. Verdi was called before the curtain twenty-three times.

Miss Thursby had a remarkable success in her concert tour in Germany, under the management of Maurice Strakosch. She sang at fifty-two concerts, and was heard by the élite of twenty-five cities such as Prague, Brünn, Chemnitz, Dresden, Leipzig—where, under a shower of bouquets, she was presented with a living nightingale—and further, at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, Wiesbaden, Darmstadt, Cassel, Brunswick, Cologne, Coblenz, Halle, Crefeld, Elberfeld, Düsseldorf, Strasburg, Mulhouse, Metz, Heidelberg, Würzburg, and Stuttgart. She was everywhere received with enthusiastic expressions of appreciation. Her tour was indeed a succession of ovations. After a brief stay in Paris she was to sing in Madrid and other Spanish cities.

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APRIL, 1881.

- 22, and 26. Fifth and Sixth Apollo Concerts.
23. Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood's First Concert. Meionaon.
24. Mr. B. J. Lang's first Orchestral Concert in Brattle Square Church (Sunday evening).
26. Sixth Apollo Club Concert.
27. Mr. A. P. Peck's Annual Benefit. Music Hall.
28. Mr. H. M. Dunham's Organ Recital, at Boston Music Hall, 3 P. M.
28. Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood's Second Concert.
29. Concert of Mauricio Dengremont. Music Hall.
30. Matinée of Mauricio Dengremont. Music Hall.
30. Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood's Third Concert. Meionaon.

MAY, 1881.

1. Second Orchestral Concert of B. J. Lang, at Brattle Square Church.
2. Fourth Cecilia Concert (Probably).
3. Philharmonic Fifth Rehearsal, 3 P. M.
3. Fifth Public Rehearsal of Philharmonic Society, 3 P. M.
5. Philharmonic Fifth Concert.
5. Fifth Evening Concert of Philharmonic Society.
7. Orchestral Concert by Mr. Louis Maas, in Aid of the Printing Fund for the Blind. Music Hall at 2.30 P. M.
- 10 and 12. Theodore Thomas: "Damnation de Faust."
11. Fourth Concert of the Cecilia.
- 16 and 17. Theodore Thomas: "Romeo and Juliet:" Dramatic Symphony by Berlioz.
- 17, 19, and 20. First performances of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles (in the Greek), with music by Prof. J. K. Paine. Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.
18. Fourth Concert of the Boylston Club.

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MR. PEPPYS THE MUSICIAN.<sup>1</sup>

BY FRANCIS HUEFFER.

(Continued from page 56.)

## IV.

Before passing on to more important matters, it is necessary to mention one or two more instruments which formed part of the Pepysian collection, or of which he had at least personal cognizance. We have already seen that his intended purchase of an organ came to nothing. A similar fate and for similar reasons frustrated his transactions for the acquisition of a harpsicon, of which an account is given in the following passage:—

"March 23, 1668. To the tavern and there bespoke wine for dinner, and so to Bishopsgate Street, thinking to have found a harpsicon maker, but he is gone, and I have a mind forthwith to have a little harpsicon made me, to confirm and help me in my musike notions, which my head is now-a-days full of, and I do believe will come to something very good."

Unfortunately Mr. Pepys does not record the name of the instrument-maker in Bishopsgate Street. He, on the other hand, mentions that of another manufacturer sufficiently familiar to those interested in the subject. "To Whitehall," he writes less than a fortnight later. "Took Aldgate Street in my way, and there called upon one Hayward, that makes virginals, and there did like of a little espinette, and will have him finish it for me; for I had a mind to a small harpsichon, but this takes up less room."

Mr. Pepys, however, was not a man to be hurried into a bargain. Several months afterwards we still find him haggling over the same spinet. "I to buy my espinette," he writes, July 13 of the same year, "which I did now agree for, and did at Hayward's meet with Mr. Thacker, and heard him play on the harpsichon so as I never heard man before, I think;" and two days later we hear that the instrument has been brought home, and that its price is five pounds. The list of seventeenth-century instrument-makers may be enriched by another harmonious name, that of Mr. Drumbleby, whose speciality seems to have been the flute. "To Drumbleby's, the pipe-maker," Mr. Pepys writes, January 20, 1668, "there to advise about the making of a flageolet to go low and soft; and he do show me a way which do do, and also a fashion of having two pipes of the same note fastened together, so as I can play on one, and then echo it upon the other, which is mighty pretty."

The same Drumbleby soon after supplies a

recorder "which I do intend to learn to play on, the sound of it being, of all sounds in the world, most pleasing to me." It will be seen that the instruments of the Pepysian collection which have already been mentioned, and to which the lute ("Up before four o'clock and so to my lute") may be added, included most of the components of the orchestra as it existed in those days.

To bring this part of the subject to a dramatic climax, it will be well to mention the tremendous instrument which went by the still more tremendous name of trump-marine.

"October 24, 1667. To Charing Cross there to see Polichinelli, but it being begun, we in to see a Frenchman, at the house where my wife's father last lodged, one Monsieur Prin, play on the trump-marine, which he do beyond belief; and, the truth is it do so far outdo a trumpet as nothing more, and he do play anything very true, and it is most admirable and at first was a mystery to me that I should hear a whole concert of chords together at the end of a pause, but he showed me that it was only when the last notes were fifths or thirds one to another and then their sounds like an Echo did last so as they seemed to sound all together. The instrument is open at the end I discovered; but he would not let me look into it."

The trump or more correctly the trumpet marine is referred to at considerable length by Hawkins (Novello, Ewer and Co.'s edition, pages 329, 605, 763), who in the last-named place quotes an extract from the London Gazette (February 4, 1674), giving an account of "a concert of four trumpets marine never heard of before in England;" a statement which is rectified by the passage above quoted. Glareanus, in his "Dodecachordon," states that the instrument was much in vogue amongst the Germans, French and Netherlanders. Virdung, Agricola, and other writers of the sixteenth century also give descriptions of it, but no satisfactory etymology of the name has as yet been supplied.

From the relation of facts we proceed to the record of opinions expressed in the Diary, and our respect for the author increases as we go on. Mr. Pepys, as every one knows, was not a professional musician, and the time which he could spare from his office-work was occupied by numerous interests, artistic, literary and scientific. It is almost a truism to say that such variety of tastes leads as a rule to superficiality. The most catholic mind is not always the most profound. It is said of Hegel the philosopher that his pupils collectively used to proclaim him the most learned man in Europe; the philologists calling him the greatest historian; the artists, the profoundest natural scholar; only in his own individual branch, each would add, the master was slightly deficient. With Mr. Pepys the reverse is the case, as far at least as the present writer can judge. Much has been made of the fact that he speaks of some of the plays of Shakespeare in a slighting manner; but it should be remembered that his remarks always are based on performances of those plays; and who can tell what those performances were like, or how much of Shakes-

peare's original was preserved in the acting version. The Restoration epoch was the anticlimax of the great dramatic age preceding it; and the worst that can be said against Mr. Pepys is that in a few instances he was misled by the depraved taste of his time. At any rate it should be remembered in his favor, that against the opinion of the fashionable *letterati* he upheld the beauty of our popular ballads, many of which he preserved from destruction.

In musical matters his judgment was singularly correct, and perhaps in no other art is it more difficult to predict the permanent value of contemporary phenomena. Let the candid musical critic open an old newspaper and see in how many cases his opinions will bear the test of a ten years' interval. Mr. Pepys's criticisms have stood that of two centuries, and with few exceptions have been verified by posterity.

The soundness of Mr. Pepys's judgment is accounted for, amongst others, by the fact that he has that virtue rarest among critics—modesty. He did not immediately fall to abusing a thing merely because he did not understand it. Scotch music was such a thing. Ordinary Londoners in the seventeenth century knew less of Scotland than they now do of New Zealand. Even in the days of Goldsmith the Highlands were to the ordinary Englishman a wild, undiscovered country, from whose bourne few Southern travellers returned, because few went thither. Scotch (*i.e.*, Celtic) manners and morals and music were equally unknown, and accordingly looked upon with suspicion. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Pepys is a little startled when for the first time, not on the other side of a big hill, but at a civilized supper-party, he hears one of those weird strains of which Mr. Gilbert sings:—

It was wild, it was fitful, as wild as the breeze,  
It wandered about into several keys;  
It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I'm aware,  
And yet it distinctly suggested an air.

Yet even in this extremely trying situation Mr. Pepys's critical equilibrium is not upset. He feels that here he has to deal with a new phenomenon, which cannot be judged of at first sight. So, instead of having recourse to abuse, and talking of barbarians and the like—as most of his contemporaries and some of our contemporaries would have done—he merely expresses his surprise in perhaps the most adequate terms that could have been used in the circumstances: "the strangest ayre that ever I heard in my life, and all of one cast." But the entire passage is well worth quoting:—

"July 28, 1666. Being come thither (*i.e.*, to Highgate, where Lord Lauderdale's residence still stands) we went to Lord Lauderdale's house to speake with him . . . we find him and his Lady and some Scotch people at supper. Pretty odd company, though my Lord Brouncker tells me Lord Lauderdale is a man of mighty good reason and judgment. But at supper there played one of their servants upon the viallin some Scotch tunes only; several and the best of their country, as they seemed to esteem them by their praising and admiring them; but Lord! the

<sup>1</sup> From the London Musical Times.



strangest ayre that ever I heard in my life, and all of one cast. But strange to hear my Lord Lauderdale say himself that he had rather hear a cat mew than the best musique in the world;<sup>1</sup> and the better the musique the more sicke it makes him, and that of all the instruments he hates the lute most, and next to that the bagpipe."

The Earl, afterwards Duke of Lauderdale, was a bold, cruel man, as readers of "Old Mortality" and of history are aware. He must have needed all his courage to talk such heresy about bagpipes before a company of Scotch enthusiasts.

(To be continued.)

## THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

MR. WILLIAM F. APTHORP'S LECTURES BEFORE  
THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.<sup>2</sup>

IV. (Concluded.)

With Bach and Händel, the first great period of modern music closes. Of course, this period may be divided into several sub-periods; but we have only time now to consider the larger and more important phases of the development of the art. During this period counterpoint arrived at its culmination in the fugue, and the laws of tonal harmony were firmly established in so far as the practice of the art of composition is concerned. More than this, certain musical forms sprang up and grew to perfection, which depended upon larger and more general æsthetic principles than the forms of the preceding epoch did. The older forms of composition were not disestablished by them, but rather were absorbed into them.

The old forms depended mainly upon the kind of counterpoint in which they were written. The new forms depended either upon certain rhythmic peculiarities or more generally upon what we may call musical construction in a larger sense. A good simile may be taken from the gentle art of knitting. The older forms depended upon the peculiar kind of stitch employed; the new ones upon the shape and structure of the garments knitted. In instrumental writing, whether for a single instrument or several together, the principal forms of the day were the prelude and fugue, the suite and the air with variations. The prelude was a piece of more or less strict counterpoint which served as an introduction to the fugue. The toccata was but an extended and more elaborate sort of prelude. It often contained a good deal of brilliant passage work, destined to show off the virtuosity of the performer. The fantasia was a more loosely constructed and apparently a more capricious sort of toccata. In it the composer gave full flight to his fancy, very much as he would in an improvisation.

The suite was a succession of short pieces, generally in the old traditional dance forms, and these were strung together without connection, and were all in the same key. From the suite sprang the noblest of all instrumental forms, namely, the sonata. The word sonata, derived from the Italian *suonare*, means strictly "something played." It was not till Bach's day that the term received a more limited interpretation. As the development of the sonata may be regarded as the greatest musical achievement of modern times, I will postpone our examination till we have considered Bach and Händel in their relation to the grandest order of vocal composition, the cantata and the oratorio. Such very large things as the cantata and the oratorio can hardly

be called musical forms; they can contain any and all musical forms. In musical terminology the cantata is but a short oratorio, the name oratorio not being directly derived from the Latin *orare*, to pray. Indeed in Bach and Händel's day it did not necessarily denote a sacred composition. The title Sacred Oratorio, which we often find in old editions of Händel's works, was not a tautology. The name oratorio comes from the religious order of Fathers of the Oratory, established about the middle of the sixteenth century, by St. Philip Neri. This order endeavored to raise the standard of general piety by holding periodical religious ceremonies which partook at once of the nature of public worship and of sacred concerts. At these musical services passages from the Scriptures were sung, at first by the choir but afterwards also by solo voices, and this sort of musical worship became known by the name of oratorio. The sacred associations of the name were afterwards lost sight of, and the term oratorio got simply to mean an extended composition for chorals, solos and accompaniment, written to a text that treated of some particular subject. In the present century, the sacred associations of the name have been revived, and we no longer speak of secular oratorios, but call them cantatas. It was in the oratorio and cantata that both Bach and Händel did their greatest work. If Bach but rarely produced compositions of such mighty dimensions as Händel's great oratorios, and habitually wrote in the smaller form of the church cantata, it is to be remembered that these apparently more modest works of Bach are in grandeur of conception, loftiness of style and spiritual and musical beauty nothing inferior to Händel's more extended compositions.

Bach has also shown, when he did attempt works of the largest dimensions, as his great St. Matthew-Passion and his B-minor mass, that his genius was quite as broad as Händel's, and that his inspiration was quite as unflagging. True, he painted much more in detail than Händel; but he knew well how to duly subordinate this elaboration of details to the grand proportions of his work. If Händel's gigantic choruses stand before us in all the grand simplicity of a Grecian temple, Bach's music has the equally imposing proportions together with all the cunning detail-work of a Gothic cathedral. For one thing, Bach's music is usually so intricate that it is extremely difficult to get very large choruses to sing it, whereas Händel's seems absolutely to demand a large number of voices to give it its full effect. One thing is curious to note — that notwithstanding Bach's small knowledge of the capabilities of the human voice, notwithstanding the awkwardness of his vocal writing, the intrinsically lyric quality of his genius was, if anything, superior to Händel's. While Händel's oratorios impress us most by the sublimity and beauty of their choruses, it is the airs and recitatives of Bach that most surely command our admiration. They may be difficult — at times almost impossible to sing, but their spiritual and musical beauty is wholly unique. One point in which Bach was the unquestioned superior of all other composers was his treatment of the Lutheran chorale. The Bach chorales have never been even approached. Nothing so perfect exists in all music in the way of contrapuntal treatment of a *cantus firmus* save Palestrina's unparalleled handling of the Gregorian chant.

The general form of Bach's church cantatas was simple enough. Some of them were far longer than others, the longer and more elaborate ones being generally written for the more important church festivals. The cantata began with an elaborately written chorus in free contrapuntal style, although examples in which this opening

chorus was a strict and fully developed fugue are very rare. The musical theme of this chorus was either the composer's own or else it was taken from a chorale melody, the ritual text of which had some appropriateness to the occasion for which the cantata was written. Then followed two or more airs, each of which was preceded by a recitative. It was by no means necessary for the recitative to be written for the same voice as the air that followed it. The text of the recitatives was didactic, that of the airs meditative and emotional. The cantata closed with a chorale sung by the chorus. This chorale was either in plain harmony or else treated in elaborate contrapuntal fashion. Its melody was usually the same as that which furnished the theme for the opening chorus.

With Bach and Händel choral composition reached its apogee. Nothing that has been done since can compare with their oratorios and cantatas. The second great period of modern music, which began immediately after Bach, chiefly owes its glory to the development of instrumental composition. We now come to the age of the pianoforte and the orchestra. We have seen how instrumental composition first asserted itself as an independent form of the art of music in the organ-works of Claudio Merulo, how it was developed by Frescobaldi, brought to Germany by Froberger, and carried to perfection in so far as the organ is concerned by Bach. Writing for the harpsichord (the immediate predecessor of the pianoforte) kept pace with organ writing. It reached its highest point in Italy with Domenico Scarlatti, the son of the great Alessandro Scarlatti. After the younger Scarlatti, Italian instrumental composition began to wane. After his time Italy gave itself up heart and soul to the opera. In Germany, Bach stood head and shoulders above all other instrumental composers. His writings for the harpsichord and for various other orchestral instruments are still models, unsurpassed in their way. If we find the real germ of the sonata in some of Bach's works, notably in his so-called Italian Concerto for the harpsichord and his incomparable trio-sonatas for the organ, and find the form somewhat more developed in the works of his son Carl Philip Emmanuel Bach, we must still look to a later period to show us the full development of the sonata. As Philip Emmanuel Bach left it, the form of the sonata was that of a composition in three movements. A quick movement came first; next a slow one, often of a lyric and sentimental character, and last a quick movement which was generally a fugue. It is in Philip Emmanuel Bach's works that we first find the term symphony applied to orchestral compositions in this sonata form. Before his day all sorts of music for several instruments bore the name of symphonies. In Italy, the term *sinfonia* was applied to the instrumental introduction of an opera, and is used in that sense to this day. Only two essential changes in the sonata form as it was left by Philip Emmanuel Bach were necessary to make the form such as we now know it.

The first of these was a further development of the first movement. So important did the construction of this first movement become, that its form grew to be almost synonymous with that of the sonata itself. It is the most highly organized and most fully developed form in all music. . . . This movement is a quick one; composers often precede it by a short slow introduction, although this is not essential to the form. The second modification of the sonata form was the insertion of the minuet between the second and last of the three original movements. In this minuet, a simple dance form in triple time, the sonata seems to remind the listener what its origin really was,

<sup>1</sup> I had rather be a kitten and cry mew!

<sup>2</sup> Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

Lord Lauderdale is evidently quoting Shakespeare more or less consciously.

<sup>2</sup> Revised by the author from the Boston Traveller's report.

namely, the dance. The music for a while returns to its primal simplicity. In the last movement the elaborate fugue form was gradually abandoned, and the simpler form of the rondo adopted. The rondo form originated in what we now know as the song with chorus. In it there is a regular succession of similar musical periods, very like the succession of stanzas in a song. We owe this development of the sonata form to Joseph Haydn.

This form is the one in which all our greater instrumental music is written. If the music is for the piano, organ, or other single instrument, or else for the piano and one of the orchestral instruments, we call it a sonata; if it is for four stringed instruments, we call it a quartet; if it is for a solo instrument accompanied by an orchestra, we call it a concerto; if it is for a full orchestra we call it a symphony. All these various forms of composition are based upon the more or less fully developed sonata form. Those in which the form is generally found in its greatest purity and fullest development are the quartet and the symphony. We have now come to a point in the history of music where it is safe for us to leave aside all biographical items. The lives of the composers of the Austrian school have become the world's common property; their letters have been published and read almost as much by the unmusical public as by musicians or music lovers.

Haydn was born in 1732, and died in 1809. Mozart was born in 1756, and died in 1791. Beethoven was born in 1770, and died in 1827. Mozart's influence upon the development of the sonata form, and upon instrumental music in general, was by no means so great as Haydn's. It is probable that Haydn owed much to him, for Haydn's greatest symphonies were written after Mozart's death. Beethoven at first took up the forms of instrumental music as they were left by Mozart and Haydn, and worked in them much as they had done. In one item, however, he appeared almost immediately as an innovator; he so quickened the time of the minuet movement in the sonata form that it became a thorough misuse of terms to still call it by the name of that stately old dance; he accordingly called it a *scherzo* or joke. . . . With all the great things that Beethoven did we cannot help regretting the loss of what Mozart might have done had he lived longer. The world has now only the fruits of a half, and that too probably the worst half, of Mozart's legitimate career. Haydn was not the man to fill his place. With all the fine quality and strength of his genius, his was not a particularly progressive mind. Beethoven is the greatest of musical transcendentalists. No man ever transmuted such a vast amount of intellectual and emotional material into pure music. It were unfair to say that one or two of his successors have not reached as high an intellectual plane as he; but they have not had his power of thoroughly transmuting thought and emotion into music. What we know best of Beethoven is his nine symphonies; but if we would find the most transcendent fruits of his genius, we must look for them in his later piano-forte sonatas, variations and string-quartets. It is now time to mention a great contemporary of Beethoven, Luigi Cherubini, born 1760, died 1842. He was an Italian, but spent most of his life in Paris. He was in one sense as legitimately the offspring of Haydn and Mozart as Beethoven himself was, although German writers have generally erred in ascribing too isolated an importance to the influence which the works of these composers exerted upon him. He can be called more truly the last offshoot of the great old Italian schools. He was the youngest child of Palestrina, Carissimi and Alessandro Scarlatti. For one thing he was probably the most learned composer that ever lived. He knew how to treat the

extended contrapuntal forms of Bach and Handel's day with all the exquisite purity and finish of style of Palestrina. His choral fugue on the words *Et venturi sæculi* for eight real voices may be called the purest example of fully-developed tonal fugue in existence.

As a musical form the overture is nothing but the first movement of a symphony, more dramatic in character and more concisely developed. It thus comes within the sonata form. A sort of stunted form of the overture was first given to the world by Rossini, who found imitators soon enough among his compatriots and among German composers of the third and fourth rank. He began his overtures in the regular way, and developed them according to symphonic rules up to the end of the first part; but then, just as the hard work ought to have begun, he determinedly shirked it. Instead of going on fully to develop the material exposed in his first part, he wrote a little interlude and then repeated the first part in a different key. This comparatively easy method of making the first part of a sonata movement do double duty was too tempting not to find favor in the eyes of opera composers. Here we must stop. The post-Beethoven period of music is too recent, I might say too present, yet to belong to history. What has been done in music by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Raff, Rubinstein, Gade, Liszt, Saint-Saëns, Tchaikowski and others is too much a matter of controversy to be spoken of without giving undue prominence to individual opinion. We live now in the midst of a most complex series of musical battles. When we now try to talk musical æsthetics we cannot help falling into musical politics. What unbiased judgment can be formed? Germany, and with it the world, is split up into musical parties, — each one is infallible, and all the others composed of fools and idiots. Musical orthodoxy is my doxy, musical heterodoxy is your doxy, and so long as you and I continue to live they will remain so.

#### RUBINSTEIN'S "TOWER OF BABEL."

Rubinstein's sacred opera, *The Tower of Babel*, will be performed on the Tuesday evening of the Festival to be given in New York the first week in May.

It will then be heard for the first time in this city and therefore cannot fail to attract attention. But it has other attractions beside novelty, as will be readily acknowledged; the works of Rubinstein having found favor here not only with the most highly educated musicians but with music-lovers generally.

*The Tower of Babel* is not an opera in the ordinary acceptance of the term, for it does not require representation on a stage, with acting, costumes, scenery, etc., nor is it a cantata or oratorio strictly speaking, for in such works the music dwells at will and may be fully developed at all points. Although there is often a regularly planned plot in such works, yet the music does not hurry onward in accordance with the necessities of a supposed action.

Rubinstein, in characterizing his work as a sacred opera, appears to wish to be freed from the necessity of writing grand fugal choruses in the style of the great masters, and spreading forth at length the musical ideas. And also, possibly out of consideration of the claims of language, to avoid making many repetitions of words and phrases. As a result, a style of music is formed which from its technical simplicity may be sung from memory like an ordinary stage work, although the singers are not required to dispense with the copies; and as the action is only imagined, scenes and plots impossible of representation, or unsuited for various reasons for actual stage setting, may be utilized.

We may listen, for instance, to the final triple

chorus of angels, people and demons; our imaginations helping us to conjure up the scenes and whatever else is necessary for the complete enjoyment of the ideas of the composer, without fear of his sublime subject being made ridiculous or ludicrous by being brought within the necessarily limited resources of a theatre.

After a short orchestral introduction the master workman (baritone) calls his men to proceed with the building of the tower. Then succeeds a very effective chorus of the people exhorting one another to "swing hammers," "rake up the furnace" and "swiftly build a town and tower, whose turrets high up to heaven shall rise." This number is very graphic and bold, containing many chorus entries of considerable force, that are dramatically opposed to each other.

A soliloquy by Nimrod (bass) follows, in which he contemplates with pleasurable pride the progress of the great undertaking. He sees in the far horizon the tower that shall eventually enable him to reach heaven and "draw aside the veil from mysteries now hidden."

Abraham (tenor), as a shepherd, now admonishes him and points out the fact that only by the eye of faith is the Great Creator to be discovered. Here occurs one of the most melodiously-flowing phrases to be found in the entire work. It has a certain pastoral simplicity that contrasts well with the startling chorus that breaks in upon it: "Arrest him! the king is insulted."

At this point the excitement is increased, until Nimrod commands that he be thrown into the "red glowing furnace." Then follows a wildly agitated chorus of men, "the flames leap around him with wild glee," "see how the smoke rolls," etc., during the performance of which a chorus of angels (children's voices) is heard, which tells of the flames having no power over Abraham. On his coming forth unhurt, a double chorus occurs, referring to the miracle. This is the most elaborate choral number in Rubinstein's score, technically speaking. It has leads in the style of a fugue, although it is not a regularly developed fugue, and passes over into a series of short detached phrases displaying harmonies of great brilliancy and splendor. The dramatic interest is here sustained with considerable skill and intelligence, for instead of a grand hymn of praise in which multitudes unite in the expression of the same thoughts (as in the "Hallelujah" choruses of Handel and Beethoven), here two choral bodies (of four sections each) are dramatically opposed to each other, some ascribing the deliverance to Baal and others to Jehovah. This number will probably be curtailed in performance. Nimrod breaks in upon the chorus with the command, "Trouble not yourselves about the matter, proceed to work." Then a chorus of angel voices (from above and invisible) is heard, in which it is proposed that the speech of the workmen may be confused.

To which succeeds a scene of remarkable power. The master workman exhorts his men, they respond in the phrases of the opening chorus, "rake up the furnace," etc., then they suddenly "tremble with awe" at the dark and threatening "clouds that gather" above them. The voice of Abraham proclaims that it is not merely a storm, but the vengeance of the Almighty that is to be feared.

Nimrod, enraged, cries, "Seize him; cast him down from the tower." The orchestra meanwhile depicts the coming storm, which increases in speed and force until the catastrophe. The people are panic-stricken and dread their own destruction as well as that of the tower. Their cries are heard mingling with the roar of the tempest, which continues unabated. Rubinstein here, as elsewhere, has employed the resources of the modern orchestra with great freedom and success.

The interest of the auditor has steadily increased up to this point. The action as it were here culminates. That which follows may be regarded as a gradual return to a state of rest, and an opportunity for drawing attention to the moral outcome of the whole.

But it must not be supposed that the dramatic character is now set aside, and a text and style of setting are adopted in the manner of an ecclesiastical oratorio.

Although Rubinstein has not here introduced scenes and choruses in which the various characters speak in unintelligible tones or jargon, he has taken the opportunity of writing words and music characteristic of various peoples.

By adopting this expedient he avoided many difficulties in the performance, which could not easily be surmounted, and gained the advantage of showing his ability in imitating Eastern music. Thus the interest is sustained and no monotony results from the performance of the series of choruses that follow.

For after Nimrod has bewailed the fate of the tower and the loss of his power over the people, who no longer understand his speech; and Abraham draws attention to the fact that they separate into three principal groups, going "to south, to west, and northward," we are caused to hear a (first) "Chorus of Semites" exhorting one another to hasten toward the land of the cedar-tree.

This chorus is sung in unison after the style of the Orientals generally. It consists of simple phrases, with a burden or refrain that ends each of the three verses. The orchestra reiterates its short opening phrase, and thus a Hebraic character is imparted to the whole; and the harmonies, hovering between the keys of G-minor, F-major and D-major, increase the singularity of the music.

To this succeeds a chorus (in C-sharp-minor) of Hamites (passing from Euphrates valley to the sandy desert), which forms a strong contrast to the preceding and also the succeeding number, the chorus of Japhetides. This is in four-part harmony and a more familiar style.

Abraham now points to the rainbow as a token of promise that all men shall once more meet again and embrace each other. The following song, "Then, oh! then does the world become an Eden," will attract the attention of tenor singers from its rapturous character.

A triple chorus of angels, "Hosanna;" of people, "Jehovah! lead aright our footsteps;" and of demons, "Hail! great Satan, still is truth with error intertwined," brings the whole to a fitting termination. The music of the instrumental prelude is here given to the parts of the demons, by which we learn the true significance of the lugubrious opening phrases, and by which also a certain unity is obtained, the beginning and the end being thus brought together and united in idea, and are finally reminded that, notwithstanding the miracles recorded, the spirit of error which was manifested from first to last still remains undestroyed.—*N. Y. Home Journal*.

## THE HISTORY OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

### VI.

Herr Ernst Pauer delivered his sixth and last lecture, in the Theatre of the South Kensington Museum, on the 17th inst. As on the previous occasion, pupils from the Training School, and the lecturer's son, took part in the illustrations.

Herr Pauer said: It will be recollected that we have already mentioned the interest which Schumann took in all that concerned pianoforte playing. In his various essays, which are full of taste and feeling, there is frequent notice of two composers, who we may infer were his special favorites, Ben-

nett and Chopin. It may, perhaps, seem partial to omit in this place any reference to Bennett; we must therefore say, in self-defence, that our subject is the development of pianoforte playing, not the history of pianoforte literature; and Bennett simply trod in the path marked out by others. The case of Chopin is very different: he claims respect and admiration for having developed and consolidated many new features. Omitting all biographical details, we will only say that he received sound tuition from masters not distinguished by originality, but who were very careful and conscientious. It is also to be remembered that in his childhood Chopin was carefully watched by his parents; and, from his sixteenth year, lived among the Polish aristocracy, who were educated on French principles, and filled with longings for an independent Poland. From them he would imbibe elegance, polite, chivalrous, and enthusiastic feelings. He rarely came into contact with the outer world, and took no great interest in musicians like Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. His tone was, therefore, contracted, and he repeated himself over and over again. His *genre* was small, but he was great in it. All his smaller works were successful; and his dances—polonaises, mazurkas, waltzes—are perfect. Through Chopin pianoforte playing gained refinement, grace, and elegance, and some of his works are truly poetical; in others there is a tender, elegiac, subtle sentiment; and they are really original, having no affinity with contemporaneous composers. Some critics have fancied a relationship between Schumann and Chopin, but close examination shows that their principal ideas were very different; Chopin had deep feeling, based on nationality and sentiment in its best sense; Schumann also possessed deep feeling, but resting on an intellectual basis; Chopin's was a Slavonic, Schumann's a Germanic individuality. Chopin showed great originality in technical figures; and in ingenuity, beauty, and euphony, he surpassed Thalberg and Liszt. His ornaments were charming, his melodies sweet and fascinating, his modulation surprisingly beautiful and original. If we miss one thing, it is that invigorating freshness and healthiness which we find in Haydn, Beethoven, and Schumann. Chopin's works form an episode in pianoforte playing; and no one who would become a refined and competent performer can afford to neglect them.

The illustrations of Chopin consisted of "Study in C-minor" Op. 25, No. 7; "Berceuse, Ballade, and Valse," Op. 34, No. 1.

We have, resumed the lecturer, to speak of several musicians who contributed to complete and beautify the art of pianoforte playing; three who were and are admired both as exponents and composers are, Adolph Henselt, Wilhelm Taubert, and Ferdinand Hiller. Henselt, a Bavarian, and a pupil of a lady from Munich, was most remarkable for technical execution. He had trained his fingers with great care and attention, and concentrated his energies on the one point of perfect technical execution, which is to be regretted, for in his early years he showed considerable talent for composition, and his "Studies," etc., are full of beauties. His ideas were noble, bold, and original, but he allowed his talent to slumber for some time, and when the distinguished musician was older, his taste, feeling, and style, were no longer suited to the age which had left him behind. Any composer who lives in Russia is lost for the art, for the public are led only by the capricious taste of the aristocracy. The area of the artist is the drawing-room, and he is judged by individuals, not the public. He conforms to the taste of the more powerful among the upper classes, and fritters away his talent on trifles, ceasing to employ his powers on any noble object. Henselt, who now belongs to the past, was influenced by Cramer, who taught him the polyphonic style of writing, by Hummel, from whom he acquired elegance, by Weber, who warmed him with his romantic charm, and by Thalberg, from whom he learned the art of musical architecture. Schumann had a very high opinion of Henselt, to whom he dedicated his *Novelletten*, and whom he called the German Chopin, although in this case his good-nature seems to have got the better of his artistic judgment.

Having played Henselt's *La Fontaine*, *Cradle Song*, and *Rhapsody*, the lecturer said, that Taubert was a pupil of Berger, Mendelssohn's teacher, and in his early years an excellent performer, though not a rival in brilliancy to Liszt and Thalberg. He brought in a new *genre*,—the "Characteristic"—and his pieces are delightful musical cabinet pictures; his style being agreeable, quiet, and modest. The same praise is due to Hiller, a pupil of Hummel. He was a friend of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt, being indeed acquainted with most of the celebrities of our time. He possessed a quality common to those of the Jewish race, quickness of perception, and managed to unite the old and new schools. The certainty and evenness of his playing, and the absence of that jerky, fussy activity, now too common, make it a rare treat to be present at his performances. He merges the virtuoso in the musician, and his effects are all natural. Hiller kept pace with the times, but made use only of the best innovations. Taubert was illustrated by *La Campanella*, Hiller by *Zur Gitarre* and *Auburn Leaf*.

Anton Rubinstein, said Herr Pauer, is a pianist who everywhere receives the greatest attention and unqualified admiration. When a child, his ease of technical execution excited the greatest astonishment, and the best judges prophesied for him a splendid future, a prediction quite fulfilled, for he has become a giant among pianists. His memory is prodigious, and he will play from Scarlatti to Chopin, astonishing his hearers by his immense energy and his extensive *repertoire*. He is a sensational player, in the sense that he excites his audience, captivating their attention, so that they are unable to judge calmly. His command of technical means is absolute, his touch varying from the most subtle delicacy to tones of thunder. But we must also admit that his playing is not at all times equally fine. Any shortcomings are, however, to be excused when we remember that he is an industrious and ambitious composer, and regards pianoforte playing as an inferior and troublesome occupation. He is, too, a great traveller, and having to play the same pieces over and over again, and being of an impulsive temperament, he naturally tires of his permanent programmes, and does not always render them with the same care and good will. Sometimes there is a tone almost of ferocity in his execution, showing the character of the Slavonic school, which is devoid of that mental training which the German regards as essential.

Miss Emily Walker, of the National Training School, then gave an excellent rendering of Rubinstein's *Romance* in E-flat, and German *Valse* in F.

Johannes Brahms, at first extolled by a small party in Germany, is now the foremost composer for the pianoforte. He is rather stiff and cold, lacking charm and delicacy. His works are difficult and, if one may use the term, awkward. The difficulties exceed the effects, for he makes a point of employing all the fingers incessantly. He lacks the romantic charm of Chopin, and the depth of Schumann. A performer desirous of studying elegance and natural feeling will not find them in Brahms. These remarks on his works, be it understood, are only in regard to pianoforte playing.

The slow movement from Brahms's *Sonata* No. 1 having been performed, Herr Pauer made the following concluding remarks: Among several excellent living composers, Raff, though not a public performer, shows that he understands the resources of the piano. Stephen Heller, who shows the influence of Chopin in his studies, etc., taught amateurs a better style of performance, but did not advance the technique of the piano. In his transcriptions he produced a new form of drawing-room pieces. Of other performers, such as Bülow, etc., suffice it to say that they are more or less specialists, excelling in the shake, tremolo, or octave. During the one hundred and twenty years from Emanuel Bach to the present day, the art of pianoforte playing has passed through many stages, and its progress has been closely connected with that of musical history generally. At one time there seemed to be a race between manufacturer and pianist, to which latter the superb instruments we now possess are partly due; and in power, durability, and rich-



ness, these will probably not be much improved. The machinery is so perfect that the art of producing the tone is almost lost, for it is not much art only to play very heavily when *fortissimo* is marked, and use the soft pedal for *pianissimo*. But between these the expert pianist will give many gradations; indeed, an experienced player has now an entire orchestra at the tips of his fingers. Our instruments would have astonished Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven; but, with wonderful prescience the latter introduced into his later sonatas passages which can only be rendered on an instrument of the present day. It should be our endeavor to profit by these increased means. A piano is now regarded as a necessary piece of furniture, and pianoforte playing is a truly popular occupation. Those who have had careful teaching, possess talent, and a good instrument, should master the best style of playing. To employ the best technical execution on the best music was the excellent maxim of a good judge. Like music in general, pianoforte playing is in a transition state, and a return to a quieter style will come. Technical execution is no longer an object of the utmost importance, and the tendency is towards a more natural style. The mechanism of pianos is now almost perfect; it is to be doubted whether any further development in point of richness and variety of tone, etc., is possible. We who are so fortunate as to possess these wonderfully improved instruments should make it our duty to do thereby more justice to the great composers.

The lecturer, having himself played Heller's *Dans les Bois*, and *La Truite*, Miss N. Synner, of the National Training School, gave a fluent rendering of Mozowski's Concert Study, and Herr Pauer and Herr Max Pauer performed in conclusion an effective Suite des Danses, for four hands, by Scharwenka.—*Lond. Mus. Standard*, Dec. 25, 1880.

#### MUSIC IN BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The following communication from Mr. H. E. Holt, one of the instructors of music in the public schools of this city, will be read with interest by those who desire to learn of the comparative merits of the public school instruction in music in this city and abroad:—

To the Editor of the *Herald*: In an editorial in the *Herald* of Saturday, March 26, upon the subject of school-teachers' salaries, may be found the following:—

There are outlets in many directions which the school board itself might close up. Time and money are spent in the study and practice of music, and yet we have the authority of Mr. Theodore Thomas for the statement that "instruction of this kind has little present value, and is positively detrimental to those who wish to gain a thorough knowledge of the art."

Now, it is just such reckless statements as this, made by such musicians as Mr. Theodore Thomas and others, who are supposed by the public to be authority, that will work the greatest harm to the cause of music in our public schools. With all due respect to the reputation and ability of Mr. Thomas in certain directions, it is due the cause of music in the public schools in this country to say that all instrumentalists like Mr. Thomas (I mean all persons who have learned to think music through the playing of musical instruments, and who know little or nothing of the mental process by which children are to gain command of their musical powers without instruments) are very dangerous advisers with regard to singing in our public schools. It is a very easy matter for musicians like Mr. Thomas, who have heard music all their lives through instruments, to theorize upon teaching singing in our public schools; but the real value of any system of instruction must be judged by its results.

I take the following from an article in the *Tonic Sol Fu Reporter*, by W. G. McNaught, professor of music in the Homerton Training College, England. Speaking of the report of Dr. Hullah, on "Musical Instruction in Elementary Schools on the Continent," furnished in obedience to the instruction of the lords of the Privy Council of England, the writer says:—

Dr. Hullah found no music teaching worthy of men-

tion in Austria, Bavaria, Bohemia, Saxony, Würtemberg and Prussia, while in Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, the results were in an eminent degree satisfactory.

Mr. McNaught visited some of these typical schools to ascertain more than Dr. Hullah's report furnished of the methods, cost, and general condition of school music in these countries held up as models.

Mr. McNaught gives his experience in Holland. He first visited a school in the Hague, under the mastership of Mr. Gedikiug. This is a mixed school for girls and boys, not of the lowest class; there were seven standards or grades in the school, the first being the lowest. The following test was given to the fourth class:—



Of this test Mr. McNaught says:—

This was attacked as follows: First, they sang it on a monotone to the pitch names; second, twice, as before, beating time; third, in tune and time. At 1, many sang B and others G. At 2, all sang B-flat. After five or six trials, they succeeded in performing it without the direct aid of the teacher. The fifth, sixth and seventh, the highest classes, then sang, under the direction of Mr. Gedikiug, a four-part round and a three-part song by Abt, with some variety of expression, but with much sinking of pitch and not with good quality of tone. Several other part-songs were sung in a similar manner, the falling from pitch being very noticeable.



Then the soprano of test No. 2 was tried by the oldest pupils, and, after many mistakes, abandoned. These pupils correspond in grade to the first class in our grammar schools. Each class in this school is taught music two hours a week. The oldest pupils, who attempted the soprano of test No. 2, had been learning music five years. Mr. McNaught further says:—

I ascertained that the results witnessed in Mr. Gedikiug's school were fairly representative of the Hague schools.

If such is the condition of music in schools where the results are "eminently satisfactory" to Dr. Hullah, the government inspector, what can be the condition of music in schools where there is no teaching "worthy of mention"? No wonder that the tonic sol-fa system flourishes in a country where no better results are obtained.

I have given test No. 1 to some of my lowest classes in the grammar schools, and it was sung correctly, at sight. I have given test No. 2 to some of my third classes, and it was sung correctly in two parts, the first time, and there was no going through it two or three times on a "monotone." The following exercise has been sung correctly at sight by the upper classes in three of my grammar schools (some others can do the same), and those schools will sing, at sight, any three-part exercise of like difficulty in any of the nine keys:—



Will Mr. Theodore Thomas please explain how it happens that, in schools taught by musicians, two hours a week for five years, on his fixed "do" or positive pitch system, the pupils are not able to sing a simple melody like the soprano of test No. 2 in the key of F, while in Boston, where music is taught only one hour a week, and three-fourths of that time by the regular teacher in the school, upon a system which "does more harm than good," the results are so vastly superior?

I will venture the assertion that there is no place in this country where so good results in music can be shown for so small an expenditure of "time and money" as in some of the Boston schools. If there be any doubt of the genuineness of this work, the public is cordially invited to visit me in my schools and test it.

H. E. Holt.

Boston, April 2, 1881.

#### A CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY.

The *Home Journal*, of New York, has the following:—

Outside of a limited circle of musical enthusiasts in this city it is not so generally known as it should be that New York offers to students of music an advantage which is not as yet obtainable in any other city of the Union—the advantage of a satisfactorily complete library of music. To the majority of even cultivated people the very idea of a library of music will come as a novelty. The establishment of such a library in this country is proof that musical culture is passing out of that crude stage in which music is studied as a mere accomplishment, and a certain facility in execution alone is aimed at, to that higher stage in which music, like literature, is studied for its own sake, for the love of it, for the mental elevation and enlargement which its study brings. It is only when thus pursued that music becomes in the true sense of the word a culture. To the attainment of this culture it is not at all necessary that one should be in the current sense of the word an accomplished musician, that is, that he should have acquired a brilliant execution, no more than that; in order to understand and enjoy thoroughly a fine poem, one should be able to read it with all the skill of an accomplished elocutionist. In musical culture, as in literary culture, what is essential is neither power of origination nor power of interpretative expression, but a refined and enlarged perception, a heightened taste. This enlargement of the perceptions and refinement of the sensibilities can only be attained in either case by a varied study of authors and schools, and in either case one must have at hand large collections of works, such as few people can afford to possess. Public libraries of literary works are old institutions, the value of which is fully recognized, but public libraries of musical works are a novelty. It is to the enterprise of Mr. Schirmer, the music publisher, that New York is indebted for the establishment of such a library on a scale of completeness hardly to be expected in a private undertaking. Mr. Schirmer's library contains one hundred thousand works covering the entire field of

standard musical literature, and including all the novelties of any importance of current issue. That the existence of this large library is not so well known as it should be is due, doubtless, to the recency of its establishment. It was opened not much more than a year ago, when Mr. Schirmer moved from his old place, at 701 Broadway, to the large four-story house, 35 Union Square, all of which is brought into requisition in the various departments of his business. The second floor, thirty feet wide and one hundred and fifty deep, is chiefly devoted to the library. On its first establishment, Mr. Schirmer did not expect it to "pay," at least directly, as an independent department of his business. And in point of fact its income does not even, as he has informed us, meet as yet the salaries of the librarian and his assistants, to say nothing of the other heavy expenses of keeping it up. But we do not doubt that before long Mr. Schirmer will realize a fair return—a return in pecuniary profit as well as in the personal satisfaction of having contributed to the advancement of musical culture. It should be added that the advantages of the library are not limited to city residents, but may easily be availed of by out-of-town subscribers. The terms of subscription, considering the advantages offered, are exceedingly moderate.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1881.

### RECENT CONCERTS.

**HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.** Nothing could have been more fitting for Good Friday than Bach's *St. Matthew Passion Music*, and Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was almost as much in harmony with Easter Sunday. It seemed a pity that the *Passion Music* could not be given entire, in two performances on the afternoon and evening of the same day, as it was two years ago. To reduce it into one evening's concert is not only to omit many most important numbers; it also tends, in the desire to save as many beautiful arias and choruses as possible, to make that one too long. Among the omissions most felt by those familiar with the work were, in Part First: the Alto Aria: "Grief and pain" (after Miss Cary had so touchingly given the preceding melodic recitative); the Bass Aria: "Gladly will I, all resigning;" and, among the grandest things of all, the wonderful figured Chorale, with its symphonic orchestral accompaniment: "O Man, bewail thy sin so great," which properly ends the First Part. To make an imposing ending, therefore, the stupendous, but brief Chorus: "Ye lightnings," with the tearful Soprano and Alto Duet: "Alas! my Jesus now is taken," was reserved to the end. In Part Second were omitted: all that quaint pastoral Solomon's Song portion which comes in so refreshingly and reposefully at the beginning (Alto Aria and Chorus: "Whither has thy Friend departed?"); the fine Tenor Aria: "Behold, how still, how calm!"; the Recitative and Aria for Bass: "Come, blessed cross;" the Aria (Bass): "Cleanse thee, O my soul, from sin," which follows to complete the profoundly beautiful, serene and tender Recitative: "At eventide, cool hour of rest," which Mr. Henschel gave with such true feeling that one longed to hear him sing the Aria also. About half of the Chorales, those ever-welcome moments of repose, immortal models, too, of four-part harmony, such as Bach only had the secret of, were omitted, while the narrative Recitative, so trying for any single Tenor voice, was considerably, and very judiciously, abridged. It will be seen that much the larger half of the whole work was sung.

Rather than lose the great figured Chorale, and several shorter pieces, we think that the narrative might have been still further shortened to advantage, although it is all wonderfully beautiful, expressive, graphic in itself, and we have nothing but praise for the tasteful, delicate, chaste, pathetic manner in which it was all delivered by Mr. William J. Winch, despite some signs of weariness toward the end. Miss Annie Cary fairly astonished us and took our feelings captive by her admirable rendering of the great Aria with violin obligato: "O pardon me, my God" ("*Erbarme dich*,") and all she sang. Here we had not only the rich, glorious

voice and consummate skill; but it was informed with soul and true emotional expression; it went to every heart; it seemed as if the study and the singing of this music was an entering of new depths of life for her. And here is the place to speak of Mr. Henschel, since these two more than any realized the spirit and transcendent art of this unsurpassable religious music. In the unspeakably beautiful recitatives and utterances of Jesus (always distinguished by the prismatic halo of string quartet accompaniment), he was fully equal to the praise which Ambros gives him (see last number). It was all serious, tender, manly, full of majesty and full of love. It seemed the voice of the divinely human. For the first time we heard these reverent tones of Bach fairly syllabled and phrased. It could but do one good to hear. Mrs. Humphrey-Allen did good justice to the Soprano arias which she sang, especially "From love unbounded," with its innocent and exquisite accompaniment of only flute and two clarinets. Miss Edith Abell's efforts were intelligent and earnest, but the voice seemed suffering from a cold. Mr. Wm. Winch was excellent in the great Tenor Scene with intermittent verses of Chorale: "O grief,"—one of the most impressive and wonderfully beautiful inspirations in the work, to which the oboe melody by Mr. Ribas contributed most happily. Mr. John Winch sang the Bass Air: "Give me back my dearest Master," with more life and character than we have had it sung before, as well as the parts of Judas and of the High Priest. Mr. Listemann played the beautiful violin solos with artistic certainty and great refinement.

The choruses, for the most part, were admirably sung, especially the Chorales and the *Schluss-Chor*, which is so profoundly affecting; and the orchestra was commonly effective, and subdued to finer light and shade than ever before in the *Passion Music*: yet there were some slips and some rough places both in orchestra and chorus; nor did all parts always tell so positively as they should do; there were some indifferent or timid entrances. The great organ lent very efficient aid under Mr. Lang's hand, particularly in the appalling picture where "the veil of the temple was rent," etc. On the whole it was the most successful rendering of the *Passion Music* that we have yet had, this being the fifth time since the Society first undertook any considerable portion of it; and with every repetition it gains a wider and a deeper hold among our music-loving people.

—The performance of *St. Paul*, on Sunday evening, was one of remarkably even excellence. There was hardly a fault to be found with the chorus singing. In the long grave choruses, written almost uniformly in half-notes, 3-4 ("But our Lord abideth,") frequently abridged, there is a second Soprano part which sings a chorale; this was assigned to a choir of boys, who had been drilled for this and for the opening chorus in the *Passion* by Mr. Sharland, and the effect was good. The four principal soloists were all highly satisfactory. Mrs. Henschel (Lillian Bailey) sang the Aria "Jerusalem," and all the Soprano parts in a most simple, chaste, refined and sympathetic voice and manner, winning sincere applause. Mrs. Jennie M. Noyes acquitted herself most creditably in the short Contralto Arioso: "But the Lord is mindful." The parts of Paul (Bass) and of Stephen (Tenor) could not have been entrusted to more admirable artists than Mr. Henschel and Mr. C. F. Adams; it was a great treat when they sang together in Duet: "Now we are ambassadors," etc. A more artistic and complete production of this noble oratorio was never given in this city.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.** The fourth programme (Thursday evening, April 14) was as follows:—

Overture to "Euryanthe" . . . . . Von Weber  
Concert Aria. "Mentre te lascio" . . . . . Mozart  
Mr. Georg Henschel.

Symphony, in E-flat . . . . . Haydn  
a. Adagio Allegro con spirito. b. Andante. c. Menuetto.  
d. Allegro con spirito.

Part II.  
Symphonic Poem. "Mazeppa" . . . . . Liszt  
(According to Victor Hugo.)  
Pogner's Address, from "The Meistersinger" . . . . . Wagner  
Mr. Henschel.

Slumber Song . . . . . Raff  
For violin solo and orchestra. Solo played by all  
the first violins.  
Invitation to Dance . . . . . Weber-Berlioz

Weber's brilliant romantic Overture was well played. So was the Symphony by Haydn, one of the largest, most elaborate, and best of the twelve composed for Salomon's concerts in London, and No. 1 in the Breitkopf and Härtel edition. It has a stately, solemn introduction beginning with tympani and double-basses; but all the rest is genial, graceful, bright and buoyant. The variations of the Andante are interesting, one of them taking the form of a violin solo, which was finely played by Mr. Allen. We confess, however, to enjoying some of the shorter, less pretensions of Haydn's Symphonies (like the "Oxford," for instance) more than when we have him at such length. A short Haydn Symphony contrasted with a short one by some other composer, in the same programme, goes well.

Liszt's *Mazeppa* is a frightfully wild, tormenting, stunning piece of jargon, making the hearer feel as if he were bound to the wild horse himself. When one's nerves and senses can endure the persecution scarce a moment longer, there comes relief, to be sure, in a bright, triumphal Cossack march and dance. But heaven save us from any more such "music!" The *Slumber Song* by Raff is ingenious and graceful, only rather dull. Weber's *Invitation*, in Berlioz's fine orchestral transcription, came very welcome at the end; but the return to the slow introduction, with cello solo, which is so beautiful, was omitted.

Mr. Henschel sang the Mozart Aria in a most artistic and expressive style. The selection from Wagner's *Meistersinger* was a particularly good one; it is an eloquent appeal, and the instrumentation is extremely rich without being cloying and oppressive. Mr. Henschel put great life, significance and force into it.

MR. ERNST PERABO was warmly welcomed back into the concert field, from which he had been too long absent, in the first of two matinées (his fifteenth season), which he gave in the Meinaon on Tuesdays, April 5th and 12th, at the unusually early hour of 11 1-2 A. M.; a bright, clear hour for shutting out the world and listening to good music; but of course the audience were mostly ladies, and, we may add, devoted admirers. Mr. Perabo had the valuable assistance of Mr. Gustav Dannreuther, the violinist. Here is the first programme:—

Sonata in A-minor . . . . . Mozart  
a. Allegro. b. Andante con espressione. c. Presto.  
a. "Die Trommel gerühret."  
From the Egmont Music. F-minor.  
b. "Mit einem gemalten Bande." F-major.  
(Transcribed by F. Liszt) . . . . . Beethoven  
c. Adagio, from Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3, D-minor. Beethoven  
Valse Caprice, Op. 31, A-major. . . . . Xaver Scharwenka  
Sonata No. 1, in G-major, Op. 13, for piano and  
violin . . . . . Rubinstein  
a. Allegro con moto. c. Scherzo.  
b. Andante con variazioni. d. Finale: Adagio, Vivace.

Good Mozart playing is a rare art among pianists. Reinecke of Leipzig has it, and Perabo that morning proved that he too has it. Rarely have we enjoyed anything of the kind so much as his graceful, subtle, lifesome interpretation of that charming sonata. The Andante was melody itself; the Presto exquisitely light and fairy-like. Indeed in all he played the artist seemed to be in his healthiest and most genial mood, and did it *con amore*. The Beethoven selections were most enjoyable; Liszt chose knowingly and happily in his transcriptions; and the great adagio was superbly rendered. Scharwenka's *Valse Caprice* proved a most fascinating thing, and was so exquisitely played, with such freedom and such nicety, that he had to repeat a portion of it. The Rubinstein Sonata, finely interpreted by the two artists, gave great satisfaction. It was so good and choice a concert that we lamented the necessity of losing the second one; all we can do is to let the programme speak for itself so far as it can:—

Sonata in B-flat, without opus . . . . . Schubert  
Written in 1828.

a. Molto moderato, c. Scherzo.  
b. Andante sostenuto. d. Allegro ma non troppo.

- a. Dance, E-major. . . . . John K. Paine  
 b. Romance, A-major . . . . .  
 From four characteristic pieces, Op. 25. (Second time.)  
 c. Scherzo, D-minor, from the string quartet in D-minor . . . . . Schubert  
 Arranged for two hands by Ernst Perabo. (New. MS.)  
 d. Menuetto, G-minor, from the piano quartet, op. 38. . . . . Jos. Rheinberger  
 Arranged for two hands by Ernst Perabo. (New. MS.)  
 Pensées, Op. 11, G-minor (New. MS.) . . . . . E. Perabo  
 "Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass," etc.  
 Sonata No. 2, in A-minor, Op. 19, for piano and violin . . . . . Rubinstein  
 a. Allegro con moto. c. Adagio non troppo.  
 b. Scherzo. d. Finale: Allegro molto.

MR. JUNIUS W. HILL'S Classes in Ensemble Playing. It seems that Mr. Arthur Foote has not been the only cultivator of the field of piano trio concerts lately. We attended recently, at Chickering's, a "Trio Rehearsal," as it was modestly called, by pupils of the sterling, modest teacher above named. The audience was private, consisting of invited friends. Mr. C. N. Allen and Mr. Wulf Fries were the violinist and cellist; Mrs. Humphrey Allen sang, Mr. Leon Keach accompanying; the pianists were all pupils. Here is what we heard, and throughout with peculiar pleasure:—

- Trio in E-minor, Op. 20 . . . . . Jadassohn  
 Allegro appassionata—Scherzo (Allegretto molto moderato.)  
 Miss Bowker.  
 Novelletten, Op. 29 . . . . . Gade  
 Allegro Scherzando—Larghetto con moto—Allegro.  
 Miss Appleton.  
 Songs from "Woman's Life and Love" . . . . . Schumann  
 Trio in E-flat, Op. 12 . . . . . Hummel  
 Andante—Finale (presto.)  
 Miss Kimball.  
 Trio in E-flat major, Op. 32 . . . . . Stiehl  
 Andante and Finale.  
 Miss Dana.  
 Two songs with violin obligato:—  
 a. Autumn. . . . .  
 b. Spring. . . . .  
 Trio in C-minor, Op. 66 . . . . . Mendelssohn  
 Allegro energico e con fuoco.  
 Miss Ranney.

This was an average specimen of excellent work which has been going on, in the quietest way, in Mr. Hill's class-room, for two or three years, and we cannot resist the temptation to break the seal of privacy, for others' good, and let Mr. Hill explain his work in his own words. In a note received from him since the "Rehearsal," he tells us:—

"Our desire was not to give any concert or exhibition, but simply to afford the friends of the classes an average sample of the work we have been doing this past season, my own room being much too small to comfortably seat even those who had expressed a desire to come. I have tried for a long time to interest the more advanced pupils in the study of such music for piano and strings, and have succeeded in creating a tolerable enthusiasm amongst them. We have worked along very quietly, but patiently and persistently; and, with the aid of Messrs. Allen and Fries every Tuesday, have accomplished an amount of work which I earnestly hope and believe will have its effect. It was a good deal of a risk to run, I admit, in allowing the pupils to play before so many listeners, it is so easy to lose one's head.

"We have thoroughly studied and played thirty-nine trios (complete) this winter, in a class of nine pupils. Not only have we played the trios of Haydn, Mozart and Hummel, several of Beethoven, but the difficult ones of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Rubinstein, Scharwenka, Jadassohn, Dvorak and other modern writers. As I said before, I think the playing was only an average, as we made no special protracted preparation, and had only one rehearsal the day before."

Miss JENNY L. HAMLIN, whose interesting concert of March 17, at Union Hall, was largely attended, was formerly one of the foremost pupils of the lamented Hugo Leonhard; she has since studied in Stuttgart, with Prückner, and recently here with Mr. Sherwood. The following paragraph from an exchange confirms the impression we received of her, and of the singer, Mrs. Gleason:—

She was assisted by Mrs. Grace Hiltz-Gleason, a singer of great reputation in the West, and Mr. Carl Feininger, a violinist from New York. Miss Hamlin is a brilliant player and a thoughtful interpreter. Her technical skill is of a high order; her touch is firm, clean, and expressive; and her playing generally is marked by decided artistic sentiment. She played Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise with uncom-

mon grace of conception and vigor of style, and in No. 2 of Moskowski's Moment Musical, Op. 7, a Valse Allemande by Rubinstein, and with Mr. H. Sherwood in Henselt's Grande Duo Concertante, Op. 48, showed both versatility and pleasing individuality. Mrs. Gleason's voice is both sweet and full, and her singing of a group of songs by Scarlatti, Hasse, and Rotoli proved that her schooling had been in the best methods, while her interpretation of a suite of songs by Franz made a pleasing impression by the propriety of expression with which she invested them. Mr. Feininger is a highly accomplished violinist, who at once won the favor of his audience by the beauty of his performance of a selection by Ernst, for which he received an encore. Miss Hamlin was likewise recalled after her playing of the work by Chopin. The impression she produced was a very flattering one, and she is to be warmly congratulated upon the undoubted success she achieved.

MR. CHARLES N. ALLEN gave an interesting invitation concert at Chickering's rooms on Saturday evening, April 9, to a highly cultivated audience. It opened with the Quartet by Grieg, Op. 27 (third time in Boston), finely played by the Beethoven Club. We cannot find this strange, wild, fitful composition, with its ugly leading theme, returning in the later movements, and its spasmodic restless changes of time and rhythm, any more edifying upon repetition. So comparatively tame, old-fashioned, smooth and clear a thing as the *Allegro moderato* from Viotti's violin Concerto in A-minor, was quite refreshing after it. It is a pretty formidable task in the way of difficult, sustained execution, and the fair young pupil, Miss Teresa Carreno Campbell, acquitted herself in it with great credit. Another pupil, Mr. C. F. Higgins, played a Violin Romance, Op. 48, by Saint-Saëns, in a way that won him cordial applause. Mrs. Allen sang, charmingly of course, two songs by Jensen, "Träume" by Wagner, and "Starlit Eve" by Widor, the last named being particularly admired. The concert ended with two movements (Gavotte and Quasi Presto) from a Quartet, Op. 75, by Bazzini, which we have heard highly praised, but were obliged to lose.

MR. H. G. TUCKER, the strong and brilliant young pianist, never appeared to better advantage than in the concert which he gave at Chickering's on Friday evening, April 1, with Mrs. Humphrey contributing some of her best songs. The programme included:—

- Sonata, D-major . . . . . Schubert  
 Allegro Vivace. Andante. Scherzo. Rondo.  
 Songs. a. Cradle Song. Grieg. b. Spring Night. Schumann  
 Gavotte, E-major . . . . . Bach-Saint-Saëns  
 E-minor Fugue . . . . . Handel-Liszt  
 Etude, A-minor . . . . . Chopin  
 Song, "Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets" . . . . . Mendelssohn  
 Toccata, C-major . . . . . Schumann  
 Song, Spring Fancies . . . . . Rubinstein  
 Largo . . . . . Bach-Saint-Saëns  
 Etude, C-major . . . . . Rubinstein

Mr. Tucker played the Schubert Sonata and the Chopin Etude with much refinement of expression, and brought out the characteristic beauty of all his wide range of selections. The very difficult Toccata of Schumann was so thoroughly and freely mastered as to give more pleasure than it usually does. Mrs. Allen sang "Jerusalem," from *St. Paul*, with chaste, impressive fervor.

#### LOCAL ITEMS.

MR. WM. H. SHERWOOD gives the first of his three concerts at the Meinaon this evening. Beethoven and Bach furnish the principal matter: of the former, Sonata Op. 31, No. 1, and Sonata for violin and piano, in E-flat, Op. 12; of Bach: Air de la Pentecôte, and Gavottes for violin; Preludes, Fugues, Gavotte, etc., for the pianoforte, and Liszt's arrangement of the great organ Fantaisie and Fugue in G-minor. Mons. Alfred De Séve is the violinist. Mrs. Grace Hiltz-Gleason will sing songs by Maas, Jensen, Rubinstein and Mendelssohn. The second concert (April 28), will be devoted to Schumann and Chopin, Mrs. Sherwood taking part.

—Mr. Lang's first concert at the new Brattle Square Church, which seats about six hundred, with a grand orchestra of seventy-five, will take place tomorrow Sunday (evening). He will give the Overture to *St. Paul*, the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, and

the first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony. Mrs. Allen will sing "Angels ever bright and fair," and Mendelssohn's "Jerusalem." The occasion is one of novel and especial interest. — On Sunday evening, May 1, Mr. Lang's orchestra will play the great Schubert Symphony, Mendelssohn's Overture: "Becalmed at Sea, and Prosperous Voyage," and Beethoven's *Coriolanus* Overture. Mr. Henschel and Mr. John F. Winch will sing.

—On Saturday afternoon, May 7, Mr. Louis Maas of Leipzig, will give a grand Orchestral Concert in aid of the Printing Fund for the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School (not "Asylum") for the Blind. Such a cause, the merits and the needs of which have been so eloquently set forth of late, ought to ensure an eager attendance and a crowded Music Hall. Here is Mr. Maas's programme, rich in novelties and splendors better known:—

- Overture—"Hannibal." Op. 7 . . . . . Louis Maas  
 Concerto for the pianoforte with orchestra,  
 (No. 4. in D-minor, Op. 70), played by  
 Mr. L. Maas . . . . . A. Rubinstein  
 "A Festival Scene," Op. 9 . . . . . Louis Maas  
 "Träumerei," for string instruments . . . . . R. Schumann  
 Norsk Bondedans, Norwegian Peasants' Dance  
 Paa Bandaksvandet, On Bandaks Lake,  
 Folkedans, Norwegian National Dance,  
 Pièces Caractéristiques, Op. 13 . . . . . Louis Maas  
 Grand Symphony in C-major . . . . . F. Schubert  
 The Orchestral numbers will be conducted by Maas, and Mr. Carlyle Petersilea has kindly consented to lead the Concerto of Rubinstein.

—That very interesting young pianist, Miss Josephine E. Ware, will give a concert at the Meinaon on Tuesday evening, May 3. She will play, with the Beethoven Club, Schubert's "Trout" Quintet, and a Quintet by Goldmark, Op. 30; and for solos, Chopin's *Berceuse*, and *Valse Caprice*, by Rubinstein. Mrs. Allen will sing Handel's "Mio bel tesoro," and songs by Schubert and Grieg.

NEW YORK, with Dr. Damrosch's great festival, will be the centre of musical interest during the whole of the first week in May. Orchestra of 250; Chorus of 1200 voices, besides 1500 girls from the schools, and 250 boys from the church choirs; Gerster, Cary, Campanini, Whitney, Remmert, and other noted singers; Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*; Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel*; *The Messiah*; Ninth Symphony; Berlioz's Requiem, and a great abundance and variety of lesser treasures old and new—all in four evenings and three afternoon concerts, beginning Tuesday evening. The hall will seat 10,000 people; plans of it may be found and tickets bought in Boston music stores. Who will not fly to Gotham?

#### MUSIC ABROAD.

PARIS. The Chicago *Tribune* has the following cable dispatch, dated April 1:—

After delays and disappointments innumerable, Charles Gounod's new four-act opera, *Le Tribut de Zamora*, was produced at the Grand Opera this evening before a house packed from floor to ceiling with literary, artistic, and fashionable celebrities. It may be stated at once that it was very favorably received. Since it was originally composed, two years ago, the work has been frequently revised and altered. Four distinct editions have been engraved by M. Choudens, the publisher, since 1878. In its primitive form, *Le Tribut de Zamora* would have taken seven hours to perform. By repeated and ruthless cuts the work was at last reduced to a reasonable proportion. Excisions were made up to the very eve of the production, and several numbers were sacrificed at the first and only dress rehearsal of the opera, which took place in the strictest privacy on Tuesday night. When produced, this evening, the opera was entirely fresh to Paris, and the reception given it must be taken to express the honest and unbiased opinion of a first night's audience. MM. D'Ennery and Bresil's libretto, though not strikingly novel, is dramatic, and well suited for operatic treatment. It may be remembered that M. D'Ennery offered it in the first instance to Verdi, by whom it was declined. It was then offered to M. Gounod and accepted. The plot is laid at some undefined period of the Moorish occupation of Spain, and the action is transferred, as occasion requires, from Zamora to Cordova. There is no overture to the opera. After a short and insignificant orchestral introduction, the curtain rises on a bright and sunny scene in the Spanish town. On the right is a palace; on the left is the modest house of Xaima, acted by Mlle. Daram, the soprano. Xaima is a pretty Spanish girl, betrothed to a poor Christian adorer called Manuel, represented by M. Sellier, the tenor. The marriage is about to be celebrated. There is a rather insipid chorus of towns-



people, and presently Manuel appears, singing a pretty serenade under his mistress's balcony. Xaima replies, and all seems smiling, when a flourish of trumpets is heard announcing the arrival of the fierce and redoubtable Moorish chief, Ben Said, played by M. Lassalle, the baritone. Agreeably to custom Ben Said has come in the name of the caliph to exact a period of his tribute of virgins. Lots are drawn and Xaima, despite the musical despair of her lover, is carried off to be sold as a slave, and the curtain falls on a commonplace finale. The war-song performed in this act was redemanded with enthusiasm. Act II transports us to a place outside the ramparts of Cordova, and allows the introduction of a glittering and picturesque cortège. There is a liberal allowance of trumpets and other brass instruments. As in *Aida*, the brass band on the stage responds to the orchestra before the footlights. Xaima and her companions are put up for auction. There is a furious competition between Manuel and Ben Said. The latter has taken a liking to Xaima, and finally becomes her master. The act ends with a very effective finale. The third act is the longest, and perhaps the most interesting in the opera. The scene is a gorgeous interior in the harem of Ben Said's palace. A ballet is introduced. The music is piquant and charming, partly in waltz and partly in a softer and more pastoral key. The instrumentation is ingenious, and the melody rudely interrupted by a duel between Ben Said and his rival Manuel. The latter is vanquished, and is only spared, thanks to the passionate intervention of Xaima, who vows she will kill herself if Manuel is slain. The interest is well sustained. In the fourth act an important part is played by a mad woman named Hermosa, represented by Mlle. Krauss. Hermosa had already appeared in the preceding act. Her husband is Xaima's father. He had been killed in battle by Ben Said. The scene is a garden of Ben Said's palace. Hermosa, in a moment of lucid recollection, recognizes her daughter Xaima, and determines to avenge her wrongs. There is a very beautiful dramatic duo for mother and daughter, introducing the motive of the war-song so highly applauded in the first act. In the *dénouement*, Hermosa stabs Ben Said, Xaima is restored to her lover's arms, and the avenging mother is allowed to escape unharmed, thanks to the mental infirmity which makes her sacred. The costumes and scenery are singularly picturesque, but there were evidences of insufficient rehearsal in the choruses. Mlle. Krauss won a triumph in her great scene with Xaima. She was twice encoored. There were loud calls for M. Gounod at the end of the performance. The composer conducted his opera in person.

—Louis Gallet has published, in *La Nouvelle Revue*, a list of operas now ready for representation in Paris. Here it is, preceded by the names of the composers: Ambroise Thomas, *Françoise de Rimini*. Gounod, *Maître Pierre*, *Georges Dandin*. Victor Massé, *Une Nuit de Cléopâtre*. Ernest Reyer, *Sigurd*. Jules Massenet, *La Hérodiane*, *La Phœbé*. Camille Saint-Saëns, *Samson et Delila*, *Etienne Marcel*, *Brunhilde*. Victor Jancières, *Le Chevalier Jean*. Godard, *Les Guelfes*. Delibes, *L'Oiseau bleu*, *Jacques Callot*. Hector Salomon, *Bianca Capello*. Diaz, *Benvenuto Cellini*. Lalo, *Fiesque*, *Le Roi d'Is*. Paladilhe, *Patrie*. Daboïs, *Fritjof*. Guiraud, *Le Feu*, *Galante Aventure*. Widor, *Le Capitaine Loys*. Lenepveu, *Velleda*. Paul Puget, *Le Bâtard de Mauléon*. Raoul Pugno, *La belle Edith*. Salvayre, *Richard III*. Mermet, *Bacchus*. Membree, *Phrègor*, *Colomba*. Vaucorbeil, *Mahomet*. Lefebvre, *Lucrèce*, *Le Voile*. H. Maréchal, *La Taverne des Trabans*, *Calendal*. De Grandval, *Le Conte Hermann*. G. Faure, *Faustine*. Rousseau, *Sabinus*. Vêronge de la Nax, *Lucrèce*. Wormser, *La Fille de Gunelon*.

—Nicolas Rubinstein, brother of Anton Rubinstein, died in Paris last week at the Grand Hotel, while on his way to the South of France. He was born at Moscow in 1835. At the age of seven years, in co-operation with his brother, Anton, he successfully began his concert career. At a later period he studied at Berlin, under Kullak and Dehn. In the year 1859 he founded the Moscow "Société Musicale," whose symphonic concerts he conducted uninterruptedly; and in 1864, the Moscow Conservatoire, which, under his direction, ranked very highly, particularly in the composition and pianoforte classes. In 1878, at the Paris Exhibition, he conducted the Russian concerts at the Trocadéro. One of his most famous pupils, well known in Germany, is Vjera Timanoff. Anton Rubinstein hurried from Madrid to the bedside of his dying brother, whose remains have been sent to Moscow. —*Parisian*.

MILAN. A correspondent of the *London Musical Standard* (April 2) writes: "I have received glowing accounts of the production of Verdi's revised edition of *Simon Boccanegra* the other night. The opera is

a complete success, and Verdi had twenty-three recalls. The libretto is to a great extent founded on Schiller's noble tragedy, "Fiesco." Amongst the most striking features of the opera may be mentioned a very beautiful prologue, an effective aria for Fiesco, with a women's chorus in the distance, a tender and melodious love-duo, in which there occurs an allegro, terminated by a most exquisite and original *rallentando*. This allegro, the episode of Amelia's meeting with the Doge, and Fiesco's air were enthusiastically redemanded. Verdi has re-written or altered almost the whole of his opera. The execution, with a few exceptions, seems to have been admirable, and Maurel had a personal triumph. *Simon Boccanegra* will be only played in Milan till the middle of April, for the present, but in September it is to be revived. After the production of the opera, Verdi returned to his palace at Genoa. For some time to come he will doubtless devote himself, heart and soul, to his *Iago*, which he has promised to the management of the Scala. If all goes well, *Iago* may be put upon the stage next winter."

QUEDLINGBURG. — On the 9th inst., the *Persai* of Æschylus was performed here in the large hall of the Royal Gymnasium, which was almost inconveniently filled by residents and visitors. This magnificent work in celebration of victory was first represented 472 years B. C., and nothing like it was suggested in Germany either by the wars of deliverance or by the great war in 1870-71. The present translation emanates from Professor Köchly, of Heidelberg, who was too soon snatched from science, and whom the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen induced to undertake the task. The Prince himself set the choruses and melodramatic parts of the work, and we are indebted to Herr Wackermann, *Musikdirector* at Quedlingburg, for scoring them for grand orchestra. The characters were read by students, while the Students' Chorus, some excellent soloists, and the orchestra under Wackermann's direction executed the music. With regard to the latter, those who heard it felt it might have been born with the work itself, so fully has the composer entered into the latter, and changed it into his own flesh and blood. The music accompanies, interprets, and intensifies the words, and, when these might leave us calm and unmoved, irresistibly excites our profoundest sympathies. Above all, it renders clearly perceptible, even in its most delicate details, the structure, so artistically planned, of the choruses, monodies, and other factors, imparting to the whole, despite the instances of most strongly accented feeling, the necessary mollifying and heart-soothing repose. The performance, which the royal composer had assisted to get up, by being present at the last two rehearsals, was in every respect a success, and it was evident that all engaged in it were animated by that genuine devotion to their task and high-strung frame of mind which can make up for the absence of virtuosity. We bid farewell to this smiling little town in the Hartz with great respect for the spirit of its Gymnasium and the healthy tone of its musical life, which has manifestly enjoyed long and intelligent culture. The *Persai*, as yet unpublished, was in 1876 provided with choruses for male voices and pianoforte accompaniment, in which form it has been performed three times: namely, in Heidelberg, Mannheim, and Vienna. It differs from other Greek dramas which have been set to music, inasmuch as the choruses are treated more like recitatives and in a simpler style, so that we feel the ancient Greeks themselves might have carried them out in the same way. The composer has recently gone over his music afresh, and Herr Wackermann has scored it for grand orchestra. —*Signale*.

LONDON. This year's Covent Garden season of Italian operatic performances began April 19. Mr. Gye's prospectus promises the production of Herr Anton Rubinstein's new opera, Italianized as *Il Demonio*, and the revival of Mozart's *Il Seraglio* (*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*), with a possibility of the production of Signor Boito's *Mejstofole*. Herr Rubinstein has gained high distinction abroad as a composer for the stage, but the forthcoming performance of his new work will present him for the first time in that capacity in this country, where he has hitherto been known only by his extraordinary pianoforte playing. He is expected to visit London for the purpose of superintending the bringing out of his opera. The cast of *Il Demonio* will have the advantage of including Madame Albani and M. Lassalle in the principal characters. In *Il Seraglio* the part of Costanza will be sustained by Mme. Sembrich, whose possession of a high soprano voice of rare compass eminently qualifies her for music written for a singer of exceptional gifts in this respect. Another speciality will be Mme. Adelina's

Patti's appearance as Desdemona in Rossini's *Otello*, thus affording fresh opportunity for evidencing the great prima donna's excellence in the expression of tragic passion. The florid music written for Desdemona will find its best possible realization by one of the greatest Rossinian singers that ever appeared. In Mr. Gye's list of engagements, new appearances are announced to be made by Mlle. J. de Reszke, Madame Fursche-Madier, Mlles. E. Warnots and Guercia; Signori Mierzwinsky and Perugini, Herr Labatt and M. Vergnet (tenors), and Signor Sante Athos, Herr Bulss, MM. Dauphin and Gresse, and Mr. Griffin (baritones and basses). Many familiar names reappear in the list, including those of Mlles. Valleria, Pasqua, Mantilla, Ghiotti, Morini and Sonnimo; Mme. Scaldi, Signori Nicolini, Gayarre, Marini, Manfredi, T. Corsi, Fille, Cotogni, De Reszke, Ciampi, Ugetti, Silvestri, Scolara, Raguer, M. Gailhard, etc.

—At the last Philharmonic concert Spohr's great symphony, *Die Weihe der Töne*, was given, the overtures being Spontini's *La Vestale*, Sterndale Bennett's *Paradise and the Peri*, and a curious jumble of cacophony, entitled *Sigurd Slembe*, intended by the composer, Herr Svensden, as a musical illustration of Björnson's much vaunted poem. Herr Joachim played Beethoven's violin concerto more than ever superbly, and vocal music was contributed by Mme. Orgeni.

—"All our London correspondents," remarks *Le Ménestrel*, "vie in celebrating the triumph gained at St. James's Hall by the French school, which M. Charles Lamoureux had made it his pleasure and duty to present before our English neighbors. Every piece in the programme, compiled with rare skill, was received with a warmth which one is not accustomed to see in the dilettanti of Old Albion; but the honors of the evening certainly fell to the duo from 'Beatrice et Bénédict,' by Berlioz, and the symphony by M. Théodore Gouny."

—HERR RICHARD WAGNER takes the liveliest interest in the scheme of Wagnerian opera, under Herr Richter, at Drury Lane next year, and he has invited its founder to Bayreuth, whence Herr Franke departed direct from London on Tuesday. It is not impossible that this event may restore complete confidence between Herren Wagner and Richter, whose relations have been somewhat strained of late.

The proposal has been made to Mr. Gye to produce the "Nibelungen Ring" at Covent Garden next season, twelve performances being given on the "off nights," by Herr Neumann's Leipzig troupe. This may partly explain the present increase of prices. The "Nibelungen Ring" could not be produced unless stalls were at least 51s. 6d., and even then the balance of profit would be problematical. Covent Garden is hardly the place for the work, as the associations of the Royal Italian Opera are scarcely favorable to that ensemble which Wagner's tetralogy imperatively demands. —*Figaro*, April 9.

—MR. MAPLESON will issue his prospectus shortly, but he has already decided that the season at Her Majesty's will open May 7, with Madame Nilsson, Madame Trebelli, and Mr. Maas in *Faust*. Boito's *Mejstofole* will of course be immediately revived. The contracts have not yet all been signed, but it is presumed that the list of principal artists published in the *Figaro* of March 2 will be found tolerably correct. That list included the names of Mesdames Nilsson, Gerster, Marie Roze, Swift, and Trebelli; Mlles. Hauck, Lilli Lehmann, Vanzandt, Valera, Ricci, Tremelli, and Cary; MM. Campanini, Ravelli, Fancelli, Lazarini, Maas, Runcio, Frappoli, Rota, Del Puente, Gallassi, Aldighieri, Nannetti, Monti, and Corsini, with Madame Malvini Cavalazzi as *première danseuse*. Such, at any rate, was the list furnished by Mr. Mapleson, although it may be modified. There is a talk of the return of M. Faure, but the rumor must be accepted for what it is worth. Signor Faccio, the celebrated conductor, of Milan, is also mentioned by Mr. Mapleson as being engaged to act with Signor Arditi; but here, again, we must wait for the official prospectus. —*Ibid.*

#### A LETTER FROM LISZT ABOUT BUELOW.

(From the "Gazette de Hongrie.")  
BUDA-PESTH, Feb. 18, 1881.

Honored Sir and Friend, — You wish to know what impression yesterday's Bülow Concert made upon me. He belongs to you, he belongs to us all, to the entire intelligent public of Europe. Stated in two words: it was admiration, enthusiasm. Twenty-five years ago Bülow was my pupil in music, just as twenty-five years previously I was the pupil of my highly-honored and dearly-loved master, Czerny. But it has been given to Bülow to strive better and more perseveringly than to me. His edition of Beethoven, which is worthy of all admiration, is dedicated to me as the "Fruit of my teaching." But here the teacher had to learn from his pupil, and Bülow continues to instruct — as much by his astonishing virtuosity as a pianist as by his extraordinary musical knowledge, and now also by his incomparable direction of the Meiningen Orchestra. There! you have an example of the musical progress of our times. Heartily yours,  
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- Mme. Etelka Gerster with Thomas Orchestra at Music Hall.
- 10 and 12. Theodore Thomas: "Damnation de Faust."
11. Fourth Concert of the Cecilia.
- Mme. Gerster's Second Concert.
- Mendelssohn's "Son and Stranger," Boston Museum, 2 P. M.
- Gerster's Matinée, 2.30 P. M.
- 16 and 17. Theodore Thomas: "Romeo and Juliet:" Dramatic Symphony by Berlioz.
- 17, 19, and 20. First performances of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles (in the Greek), with music by Prof. J. K. Paine. Sanders Theatre, Cambridge.
- Fourth Concert of the Boylston Club.

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## TO THE ORGAN.

## I.

Organ, King among the clan  
Of mechanisms complicate,  
Through which the cunning skill of man  
Doth silence make articulate  
Harmonious sound,  
Melodic measure! —  
Say, who conceived the wondrous plan  
To build a palace for this treasure? —  
With chambers round,  
Whence, at the pressure  
Of a human finger light,  
On ivory or ebon gate,  
Shall hasten many an airy sprite  
With sudden consciousness elate,  
To answer, "Here!"  
With ready voice.

## II.

Whence come ye, viewless spirits? Where  
Lurked ye before ye found these cells?  
From blue, illimitable air? —  
In labyrinths of tinted shells,  
Where erst ye breathed  
Your songs of Ocean? —  
From forests 'mongst whose ancient pines  
Ye sang — and trembled with devotion? —  
From cascades wreathed  
In archéd motion,  
Like silver web Arachne twines?  
From rolling cloud, — the thunder's lair, —  
From ocean caves, from ocean waves,  
Cataract and storm! — Spirits of air,  
Ye answer, "Here!"  
With ready voice.

## III.

Organ! grand epitome  
Of pipe and sackbut, lyre and lute;  
Tabor, timbrel, psaltery;  
Viol, ten-stringed harp, and flute:  
The trumpet's blare,  
The cymbals' clashing, —  
Sounds of grief and sounds of glee;  
Dirge funereal, triumph flashing;  
All, all are there; —  
Wailing, — dashing.  
From distant clime, from ancient time,  
They speak anew in harmony.  
Organ, instrument sublime!  
All meet, all culminate in thee,  
And answer, "Here!"  
With ready voice.

## IV.

Did Pan, among Arcadian hills,  
While Syrinx still his suit evaded,  
Hear hints of thee in murmuring rills,  
Whilst for the charmed reed he waded?  
Did Love infer  
The quaint invention?  
Or, while the palms of Nod were young,  
Did Jubal catch some sweet intention  
From insect whirr,  
Or bowstring's tension,  
Voice of winds, or bird's clear song?  
To thee, Cecilia, taught of Heaven,  
Thee, raptured by th' angelic throng,  
The banded organ-pipes were given,  
To answer, "Here!"  
With ready voice.

## V.

Organ, instrument sublime!  
Thy feeble infancy began  
In the mist of dateless time,  
With the infancy of man.  
Harsh and few  
Thy first inflations;  
But, as broad and broader ran  
The life-stream down through generations,  
Sweeter grew  
Thy intonations;  
Till, to-day thou standest King!  
Climax of all that men applaud; —  
That out from spherical silence bring  
The echo of divine accord; —  
Aye answering, "Here!"  
With ready voice.

## VI.

O Builder! build the Organ well!  
Bring soundest metal from the mine;  
And fragrant wood from forest dell;  
And deck with carvings, quaint and fine,  
Sweet Music's shrine.  
Paint angels' faces  
On the silver pipes that shine  
In front; and in the panelled spaces  
Garlands twine.  
And nymphs and graces;  
While Caryatides unweary,  
Like the basses of the chord,  
On either side the burden carry;  
Seeming still to praise the Lord,  
Still answering, "Here!"  
With ready voice.

## VII.

Happy they, the master souls,  
Who wrote undying symphonies;  
Hieroglyphics — magic scrolls —  
Full of wondrous mysteries.  
'Tis thine to tell  
Their mystic story,  
Worthy Organ! And as rolls  
Through pillared aisles the varied glory,  
That now doth swell  
"Memento Mori,"  
And now, "Te Deum Laudamus,"  
We know not which is most entrancing;  
The skill which brings the sounds to us,  
Or those sweet sounds themselves, advancing,  
Still answering, "Here!"  
With ready voice.

## VIII.

Humbly sit I at thy portal;  
With a sense of awed surprise  
That to me, a sinful mortal,  
Should approach such harmonies.  
Grief, care, and fear,  
And doubt and sorrow,  
All that pains the soul immortal,  
All that makes it dread the morrow,  
All disappear:  
I seem to borrow  
Wings from ye, ye wingéd tones,  
And with ye my heart ascends,  
Till with songs of blessed ones  
Perchance the organ-anthem blends: —  
And answers, "Here!"  
With ready voice.

## IX.

House of Music! Organ grand!  
Temple, templed; shrine enshrined!  
Let the poet-king's command  
Now in thee fulfilment find:  
"Praise the Lord!"  
Let thine oblation  
Wreathing up with solemn chord,  
Represent a world's ovation, —  
"Praise the Lord!"  
Let thy vibration  
Thrill through space with worship's hymn;  
Till about the great white throne,  
With cherubim and seraphim,  
Sounds the far-aspiring tone,  
Still answering, "Here!"  
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## SACRED MUSIC IN ITALY.

The death of Baron Ricasoli, the eminent Italian patriot and statesman, was signalized by a solemn funeral service at the Church of Santa Croce in Florence, in the presence of an immense audience, which counted among its number notabilities from all parts of Italy. The Mass executed on the occasion was a Requiem in D-minor by Commendatore Casamorata, the distinguished President of the Florence Academy of Music; and the choice was the more happy as Signor Casamorata's work is undoubtedly one of great merit, and offers a bright contrast to the feeble and hopeless attempts at sacred music with which the names of the Roman choir-masters of the day are associated.

The Requiem is essentially classical in form, though not without a certain dramatic element which at once mitigates the severity of style, and enhances the solemnity of the work. The Kyrie, Offertorio and Benedictus — which latter was admirably sung by Signor Bichi, an excellent tenor — are very effective; the "Recordare Jesu Pie," and the "Oro Supplex," too, excel by beauty of expression and purity of style; but the palm belongs to the "Dies Ira" and "Confutatis" which, by virtue of the noble and elevated tone pervading them, produced a profound impression. Concerted numbers and choruses predominate largely throughout the work, and the orchestral part is more or less descriptive, being marked by adequate coloring and, in some of the movements, by a very skilful treatment of the leading vocal subjects.

The managers of the ceremony had evidently taken pains to select a composition which should not only redound to the credit of a local musical institution, but also demonstrate to the numerous foreigners present that, after all, sacred music in Italy, or at least in Florence, is not quite in so hopeless a condition as is generally supposed. And, indeed, it is high time that something should be done in Italy to reform sacred music. With Signor Casamorata, Verdi and Bottesini are perhaps the only living Italian composers who have made an effort to infuse fresh vigor into the neglected Muse and save her from utter decay and ruin. Whatever may be said of the theatrical tendency of Verdi's Requiem, it is a luminous work, and an effort in the right direction. Bottesini's Requiem, although not so familiar, is undoubtedly the purer of the two. It was performed at the Teatro Regio of Turin during Holy Week last year, and deserves to be made known beyond the borders of Italy. But when we have spoken of Verdi, Bottesini and Casamorata, we have said all; for the rest are, with one or two exceptions, such as Bazzini and Pedrotti, scarcely worthy of notice. This sweeping condemnation was painfully verified, not only by the compositions executed during Holy Week, 1880, in Rome, but by the Palestrina festival in May last. This so-called "festival," organized by Mustapha, the choir-master of St. Peter's, consisted of two concerts of the same programme, of which Palestrina's compositions were really the only ones of any importance. The numerous works which had been



sent, and had for the greater part been written for the occasion by Italian composers of the day, were hardly worth the paper on which they were printed.

This deplorable condition of sacred music in Italy is owing partly to the *vis inertiae* of the Church and the slovenliness of the services, partly to the indifference of the public to sacred music as such. The latter is but the natural consequence of the former, for of the modern Church of Rome, as a promoter of sacred music, it may with truth be said in the language of Rousseau: "Qui s'endort dans le sein d'un père n'est pas en souci du réveil." It is well known that the music performed in the churches of Rome is worse than inferior, and but for some occasional singer of note, such as the late Fra Giovanni, it would often be beyond endurance. It is characteristic that the only exception to this rule is the service at the German College, whose choir, being specially and admirably trained, is unique in its way. Organ performances, both in Rome and in provincial towns, have fallen to the level of galops, polkas, marches, or similar lively strains: and when they are executed by an organist who hammers and strums on an instrument which is either antiquated or out of tune, creaking and laboring at every note, the effect may be readily imagined. The only occasion on which something like a respectable performance of sacred music may now be heard in Rome is the anniversary of Victor Emmanuel's death, when a funeral mass is executed at the Pantheon. It is only within the last few years that efforts have been made in Rome to perform Protestant oratorios, such as Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *St. Paul*, in concert-rooms; but it need hardly be added that it is an extremely difficult, if not thankless and impossible task to make such music popular in Rome or Italy. The success of performances of that kind depends on the uncertain support of the educated few and of foreign residents or visitors; to the mass of the people the slovenly singing and operatic tunes at St. Peter's, St. Giovanni in Laterano, or other churches are naturally much more attractive.

It is satisfactory to notice that quite recently some enlightened musicians in Northern Italy have directed their attention to this disgraceful and intolerable state of things, and that under the presidency of Professor Guerrino Amelli, a Society, the "Santa Cecilia," has been founded at Milan with the object of promoting the reform of sacred music in Italy. The first concert lately given on St. Cecilia's Day, under the auspices of the Society, appears not to have been very brilliantly supported, but the programme, being selected from strictly classical works of the best Italian and foreign masters, attested at once the aim of the promoters and their intention to attain it.<sup>1</sup>

The danger in a radical reform of this kind lies in rushing from one extreme to the other. There are not wanting those who advocate the views of Fétis and others, that the only

style of music suitable for the Church, viz., sacred music in the strict sense of the term, is the Canto fermo, because it expresses that repose and immutability which are a fundamental principle of the Church of Rome. But to enforce Canto fermo in sacred compositions would be tantamount to denying to music the right of expressing feelings, passions, and affections, to impeding its progress and development, and to depriving it of all that constitutes, if not the beauty, certainly the essence and vitality of an art.

The principle of limiting sacred music to Canto fermo is therefore *ipso facto* absurd; and yet it has found acceptance with some, whilst others insist that the organ alone should be retained in the Church to the exclusion of all other instruments. Within the last two centuries music has made gigantic strides, and it would indeed be strange and inconceivable if in the temple "at whose altar," as Herder says, "music originated," if in the Church alone it were to be neglected or remain stationary. It is therefore only natural that sacred music should have the full benefit of the progress that has been made in music generally: to limit the means, to exclude this or that instrument, would only limit the power of expression.

Of course sacred music should not be operatic music, for its true object will always be to awaken in us the thought of the divine: indeed it was in this sense that the Fathers of the Church, the Council of Trent, St. Bernard, and others, understood sacred music. But the mode of expressing religious feeling in music cannot be taught, and the degree of taste, refinement, and artistic education of the composer is the sole criterion: given those qualities, musical ideas may be enunciated in a thousand different forms.

Moreover, it would be impossible to draw a hard-and-fast line between sacred and secular music, and the truth of this is strikingly illustrated by the works of those composers who are universally accepted as masters in both branches of music. Many of the choruses of Mozart's Masses are in conception and treatment similar to the choruses of his operas; Handel's operatic airs are frequently reproduced in his oratorios, and *vice versa*; airs, such as Bach's "My heart, ever faithful," Mendelssohn's "Then shall the righteous," from *Elijah*, etc., may be called strictly secular, so far as the music is concerned. Again, the airs of Pergolesi's *Olimpiade* do not differ materially from those of his *Stabat Mater*; parts of Cherubini's *Elisa al San Bernardo* are much more severe in style than the motet *Juste Die*, and the "Gloria" of his Mass, not to speak of Rossini's, Gounod's, and Brahms's more modern works.

It is therefore to be hoped that the Santa Cecilia Society of Milan will not hamper its beneficial action by laying down narrow rules, or limiting the means of expression, and therefore the sphere of sacred music, which, as Schumann observes, should be after all the supreme aim of every composer. The Society should make it its object to diffuse a knowledge of the classical masters, to improve

the taste for, and encourage the study and composition of, sacred music; and in this way it will alone be possible to gradually reform Italian church music, for the disgraceful and degenerate condition of which Rome is solely responsible. — *Lond. Musical Times*.

#### MR. PEPYS THE MUSICIAN.<sup>2</sup>

BY FRANCIS HUEFFER.

(Continued from page 64.)

##### IV.

A single and not very instructive sentence contains all that Mr. Pepys has to say of Irish national tunes; it is in substantial and verbal agreement with his opinion of the Celtic music of the North. "Among other things," he writes, "Harris sang his Irish song, the strangest in itself, and the prettiest sung by him that ever I heard."

The Mr. Harris here referred to is an interesting character who frequently appears in the Diary. He was an actor, and originally belonged to Sir William Davenant's company; but growing, as Mr. Pepys says in another place, very proud, he demanded twenty pounds for himself more than Betterton or anybody else upon every new play, and ten pounds upon every revival, which Sir William refusing to give, he swore he would never act there more, in expectation of being received in the other house. Pepys was fond of him, and had his portrait painted by Hales. At the time when he sang the Irish song he was an actor of the duke's playhouse and evidently a man of great and varied culture. "I find him a very curious and understanding person in all pictures and other things, and a man of fine conversation." The entry from which the last extract is quoted, describes a musical party at Mr. Pepys's house, and is so merry and pleasing in tone that it deserves quotation, although not immediately connected with the subject. The Mrs. Knipp, to be presently mentioned, was an actress of whom more will be said anon; Mercer, who sings the Italian song, is the musical handmaiden of Mrs. Pepys, already known to the reader.

"So away with all my company down to the office, and there fell to dancing, and continued at it an hour or two, there coming Mrs. Anne Jones, a merchant's daughter hard by, who dances well, and all in mighty good humor, and danced with great pleasure, and then sung and then danced, and then sung many things of three voices—both Harris and Rolt singing their parts excellently. Among other things Harris sang his Irish song, the strangest in itself, and the prettiest sung by him that ever I heard. Then to supper in the office, a cold good supper, and wondrous merriness. Here was Mrs. Turner, also, and Mrs. Markham. After supper to dancing again, and singing, and so continued till almost three in the morning, and then with extraordinary pleasure broke up. Only towards morning Knipp fell a little ill, and so my wife home with her to put her to bed, and we continued dancing and singing; and among other things our Mercer unexpectedly did happen to sing an Italian song I know not, of which they two sung the other two parts too, that did

<sup>1</sup> It may be added that, following in the wake of Milan, a "Cherubini" Society has been started in Florence, under the direction of the eminent pianist, Signor Buonamici.

<sup>2</sup> From the *London Musical Times*.

almost ravish me and made me in love with her more than ever with her singing. As late as it was, yet Rolt and Harris would go home to-night, and walked it, though I had a bed for them. And it proved dark and a misty night, and very windy. The company being all gone to their homes, I up with Mrs. Pierce to Knipp, who was in bed, and we waked her and sung a song, and then left my wife to see Mrs. Pierce in bed to her, in our best chamber, and so to bed myself, my mind mightily satisfied with all this evening's work, and thinking it to be one of the merriest enjoyments I must look for in the world, and did content myself therefore with the thoughts of it, and so to bed; only the musique did not please me, they not being contented with less than 30s."

Fancy Mr. W. H. Smith taking actors and actresses to the Admiralty, and dancing and singing with them till three o'clock in the morning.

We have seen how Mr. Pepys in the above extract is "almost ravished" by an Italian song. His position toward the art of that country was however not that of unbounded admiration. In the common opinion of his age, which despised English art compared with the foreign article, he was by no means prepared to acquiesce, and it is just possible that patriotic indignation made him somewhat reluctant to acknowledge the real merits of Italian music. Another reason why that music did not at first appeal to him is too characteristic of the man to be omitted. It shows his attitude as a critic of vocal music in the most striking light: "Went with Knipp to Mrs. Manuel's,<sup>1</sup> where Mrs. Pierce was, and her boy and girl; and here I did hear Mrs. Manuel, and one of the Italians, her gallant, sing well. But yet I confess I am not delighted so much with it as to admire it; for not understanding the words I lose the benefit of the vocalities of the musick and it proves only instrumental; and therefore was more pleased to hear Knipp sing two or three little English things that I understood, though the composition of the other, and performance, was very fine." It will be seen that to Mr. Pepys words and music in a song were inseparable, and could not be enjoyed apart from each other. To the real merits of Italian art he was, however, by no means blind, and a few months after the last entry (March 22, 1668) we hear him speak in this exalted strain:—

"Here I met with Brisband, and after hearing the service at the King's Chapel where I heard the Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Reynolds, the old Presbyterian, begin a very plain sermon, he and I to the Queen's Chapel, and there did hear the Italians sing; and indeed their musick did appear most admirable to me beyond anything of ours: I was never so well satisfied in my life with it."

"Beyond anything of ours" may not be flattering to one's national pride, but it would be difficult to deny the justice of the criticism. Italy in those days was the heart and root of musical life just as Germany is now. There were in various countries branches with more

or less indigenous fruit, but they all drew their nourishment from the common principle of life. Of this Mr. Pepys was well aware.

(To be continued.)

#### THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH.

Rudolph Johann Joseph Rainer, Archduke, born at Florence, January 8th, 1788, died suddenly at Baden (near Vienna), July 24th, 1831. He was the youngest of the large family of Leopold of Tuscany and Maria Louisa, Princess of Spain. On the death of Kaiser Joseph II, February 20th, 1790, Leopold came to Vienna as his brother's successor, and thus it happened that Rudolph received an exclusively German education. The love and cultivation of music were hereditary in his family. It was his great-grandfather, Carl VI, who so accompanied on the harpsichord and from the full score an opera by Fux, that the composer exclaimed: "Bravo! your Majesty might serve anywhere as chief Kapellmeister!" The Kaiser turned to him and said, smiling, "Not so fast, my dear chief Kapellmeister; we are better off as Kaiser!"

His grandmother, Maria Theresa, was a well-educated musical *dilettante*, a fine singer: her children, from a very early age, sang and performed cantatas and little dramas, texts by Metastasio, on birthdays and like occasions. His uncle, Max Franz, was the music-loving Elector of Cologne, viola player, the organizer of that splendid orchestra at Bonn, to which the Rombergs, Ries, Beethoven, and other afterwards famous musicians belonged. And it was his father, Leopold, who, after the first performance of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, text by Bertati, from Garrick's *Clandestine Marriage*, music by Cimarosa, gave all those who took part in the production a supper, and then ordered the performance to be repeated. It was his aunt, Maria Antoinette, who supported Gluck successfully against Piccini at Paris. With the other children of the imperial family, Rudolph was instructed in music by Anton Teyber, and tradition says that, as a boy of twelve to fourteen years, he played in the *salons* of Lohkowitz and other nobles, to general satisfaction; but an archduke has little to fear from hostile criticism.

He in later years gave ample proof of possessing more than ordinary musical talent and taste, but none greater than this in his boyhood. So soon as he had liberty of choice, he exchanged his instructor, Teyber, for Ludwig van Beethoven. The precise date and the circumstances attending this change have eluded investigation; but in his fifteenth year he and his brother Rainer received a separate establishment from their elder brother, Franz, now Kaiser, and three years later, Rudolph, as "Coadjutor" of the Prince Archbishop Colloredo of Olmutz, had his own alone. From the notices of Ries and other sources, it is very probable that the connection between Rudolph, a youth of sixteen, and Beethoven, a man of thirty-four years, began in the winter of 1803-04.

Ries relates that Beethoven's breaches of court etiquette were a constant source of trouble to his pupil's chamberlains, who strove in vain to teach him perforce its rules. He at last lost all patience, pushed his way into the young archduke's presence, and, excessively angry, assured him that he had all due respect for his person, but that the punctilious observation of all the rules in which he was daily tutored was not his business. Rudolph laughed good-humoredly, and gave orders that Beethoven, for the future, should be allowed to go his own way.

Beethoven, speaking once (1817) of this period of their intercourse, told Fräulein Giannatasio that he had struck his pupil's fingers, and, upon Rudolph's assuming his archdual dignity, had

defended himself by pointing to a passage in one of the poets (Goethe) which sustained him.

Beethoven's triple concerto, Op. 56, was written, says Schindler, for Rudolph, pianoforte; Seidler, violin; and Kraft, violoncello. The work does not require great execution in the piano part, but a youth of sixteen years able to play it is a very respectable performer.

The weakness of the archduke's constitution is said to have been the cause of his entering the Church. The coadjutorship of Olmutz secured to him the succession; but what income was attached to it does not appear. Probably, however, the position gave him something more than "great expectations;" for, though his allowance as archduke in a family so very numerous, was of necessity comparatively small, yet, in the spring of 1809, just after completing his twenty-first year, he subscribed fifteen hundred florins to Beethoven's annuity.

In 1818, Beethoven determined to compose a solemn Mass for the installation of his pupil, to occur a year or two later. On the 28th September, 1819, Rudolph received a cardinal's insignia from the Pope, and his installation was at length fixed for March 9, 1820. But his master's Mass had assumed such gigantic proportions that the ceremony was long since passed before it was completed. Instead of it, the music performed was a Mass in B-flat, by Hummel; Te Deum in C, by Joseph Preindl, Kapellmeister of St. Stephan's, in Vienna; Hymn "Ecce Sacerdos magnus," alla Capella, by an unknown Herr P. v. R.; and Haydn's Offertorium in D-minor. Joseph Czerwenka, the organist of the cathedral, conducted, and the orchestra was increased to the number of eighty-four. What an opportunity was here lost by Beethoven!

Besides the annuity, there are hints that Rudolph's purse was often opened to his master; but the strongest proofs of his respect and affection are the care with which he preserved even the most insignificant notes to him, written by Beethoven; the zeal with which he collected for his library everything published by him, in the task of collecting which the composer assisted; in his purchase of the calligraphic copy in many volumes, folio, made of his works by Haslinger; and his patience with him, under circumstances that must have at times sadly tried his forbearance. For Beethoven, notwithstanding all his indebtedness to his noble patron, chafed under the restriction of absolute freedom, which duty to the Archduke-Cardinal occasionally imposed. There are passages in his letters to Ries and others (suppressed in publication), as well as in the conversation books, which show how galling even this light yoke was to him; and one feels in perusing those addressed to the archduke how frivolous are some of the excuses for not attending him at the proper hour; there is also now and then superfluous compliment, sounding hollow and insincere, which Rudolph must have felt; but other letters throughout breathe nothing but a true and warm affection for his pupil.

Köchel sensibly remarks that the trouble lay in Beethoven's "aversion to the performance perforce of regular duties, especially in the case of giving lessons, and pre-eminently in teaching the theory of music, in which it is well known his strength did not lie, and for which he had to prepare himself."

That Beethoven was pleased to find the forty variations dedicated to him by "his pupil, R. E. H." (Rudolph Erz. Herzog), was doubtless the fact; but one must doubt whether his satisfaction warranted the superlatives in which his letter of thanks is couched.

When the untamed nature of Beethoven, and his saddest of all misfortunes for a musician, are considered, together with his lack of worldly wis-

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Manuel, in August, 1667, "the Jew's widow, formerly a player," and in March, 1668, "the Jew's wife, and a mighty discreet, sober carriaged woman."

dom and his absolute need of a Mæcenas, one feels deeply how fortunate for him to have attracted and retained the deep sympathy, the warm affectionate regard of a man of such sweet and tender qualities as Archduke Rudolph.

Rudolph was extremely fond of engraving. As the forty variations and a sonata for piano-forte and clarinet, composed for Count Ferdinand Troyer, both published by Haslinger, are fair specimens of his musical talents and acquirements, so several copper plates designed and engraved by him have been preserved to testify to his very considerable taste and skill in the other art.

He was for many years the "protector" of the great "Society of the Friends of Music" at Vienna, and bequeathed to it his very valuable musical library.

A son of his, for thirty years past a well-known contributor to the German musical periodical press, still living (1881), possesses an oil portrait of Rudolph. It shows a pleasing, rather intellectual face, of the Hapsburg type, but its peculiarities so softened as to be more than ordinarily pleasing and even handsome.—ALEXANDER W. THAYER, (*Lond. Mus. World.*)

## THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

MR. WILLIAM F. APTHORP'S LECTURES BEFORE  
THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.<sup>1</sup>

V.

THE OPERA FROM CACCINI AND PERI TO  
HANDEL.

We are now to study the growth of a phase of the art of music which has too often been looked upon as something not only *sui generis*, but as thoroughly insulated from the rest of the art. I mean the opera or lyric drama. It is true that the opera pursued a very independent path for some time after its establishment, but it is not true that it was in any way insulated from other forms of composition. Like the oratorio, it gradually absorbed almost all of those forms into itself; not only this, but it also exerted a most potent influence upon the character of music in general—an influence which was for a long time one-sided. It was not until the higher forms of instrumental composition had arrived at a very perfect state of development that untheatrical music began to react upon the opera. I have taken the word opera in its more restricted sense of a drama in which the characters sing a larger or smaller portion of the text in music that strives to express the sense of the words; not in the wider sense of a spectacular entertainment in which music plays the part of an ornamental accessory. Many historians have looked upon the innocent little dramatic idyl "Robin et Marion," which Adam de la Hale is said to have written in Naples in 1282, as the first opera. But it may very well be doubted whether "Robin et Marion" really deserves the name of opera at all. It was exactly enough what we now call a vaudeville. The songs in it throughout are of the popular troubadour stamp and wholly innocent of dramatic intention. True, one of the germs of the opera may be found in this charming little play, but not the most important nor the most original one. In like manner a germ of the opera is to be found in the miracle plays of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. These religious ceremonies, which were half ritual and half dramatic, form an interesting study in themselves. Their last surviving remnant is the Oberammergau Passion Play. But their only importance to our present purpose is that in them the elements of music and theatrical representation were brought together for the first time since the days of the old Greek tragedy. In any general history of music they should form a prominent feature; but in a special history of the growth and development of the art they need only be mentioned as the germ from which the opera sprang.

<sup>1</sup> Revised by the author from the Boston Traveller's report.

The music in them was composed of the ritual church chants and of popular melodies; it had no specifically dramatic purpose, and differed in no respect from the rest of the music of the day. But as the true essence of the opera is the employment of music for a specific dramatic purpose, we must not look for the first operatic beginnings at an earlier date than that at which the art of music first took a turn in the direction of individual emotional expression. The true opera was the first-fruits of the Florentine music-reform of the seventeenth century. One point in the history of the opera has not generally been sufficiently emphasized. Call it a purely external and unessential circumstance, if you will, but the fact remains that it has ever exerted a stronger influence upon the character of the opera than opera composers in general have been willing to admit to themselves. This point is that the opera began as an article of pure luxury. Unlike all other forms of music it began by appealing and has continued to appeal chiefly to the luxurious and money-spending classes. It has always been a fashionable entertainment. It sprang from the lap of an epicurean noblesse whose enjoyment of art partook largely of the character of refined sensualism, and whose veneration for art expressed itself in a rather overstrained and affected pedantry. The opera was ushered into the world in an atmosphere of musk and artificial sachet perfumes, swaddled in satin and fine laces, and its cradle rocked by the whitest and most delicate of hands. No other form of music can boast so noble a pedigree (in a worldly sense) nor has to keep up its inherited state by such a lavish expenditure of coin. Yet, curiously enough, it has proved itself a very hardy growth, and has exerted an almost unparalleled influence upon every form of musical composition. No sooner had a musical form fully developed itself than it began to feel this influence. The very first thing the opera did, as if in revenge for the church's having in the miracle plays dared to encroach upon the ground that it was destined to occupy, was directly to lay hold of the church itself. It was not long in winning the victory, and church music became as dramatic and emotional as if Palestrina and the Gregorian modes had never existed.

The immense influence of the opera upon all forms of vocal, and even instrumental composition is strongly to be felt in our own day. Our new lights and their adherents will not listen to music that is not more or less intensely dramatic. We may now say of the song, the oratorio, the cantata, the symphony, the air with variations, even the fugue and the canon, that the trail of the serpent is over them all. The man who probably first saw the fitness of this new musical style for the stage, and to whose agency we consequently owe the first beginnings of true opera, was the poet Ottaviano Rinuccini. He, like all who had a hand in the new musical movement, belonged to the Bardi, Galilei, and Corsi coterie. He got the composer Jacopo Peri to set his drama "Dafne" to music. As Caccini was, so to speak, the official musician and composer of the house of Bardi, Peri occupied a similar position in the house of Corsi.

It was here that the new opera of *Dafne* was first performed. Peri's *Dafne*, written in the new declamatory style, may be looked upon as the first real opera. It was an innocent sort of pastoral, but made a strong impression upon all who assisted at the performance. As a first attempt it was naturally given only in private, before a select party of art dilettanti. Yet it was repeated at the house of Corsi for three successive carnivals, and with ever-increasing success. The name of opera was not applied to it; it was called a *Favola in Musica*, or musical play. The opera made its first official entry into the world in 1600. Rinuccini wrote his "Eurydice" for the festivities in honor of the marriage of Henry IV of France with Marie de Medici, which took place in Florence during that year. The music to *Eurydice* was written by Peri and Caccini, each one composing his own version. But at the performance part of Peri's music and part of Caccini's was sung. The scenery itself was most gorgeous. In Leo X's time great painters and architects used to turn their hand to scene painting. When Ariosto's play, *I Suppositi*,

was first given in Rome, Raphael himself painted the scenery. The stage machinery of the day seems to have been very perfect, and all sorts of realistic effects, such as burning cities, shipwrecks, thunder-storms, ascents to the clouds, and descents to Hades were produced. But what interests us more now is the character of the music.

The most of both Peri's and Caccini's *Eurydice* consisted of solos, duets, trios and choruses, the solos being by far the most extensive. These solos were written in what the Florentine musical comers called the *stile rappresentativo* or representative style. In Caccini's score we find now and then a tendency toward florid vocalization, but the music of both works was dry, heavy and uninteresting in general, in spite of occasional flashes of unmistakable genius. The solos in the *stile rappresentativo* did not correspond exactly to what we now call recitative. They had neither the perfect freedom of recitative nor the regular melodious and rhythmic periods of the song or air. At the close of each line of the poetry there was a slow, heavy cadence of two long notes, the regular recurrence of which strikes us now as excruciatingly monotonous. The orchestral part of the *Eurydice* was of the simplest. Peri's score contained parts for the harpsichord, played by the composer, bass lute, tenor lute, and bass viol. One air was introduced by a ritornello for three flutes. The players were stationed behind the scenes out of sight of the audience. The choruses were written in five parts, with a single exception. Some of them were contrapuntal in style and showed decided melodic invention, while others were simply successions of chords. They are among the very earliest examples of purely harmonic music. What insured the overwhelming success of the work was undoubtedly its new musical style, and its greater dramatic power than anything that had been heard before, and also the high poetic excellence of Rinuccini's libretto. Indeed it may be said that few poets ever excelled Rinuccini as a librettist. He remained unapproached in this department till Metastasio appeared above the operatic horizon in the days of Hasse and Porpora.

Of course the dilettanti and the public in general were convinced that such things as *Eurydice* and *Dafne* were examples of the very purest classicism, and felt that the Greek drama had been revived with a will. But the truth was that the only real classical element in these operas was the names of the *dramatis personæ*. The only subject was love-making—the only sentiments were love and dove, heart and dart, languish and anguish. Never did a poetic form begin business with so limited a stock in trade of ideas and sentiments as the opera. But what it lacked in variety it made up in intensity of language. The world has never seen people of such exquisitely sensitive organizations as the operatic lovers of those days. As the electric thermopile will register the heat of the human hand held opposite its face at the distance of thirty feet, one little pucker of a fair lady's eyebrow would call forth a perfect Niagara of rhymed anguish from her lover's lips. Perhaps it is well for music that the early opera-composers had such a paucity of material to exercise their musical talent upon; had they worked in a more extended emotional field, they might not have attained to such a perfect refinement and finish of musical expression.

We must now leave Caccini and Peri for their great follower, Claudio Monteverde. He began to write in the *stile rappresentativo* in 1607. In this year the son of Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, married the Infanta of Savoy. It is very probable that Gonzaga was present at the wedding of Henry IV, seven years before, and had heard the *Eurydice* of Caccini and Peri. He naturally wished to have a similar entertainment at his son's wedding, and accordingly invited the poet of "Dafne" and "Eurydice" to visit his court. Rinuccini came, remodelled the text of his "Dafne" for a composer named Marco da Gagliano, one of the most notable followers of Caccini and Peri, and wrote a new libretto, *Arianna* (Ariadne), for Monteverde, who was a special protégé of the house of Gonzaga. We see that Rinuccini was quite as good a courtier as poet. What could have been more flattering and appropriate to the august occasion than the story



of Ariadne, a princess who was married to a god? Monteverde's composition made a most profound impression; even his rival Gagliano speaks of it in terms of astonished admiration. In the following year Monteverde wrote a second opera, *Orfeo*. In 1613 he went to Venice and assumed the leadership of the choir of St. Mark's, but did not confine his genius to sacred composition. He wrote dramatic pieces, which were given at the palaces of prominent nobles. The Venetians appreciated what a jewel they possessed in Monteverde, and his yearly salary was three hundred ducats. His predecessor at St. Mark's was only paid two hundred. In 1616 his salary was again raised to four hundred ducats. In 1637 the first opera-house was opened in Venice, the Teatro di San Cassiano. The promoters of the enterprise were Benedetto Ferrari, the author of several dramatic poems, and Francesco Manelli da Tivoli. The first opera given was *l'Andromeda*, the text by Ferrari, the music by Manelli. The following year brought *la Maga Fulminata*, by the same author and composer. During the year 1639 four new operas were produced. In 1699 there were eleven opera-houses in Venice. Monteverde's glorious career closed 1642, with his opera *l'Incoronazione di Poppea*. . . His legitimate successor and greatest pupil was Francesco Cavalli, born at Venice in 1599 or 1600. His real name was Pier Francesco Caletti Bruni. He was the protégé of the noble Venetian Frederigo Cavalli, and was known in his youth as the *il checco di Cà-Cavalli* (little Frank of the house of Cavalli). His real name was gradually forgotten. His first opera was *le nozze di Peleo e Tetide*, and the libretto, by Orazio Persiani, was written in 1639. The style was in general very like Monteverde's, although we see signs of larger development of musical forms. More than this, we see a decided return to contrapuntal writing. In 1640 Cavalli brought out two new operas, *Gli amari d'Apolline e di Dafne* and *La Didone*, which show a great advance upon the earlier work. In 1649 came *Giasone*, given with overwhelming success in the San Cassiano Opera-House; also two years later in Florence. As many as thirty-four operas by Cavalli were given in Venice between 1639 and 1665. The childhood of the opera ends with him. One of his contemporaries, although a younger man, Marc-Antonio Cesti, formed a sort of connecting link between this period of infancy and what we may call the vigorous youth of the opera.

In Alessandro Scarlatti we have for the first time an opera-composer who united consummate musical science to splendid natural genius. With him the Italian opera entered upon its glorious days. He was born at Naples, 1650. His first opera, *l'Onesta nell'Amore*, was given in Rome at the palace of Christina, ex-Queen of Sweden, 1680. He was a most voluminous composer, and wrote, beside a large amount of other music, one hundred and nine operas. He gave up the *stile rappresentativo*, and developed in its stead two new forms. One was the *recitativo secco*, in which rhythm and melody are thrown to the four winds, and which is musical declamation, pure and simple, with the accompaniment of a few chords in the harpsichord. The other was the *recitativo stromentato*, which was more impassioned in character, and accompanied by the orchestra quite elaborately. The first of these forms has been handed down to the present day unchanged; the second has been developed in several ways. Scarlatti also gave a more definite form to the melodic attempts of Cavalli and Cesti, and thus created the aria in the shape in which we find it in works of Bach and Händel. It consisted of a first part, a second part in a related key, and finally a repetition (*da capo*) of the first part. Still later the second part of the aria was retained, without the *da capo*, but formed a strong contrast to the first part, by being in a much more rapid tempo, while the first part was slow and sentimental. This quick second part of the aria was called *caballetta*, and is of comparatively recent date.

#### NEW SOUNDING BOARDS FOR PIANO-FORTE.

An invention of considerable importance to manufacturers of musical instruments is exciting a great attention in Germany. Mr. C. Resvé of Stettin, a piano-

forte maker, inventor of the sounding organ pedal, (German patent) and other improvements in connection with musical instruments, appears now with a new invention, patented in Germany, February 14, 1881, by means of which wood for sound-boards, and indeed all the wood employed in the manufacture of a piano-forte, may be so improved in quality as to resist the influences of temperature, and so greatly strengthened as to produce a tone of excellence hitherto unknown, which tone will gradually improve as the instruments become old. It is well-known that age does not improve even the best pianofortes, whereas the contrary is the fact concerning violins, those by the great Italian makers being absolutely perfect in tone after many years' use. Wood well seasoned, that is to say, which has been exposed to the action of the atmosphere for several years, is the best for musical instruments, in consequence of the action upon it of the oxygen contained in the atmosphere. From this principle Mr. Resvé started the result of his experiments: being a discovery that every kind of wood submitted to the action of pure oxygen, and especially to oxygen heated, and ozonized by electricity, would resist the influences of temperature and humidity; also that its tone-producing qualities would be vastly increased; this quality still increasing as the wood becomes older, as is the case with old Italian violins. The inventor employs wood prepared as above mentioned for instruments intended for extreme climates. It cannot be doubted that the invention is one of great value and importance. — *Orchestra and Choir, Lond.*

### Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1881.

#### SCHUMANN'S FAUST MUSIC.

We have too long deferred notice of one of the most important events of our past musical season — the first performance here, or in America, of Schumann's wonderful music to certain "Scenes from Goethe's Faust." To the Cecilia belongs the honor of this bold and arduous undertaking; and the club and its director, Mr. Lang, may well be congratulated on a success so signal that the first trial (Monday evening, March 28, at Tremont Temple) had to be repeated a week later. The impression made was deeper and more general than we dared to hope, considering the mystical and philosophic character of the greater portion of the text, as well as the necessarily undramatic nature of the music in which it finds expression, the frequent absence of mere surface beauty, the reflective, brooding, subtle, involved character of Schumann's composition, its seemingly over-studied, crowded harmonies, which almost cloy the sense with fulness. But at the same time it abounds in exquisite melodic inspirations, it is at times wonderfully graphic, and it rises in power and splendor with the grandeur of the theme, reaching the sublime, and there sustaining itself towards the close.

This *Faust* music has been criticised from a wrong point of view. It has been accused of being less "dramatic" than that of Berlioz, Gounod, or Boito. These are professedly dramatic; the first is a "dramatic legend," the other two are operas. Schumann attempted no such thing. The three short scenes he has selected from the first (the only dramatic) part of *Faust* were afterthoughts. His first and main task was through music to illustrate the mystical last scenes, and particularly the sublime conclusion (the Chorus Mysticus) of Goethe's second *Faust*. These were composed between 1844 and 1848; the three scenes from Part First, and the scene of Ariel and Faust in 1849; the midnight visitation of the Four Grey Women, and the Death of Faust, were interpolated before the conclusion, in 1850; the overture was written in 1853. Schumann soon after lost his reason, and died in 1856, at the age of forty-six.

Gounod confined himself to practicable dramatic limits in the pathetic history of Gretchen.

Berlioz makes Mephistopheles his hero, and celebrates the arch-fiend's triumph in the *damnation* of his victim. Boito's work gathers material from both parts of *Faust*, and fails of dramatic unity in trying to crowd so much into an opera. Schumann's theme is the very opposite to that of Berlioz. It is the spiritual, the saving side of *Faust*; the *dénouement* of the drama is in heaven. Saints and angels, spirits of the just made perfect, souls of unspoiled children, Gretchen risen to immortality and drawing her lover upward — these form the sublime finale, and not the "Ride to Hell" and chorus of the damned.

Let us briefly give our impressions of the music, with which we know that many sympathized, while, judging from the newspapers, not a few listeners found much of it bewildering and dull.

We were agreeably disappointed with the overture, of which we had never heard much praise. It cannot rank, to be sure, with those to *Manfred* and to *Genoveva*; but it strikes the key of the poem and goes down deep into the heart of it, foreshadowing the doubt and the solution. It is dark, passionate, wild, tremulous, lit with passing gleams of sweetest melody, and triumphant when it bursts into the major of the key (D-major) at its close. It is not a prologue to the garden scene which follows, but hints of the whole story that is to work itself out through doubt, temptation, struggle, crime, despair, to light, redemption, joy at last.

1. Faust's love-making to Gretchen in the garden is but a sketch compared to the elaborate dramatic scene of Gounod's opera. But it is exquisitely beautiful and tender, and of a quality to wear, although its passion be not so intense. It is an isolated sketch, and is not borne on with the momentum of a continuous drama.

2. Gretchen before the image of the Mater Dolorosa. The pathos of this outpouring of contrition and remorse could hardly be surpassed. It begins with strange sobs from the viola (the last two notes of triplets with the first note choked off), joined by long wails from the reeds, which go with the voice. The melody is very touching. The final cry of "Help! save me ere I die!" in wide octave intervals, is startling and heart-rending, but subsides into an exquisite *pianissimo*. All this was sung in sympathetic, pure soprano tones, and with earnest, true expression by Miss Gertrude Franklin.

3. The scene in the Cathedral, with the organ and the *Dies Iræ*, and the Evil Spirit whispering in the ear of Gretchen, is appalling. Even if the organ were wanting, the basses of the orchestra, with the bassoons, move in strong organ figures. It is intensely dramatic, producing a profound impression. Here Miss Franklin only lacked a little more power of voice; the expression was admirable.

4. Ariel. Sunrise. Faust and Chorus. The scene of this opening of the Second Part is thus described:—

"A smiling Swiss scene. Faust reclines on a flowery turf, weary and restless, and, at the bidding of Ariel, is lulled to sleep by beneficent little sprites. Ariel, in his directions to them, poetically describes the four phases of sleep: the easy posture, then, utter forgetfulness, next, the relaxing of over-tense muscle, and finally, the general renewal of physical and mental strength which enables the sleeper to face the duties or perils of a new day. The elves, while fulfilling their duties, describe in the same way the four watches of the night, which Goethe originally entitled, 'Serenade, Notturmo, Mattutino, Réveille.' Faust, who has been deeply shattered by his recent experience, feels, on his awaking, the revivifying influences of Nature; his old aspirations to attain to a higher existence return to him; but ere long, the dazzling effect on his eyes of the rising sun recalls him to a sense of the feebleness of mortal powers, and he apparently mistrusts once more his capability for more than mere earthly activity."

Here is a rich theme for music, enough for a greatest of Beethoven symphonies. Schumann uses the full orchestra with harp. The instrumentation is extremely rich and full and beautiful,—sometimes, perhaps, a little cloying. The melodic phrases both of voice and instruments are charmingly poetic, the rhythm changing with the poetic thoughts and images. A generous instrumental prelude, of fascinating euphony and beauty, prepares the mind for Ariel and his sprites. Ariel is the principal tenor rôle in the work, and his exhortation here was admirably sung by Mr. Charles R. Adams. The elves respond in groups of solo voices, soprano and alto, tenor and bass, alternate and combined; and the Cecilians sang sweetly. The chorus joins them; the measure changes to a lively six-eight, as the rich harmony suggests the "verdant vales," the swelling hills, the shadows, "silvery waves of corn," and all the life and joy of Nature inviting to activity. Then a deep, mysterious rumbling, growing to "an uproar which announces the approach of the Sun." Faust's soliloquy, on awakening, is in Schumann's best vein, and his strain grows more excited as he turns to contemplate an emblem of all human effort in the waterfall. The conjunction of two such thorough vocal artists as Mr. Adams and Mr. Henschel was an experience not to be forgotten. Berlioz may have painted this great scene in fresher colors; his sylphs may be more instantaneously captivating; but Schumann woos from it a greater wealth and depth of poetry, a sentiment far more reflective and Faust-like. With Berlioz it is magical illusions from the evil spirit; with Schumann it is the wholesome influence of Nature and the soul's awakening. As music this whole scene is superb, and may we hear it many times so well presented!

For the rest, which relates to Faust's death and apotheosis, we must find room another time.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

Twenty Etudes célèbres de T. B. Cramer pour deux Pianos par Henry C. Timm. New York: Martens Brothers.

Child's Hymn on Awakening. Poetry by Lamartine. Composed for female chorus, by Franz Liszt. Pianoforte accompaniment adapted by Caryl Florio. New York: Martens Brothers.

Courage, pauvre Coeur. Trio pour voix de Femmes, par François Schubert. New York: Martens Brothers.

Every pianoforte student who is acquainted with the ingenious and poetical pianoforte part Henselt has written to a large number of T. B. Cramer's classical études, which part is to be played on a second pianoforte, will, I am sure, receive with delight a similar contribution, composed by Mr. Timm, to those études of Cramer which Henselt did not incorporate into his selections. Mr. Timm, a pianoforte teacher of long experience and great merit, once a prominent member of the New York Philharmonic Society, has been intimately connected with the development of musical culture in New York City during the last forty years or so. The pupils whom he alone has initiated into the best class of music form a considerable part of the regular audience of New York classical concerts. A gentleman of amiable and modest character, always quick to acknowledge the merits of others, but slow in asserting his own, his sterling qualities as a musician have often been unjustly overlooked. Originally a disciple of the school of Spohr, Mr. Timm nevertheless has followed with the deepest interest all that has since appeared on the musical horizon, and has kept his musical receptivity fresh, and never become fossilized in his opinions. Though a clever contrapuntist and a master of form, he has, so far as I know, never published anything except the above work. The writer of this has seen, among other works still in MS. by Mr. Timm, a Mass, full of great beauties and fine artistic workmanship.

In the selection of the above études, Mr. Timm was at a disadvantage, since Henselt had already chosen the larger number, and these, in a har-

monic sense, the most interesting ones. It is therefore the more remarkable to see in how masterly a way Mr. Timm has accomplished his difficult task.

This contribution forms a worthy sequel to that of Henselt. The rhythmical construction, the harmonic and melodic treatment of the second pianoforte part are done with freedom and ease, and add to each original Cramer étude much richness and effect.

—Liszt's opus for female chorus, interspersed with short soli, will prove an effective piece for the concert repertoire. It is written with comparatively great simplicity, and is rich in melodic charm and expression. It does not present any great difficulties of execution. The pianoforte accompaniment is done with taste and understanding.

—Schubert's trio is a charming morceau, easy to master, but not the less effective. F. L. R.

## RECENT CONCERTS.

EUTERPE. The fifth and final concert of the third season was given in the Meionaon, on Wednesday evening, April 20. The performers were again the New York Philharmonic Club (Messrs. Arnold, Gantzberg, Hemmann, and Werner), who had a task to tax their highest skill in the interpretation of two such Quartets as the Op. 132 of Beethoven (second time with the Enterpe), and the second (in F) of the three by Schumann, Op. 41. The former contains the wonderful Hymn of Thanksgiving on recovering from illness, the wonderful Andante which follows it and in which the theme of the Hymn is continually reproduced with variations, the wonderful quick march in A, and so many ever changing movements, crowded with ideas, subtle, complex, exquisite in their development, all wonderful and often mystical. Its beauty does not lie upon the surface, but there is more beauty and more meaning in it than the close attention of a hundred hearings can exhaust. In their violin Quartets the genial composers, Beethoven especially, seem to feel that they are dealing with music pure and simple, without regard to any outward end or audience, free to expatiate and to explore into the far future. Hence in his Quartets Beethoven anticipates his later styles; and in his latest Quartets he seems to anticipate still higher, freer states, in a far truer and diviner sense, perhaps, than ever musicians of "the Future" dreamed of. We must congratulate the New York musician on their clear, smooth, tasteful and expressive rendering of so extremely difficult a work.

The Quartet by Schumann is one of his most wholesome, lively, and imaginative works; clear and delightful throughout. The variations of the Andante movement show an inventive genius, a power of re-creating, and not merely imitating or mechanically dressing out a theme, that is almost worthy of Beethoven.

APOLLO CLUB. In the concert of April 22, repeated April 26, this oldest of the Associate-Membership vocal clubs celebrated the tenth year of its prosperous existence, having given sixty-eight concerts, always under the musical directorship of Mr. B. J. Lang. On this occasion both the programme and the entire performance were exceptionally interesting. Raff's majestic, sometimes thrilling, only too elaborate and lengthy, patriotic "Warder Song," for Baritone solo (Dr. Bullard), male Quartet and chorus, was splendidly sung with orchestra. A bright and spirited old English glee: "Hail, smiling Morn," by Spofforth, was refreshing after it, and was sung to a charm. Handel's "The trumpet shall sound" rang out superbly in the great bass tones of Mr. Babcock.

Then came a work composed for the occasion by Mr. Geo. E. Whiting, the well known organist until lately of this city, now of the Cincinnati College. It is called "March of the Monks of Bangor," words by Walter Scott, scene a bloody one in old English history (A.D. 613). It is for tenor solo (Mr. G. J. Packer) and chorus, with orchestra. It shows marked originality, particularly in the nervous rhythm of the march itself; and the whole work is melodious, clear, and vigorous; the instrumentation

excellent. Zöllner's humorous and strong convivial part-song: "He's the man to know," is one of the best things of its kind, and bears repetition well; it was most effectively sung.

Part Second opened with Mr. G. W. Chadwick's contribution of an original composition: "The Viking's Last Voyage," for Baritone solo (Mr. C. E. Hay), chorus and orchestra; the words, a dozen quatrains in Norse ballad form, by Sylvester Baxter. The young composer, who was warmly welcomed, conducted the performance. The cantata, almost unavoidably, seemed somewhat in the vein of Max Bruch's *Frühjoh* music, heroic, gloomy, wild, tempestuous, now mournful, now exulting, nor does it lag far behind that for vivid graphic power, felicitous invention, or mastery of the art of thematic development and instrumental coloring. In the orchestral part he seems particularly strong. The work confirms the promise of the Overture and the strong Quartet which have so interested Boston audiences before. A very sweet and sentimental Serenade by Storch, for tenor solo (Mr. G. W. Want), and chorus, exquisitely sung; a couple of orchestral movements from Saint-Saëns's *Suite Algérienne* (1, a charmingly delicate, poetic "Evening Reverie," and a "French Military March"); Veit's pretty part-song, "The Chafer and the Flower," and the ever inspiring "Bacchus" double chorus from Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, splendidly delivered, brought the memorable concert to a close.

MR. WM. H. SHERWOOD'S three concerts, at the Meionaon, on the evenings of April 23, 28 and 30, covered a wide and rich field of the most important pianoforte music, interpreted with fine conception and with masterly technique. The first (we wondered that so few availed themselves of such an opportunity) was devoted mainly to works of Bach and Beethoven, as follows:—

- Sonata, Op. 31, No. 2, D minor . . . L. van Beethoven  
Mr. Sherwood.
- α. Air de la Pentecôte, β. Preludio, E-major . . . J. S. Bach  
(With accompaniment by Schumann.)  
Mons. Alfred De Séve.
- Prelude and Fugue, A-minor, . . . . .
- Two Three-Voiced Fugues, C-major, . . . . .  
(From Edition Peters, No. 200.)
- Loure, G-major, from 3d V'cello Suite, . . . . .
- Gigue, B-flat major, . . . . .
- Gavotte Célèbre, G-minor, . . . . . J. S. Bach  
Mr. Sherwood.
- Songs—α. Two Norwegian Songs, . . . . . Louis Maas  
β. O! Golden Moment, . . . . .  
γ. Night in Spring, . . . . . Jensen  
δ. Spring Song, Op. 32, No. 2, . . . . .  
ε. Spring Song, Op. 32, No. 3, . . . . . Rubinstein  
f. The Charmer, Op. 47, . . . . . Mendelssohn  
Mrs. Grace Hiltz-Gleason.
- Sonata for Violin and Piano, Op. 12, No. 3, E-flat,  
Beethoven  
Messrs. De Séve and Sherwood.
- Grand Organ Fantasia and Fugue, G-minor, . . . . . Bach  
(Arranged for Piano by Liszt.)

The Beethoven Sonata is the one which has commonly been called the "Tempest" Sonata, on the strength of Schindler's statement that Beethoven, when asked what he had in mind in composing it, replied: "Read Shakespeare's Tempest." In its whole tone and spirit the music certainly is more in harmony with that, is more in that poetic vein, than with the strange interpretation put upon Mr. Sherwood's programme. It is easy to feel storm and mystery, the air haunted by invisible music, and even to recognize here and there Prospero's solemn discourse, Miranda, Ariel, etc. But anyhow the Sonata was beautifully played, and so were all the selections of the masterly pianist. The violin of Mr. De Séve added much to the interest of the concert; and so did the group of modern German songs which Mrs. Gleason sang in a clear, true voice and with intelligent expression.

The second concert had a much larger audience, and of a refined, appreciative order. This was the programme:—

- Fantasia, Op. 17, in C, ("Durch alle Töne tönet," etc.)  
Schumann  
α. Durchaus phantastisch und leidenschaftlich vorzutragen.

- b. Mässig. Durchaus energisch.  
c. Langsam getragen. Durchwoig leise zu halten.  
Mr. Sherwood.
- Songs — a. "Rastlose Liebe," . . . . . Franz  
b. "Lithuanisches Lied," . . . . . Chopin  
c. "Meine Freuden," . . . . . Chopin  
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
- Novelette, Op. 21, No. 8, F-sharp minor, . . . Schumann  
Five Preludes, Op. 28, . . . . . Chopin  
No. 4, E-minor. — No. 3, G-major. — No. 24, D-minor. — No. 17, A-flat major. — No. 16, B-flat minor.  
Mrs. Sherwood.
- Etude, Op. 25, No. 10, B-minor, Legato Octaves . .  
" " 10, " 3, E-major, Andante Cantabile,  
" " 10, " 4, C-sharp minor, Presto con fuoco . . . . .  
" " 25, " 7, C-sharp minor, Adagio Sostenuto, . . . . .  
" " 10, " 5, G-flat major, on the black keys, . . . . .  
" " 10, " 11, E-flat major, Arpeggio chords  
" " 10, " 12, C-minor. Left-hand study, Chopin  
Mr. Sherwood.
- Songs — a. "Slumber Song," . . . . . Wagner  
b. "On a March Night," . . . . . Taubert  
Andante and Variations, Op. 46, B-flat, . . . Schumann  
Rondo, Op. 73, in C, . . . . . Chopin  
(For two pianos.)

Mr. Sherwood has made that great Fantasia of Schumann in a peculiar sense his own, not only easily mastering its difficulties, but bringing it all out with clearness and with power, and making it wonderfully impressive. It was played superbly. His Chopin Etudes—a generous supply—illustrating many points of technique and many styles, and all poetic, fascinating and original as works of fancy—were admirably done. Mrs. Sherwood's playing was equally praiseworthy, her touch being of a less hard, incisive character, and her style having more repose. They played together the well known Andante and Variations and the bright Chopin Rondo for two pianos, very finely. Miss Fanny Kellogg's songs were given in a rich, sonorous voice, with fine intelligence and feeling.

We were obliged to lose the third concert, which was devoted to living composers,—men of the "advanced" school,—Liszt, Moszkowski, Wagner, Maas, as follows:—

- Tasso, (Lamento e Trionfo). Symphonic Poem,  
(for two pianos, by composer), . . . . . Franz Liszt  
Messrs. John Orth and W. H. Sherwood.
- Songs, . . . . . Gounod  
Miss Daisy Hall.
- a. Etude, G-flat, Op. 24, No. 1, . . . . .  
b. Allegro Scherzando, Op. 20, . . . . .  
c. Valse Brillante, . . . . . Moritz Moszkowski  
Mrs. Sherwood.
- a. "Polter Abend," (The evening before the wedding), . . . . .  
b. "Im Walde," (In the woods), . . . . .  
c. "Neckereien," (Coquetry), . . . . .  
d. "Das Fest," (The celebration.) For four hands, . . . . . Louis Maas  
Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.
- Songs, . . . . . Gounod  
Miss Daisy Hall.
- "Eine Faust Overture," D-minor, (arr. by H. v. Bülow for Piano), . . . . .  
"Spinnerlied," from the "Flying Dutchman," . . . . .  
"Lohengrin's Verweis an Elsa," from "Lohengrin," . . . . .  
"Isolden's Liebes-Tod," from "Tristan and Isolda," . . . . . Wagner  
Valse de L'Opera "Faust" de Gounod, . . . . . Liszt

Mr. B. J. LANG's concerts of orchestral music in the new "Brattle Square" Church (Commonwealth Avenue) on the last two Sunday evenings, were of exceptional interest, and on the whole remarkably successful, not only as good renderings of good programmes, but also as illustrations of his special object, which was to show the superior sonority, intensity of tone, and more effective ensemble of music given by a large orchestra in a comparatively small hall. For this end he prepared two capital selections, good intrinsically, well contrasted, and almost more than reasonably short, neither concert lasting over one hour and a half. The first was as follows:—

- Overture to Mendelssohn's Oratorio of St. Paul.  
Recitative and air, "Angels ever bright and fair." From Haendel's Theodora.  
Pastoral Symphony . . . . . Beethoven  
Song from Mendelssohn's Saint Paul, "Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets."  
The first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony.

The church, with its pews, and having no gallery, seats only six hundred persons; yet the floor area is large, and might, without the pews, seat perhaps a thousand. The Gothic arched ceiling must be about as high as the Music Hall; so that there was nearly the same space to fill. It was found a bad place for the speaking voice, and hence abandoned as a church. For music, at all events for an orchestra, it seems very good, although we hear of different impressions from persons who sat in different places. Some complained of reverberation: some of a generally dull and confused sound, especially in rapid, complicated movements, and in the lower registers of sound. Our seat was altogether too near the orchestra, and on one side, against the first violins, reeds and flutes. During the *St. Paul* overture, the instruments, beginning in a low register, seemed to us somewhat dull—a very full, but not a clear, free, brilliant sound—until the powerful organ came in, making the ensemble grand. But as the concert went on we must confess to being greatly impressed and filled, and sometimes fairly transported by the rich volume and intensity of sound. How much of this was due to the "small place" may be a question; that it was mainly due to the large orchestra of seventy-five instruments, with a fair proportion of fifty-four strings to the usual twenty wind instruments, it stands to reason; and it is not yet proved that such an orchestra would not sound as well or better in the great Music Hall.

We must say, however, that rarely in our life have we listened to the Pastoral Symphony with more supreme zest and delectable abandon. The Allegro from the "Ocean" Symphony was grandly satisfying and imposing. Only, amid the rustle of the opening tremolo, our ear for some time failed to catch the clear outline of the first motive, which, although *piano* at first, ought yet to be distinct and unmistakable; it was, perhaps, owing to our one-sided position.

Mrs. Humphrey-Allen's voice filled the room well, and her artistic and expressive rendering of the arias was highly appreciated. Considering the short time for rehearsal, Mr. Lang had his orchestra well in hand.

The second concert (more fully attended than the first) began with Mendelssohn's *Mecresstille und Glückliche Fahrt* overture. Then came an original Duet for two basses, with orchestra, by Mr. Henschel, a serious, noble strain, richly orchestrated, well suited to the best tones of his own voice, and capably sung by himself and Mr. John Winch. Schubert's great C-major Symphony told with superb effect, although in some parts the instruments were not too sensitively obedient to the conductor's hints. Mr. Henschel then sang Pagner's address to the assembled Meistersingers, from Wagner's opera of that name. It is one of the most favorable specimens of Wagner's creative and expressive genius that we have heard, noble, manly and persuasive in its tone, and Mr. Henschel sang it with great fervor, judgment and effect, so that he was obliged to repeat it. The orchestral accompaniment, which is extremely rich, but restless, weltering and heaving like an excited sea, would almost cover up another singer. An exceptionally strong and brilliant rendering of the *Tannhäuser* Overture brought the concert to a close with great enthusiasm.

#### LOCAL ITEMS.

This afternoon, at 2.30, Mr. Louis Maas's Grand Orchestral Concert in aid of the Printing Fund for the Blind, will take place at the Music Hall. There will be an orchestra of sixty. The programme will consist of the overture to "Hannibal," "A Festival Scene," a Suite of three characteristic pieces, all by Mr. Maas; Rubinstein's Concerto for piano in D-minor, performed by Mr. Maas; Schumann's "Träumerei," and Schubert's grand Symphony in C.

Such music and with such an object ought to crowd the noble hall.

Mendelssohn's Opera, *Son and Stranger*, will be given at the Boston Museum, Friday afternoon, May 13, for the benefit of the fund for building a Convalescents' Home, as a department of the Massachusetts General Hospital. On this occasion the work will be given here for the first time in its entirety, and with

an orchestra. It will be under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang, assisted by Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, Miss Louie Homer, Mr. C. R. Adams, and Dr. E. R. Bullard. The object is one that merits the warmest encouragement and the most cordial patronage.

Next week brings the Thomas Orchestra in seven concerts. Three are for the farewell of Mme. Etelka Gerster. Two will be performances of the *Damnation of Faust*, and two of the Dramatic Symphony, *Romeo and Juliet*, both by Berlioz, the latter for the first time in Boston.

In the week after next, May 17, 19 and 20, the sensation will be the performance in Greek, at Cambridge, of the *Edipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, with Professor Paine's music.

NEW YORK. The great Musical Festival, under Dr. Damrosch's direction, has been in triumphant progress through the present week. The letters of our correspondents are too late for publication in this number.

CHICAGO, April 30. Since my last letter, quite a number of musical entertainments have taken place. First came the concert by the Beethoven Society, at which Mr. George Henschel assisted. The programme was this:—

- "Toggenburg" . . . . . Rheinberger  
(A Cycle of Ballads for soli and chorus.)  
Cantata, "Hear my Prayer," . . . . . Mendelssohn  
Solo part, Miss Butler.  
Air, "Sibilla" from "Rinaldo," . . . . . Handel  
Mr. Georg Henschel.  
Messe Solennele, . . . . . Gounod  
Mrs. Williams, Mr. Henschel and Mr. Clark, soloists.

The compositions were not of the most serious mould, but rather of a pleasing character. Rheinberger's ballads tell a sad romance, with an emotional power that creates sympathy, and thus attracts interest. It is a composition that is pleasing, and at the same time interesting to the musician. The solo assigned to the bass voice beginning,—

"Ah, lonely and sad is Lady Etha,  
Her Lord with the Turks is at war.  
She fears lest he venture too boldly,  
While conqu'ring the Crescent afar,"

was so expressively sung by Mr. Henschel that it seemed to possess a beauty of a higher character than the simple words demanded. It also served to illustrate what a true artist can do with a simple melody. The emotional nature is touched by gentle influences, and sympathy makes willing captives of us all, when a voice filled with pathos tells us of sad pictures in humanity's experience. No influence is greater than that of music, if perchance it be truly expressed with beauty and fidelity. All the conflicting emotions of the heart and soul can be pictured in the wonderful tones that the human voice has at its command. No sorrow is so deep but that it has a vibrating echo; nor is there a joy too thrilling to fill the heart with song. The happy mind of the musician dreams music in the still hours when the heart communes with the mystic beautiful. In moments of great affliction deep chords of harmony bind together the sympathy of a friend with the sorrows of the unfortunate, until the common burden is made less severe by the added power that upholds it. Such in part is music's power. Mr. Henschel has read the meaning of his art, and is able to illustrate it, and make it understood by others. How different is his method from that of many other singers! No attempt after vain displays, but an honest purpose that knows its own aim. In the performance of the Mass this was fully illustrated. However sincere may have been the intention of the other soloists, by not having good methods of vocal delivery they were unable to make their interpretations plain to the listener. To fully illustrate the meaning of a composer, the singer must possess, first of all, vocal powers that are under full control. Each note of his voice must be produced with ease, and be of that natural quality that belongs to the human being. In order that this happy condition may be his, he must learn how to propagate every tone so that it is correctly formed. To do this, he must first learn how to breathe according to the law of nature, which alone should control his effort. A tone formed well back will vibrate throughout all the air passages, and have a pleasing quality—of full body, and above all, seem perfectly natural. Each breath will be so controlled that with it the singer may deliver a phrase so that each note will be connected one with the other, in a true legato style. No manifestation of effort will accompany the production of tone. True art conceals all indications of effort. A high note should be, and can be, as easily



produced as a low one. Each tone should not only be made to vibrate with fullness, but also colored with meaning. It is not because our vocalists have indifferent voices that such singing as Mr. Henschel gives us is so rare; but rather because so little attention has been given to correct methods of vocal delivery. Nature has been kind to our race, and many of our musical people possess fine gifts, but they are too often but poorly developed. It should be the part of the musical critics, and journals that are devoted to this art, to point out the way to correct these faults. There is a right way to sing, and one that is natural, and according to the laws of our being. Sound has its laws, which are being made more plain to our comprehension as the years of study unveil the secrets. Let us be logical in our endeavors, that we may observe truth when it is at our very doorway. I feel somewhat strongly upon this matter of vocal cultivation, for it is sad to note the number of beautiful voices that are being ruined by wrong methods. The question, is singing a lost art, may soon present itself, unless strong words are used to divide the true from the false. It is said that there are so many opinions in regard to voice cultivation that it is almost impossible to find out who, or what is right. But if there is a natural way to walk, to use our eyes and our ears, so must there be a natural way to use the vocal organs. Until we consult Nature somewhat closely we are often mistaken. Nature is never false to herself. I hope that the attention of our singers will be called to this matter more often by our critics. Let them not only say, go to a good teacher, but also inform them what good teaching is. It is not enough to say a method is wrong; we should inform them also what is right. In order that music may develop in this country, we must understand our needs, and how to attain them.

On Saturday evening following the Beethoven Concert, Mr. Henschel gave a song recital. He was assisted by Miss Funck, a violiniste from Cincinnati, and Mr. Carl Wolfsohn. The programme was very interesting, containing songs by Haydn, Handel, Schumann, Schubert, Franz, Rubinstein, Massenet and Gounod.

In June the Sängersfest will be held in this city. Among the soloists will be Mme. Peschka-Lentner, Miss Cary, Mr. William Candidus and Mr. M. T. Whitney. Active preparations are being made by the conductor, Mr. Balatka. I believe our American societies, the Beethoven and Apollo Clubs, will also take part. True art should know no nationality. C. H. BRITTAN.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., April 29. The local musical season is now fairly over, and it is time to give a brief review of its musical events. First and foremost comes the old Musical Society, Mr. Eugene Luening, Conductor, which has given three important concerts, besides two miscellaneous programmes. The works given were at the first concert, Raff's Symphony, *Im Walde*, and Dudley Buck's *Golden Legend*; at the third, Max Bruch's *Odysseus*; at the fifth, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. For soloists they had Miss Annie Norton, Mr. Franz Remmert, Mr. Max Laue, an excellent lyric tenor of this city, besides local amateurs. The chorus work has been excellent.

The Arion Club nearly quitted the concert field. They gave Mozart's *Requiem*, with organ accompaniment, to invited guests, and finally gave a benefit concert, with a programme which included Bruch's *Fair Ellen*, and choruses from Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel*, and Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*. Their performance is every way praiseworthy and admirable.

The Heine Quartet has given six chamber music recitals, the programmes of which ranged from Haydn and Mozart to Grieg, Brahms and Verdi. These recitals have been a valuable factor in our musical life here. The young players have gained in every way since last year, and their *ensemble* is remarkably good, albeit their interpretation of the more profound works still leaves much to be desired. A new organization called the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, composed of Mr. Christopher Bach and his two sons, Mr. Ernst Beyer, violoncellist, Mr. Luening and Mr. Von Gumpert, pianists, has also given three valuable recitals of chamber music, the most important work having been Schumann's great pianoforte Quintet. This club contains excellent material, the strings being especially good, and only needs much *ensemble* practice to do work of very high quality. As it is, they have already placed us under great obligations. Conductor Bach has given regular Sunday afternoon concerts at the West Side Turner Hall, nine of which have been called "Symphony Concerts," though, I believe, no one symphony has been given entire. The quality of the orchestra and of its playing is greatly improved.

Of music from abroad, we have had Mme. Rivé-King,

Emma Abbott's Opera Company, the Strakosch and Hess Company, Master Michael Banner, a really remarkable child violinist, etc. There is, I think, some genuine musical progress, notwithstanding that the Arion Club meets with precarious support. Its remarkable success two years ago was purely a matter of fashion, and the caprice of fashion has now turned the interest of the great body of its supporters elsewhere. Its history is the history of all musical societies among the American population here. The real growth of musical appreciation "cometh not with observation," and with fashionable display; but the really admirable work of the Arion Club has undoubtedly contributed much to it. J. C. F.

### MUSIC ABROAD.

LEIPZIG. The Gewandhaus Season was brought to a close on the 31st ult. The programme of the twenty-second and last concert was thus constituted:—*Part I.* Symphony in D-major (No. 2 of Breitkopf and Härtel's edition), Haydn; Introduction and "Allegro appassionato," Concerto for piano, Schumann (performed by Carl Reinecke); Serenade (No. 2, F-major), for string band, Volkmann; Pianoforte Solos (from Op. 157), composed and performed by Carl Reinecke. *Part II.* Symphony in C-minor, No. 5, Beethoven.

VIENNA. Speaking of Gluck's *Betrogener Kadi*, lately received at the Imperial Opera-House, Vienna, the correspondent of the *Signale* says: "The libretto, founded on the French book of Lemonier has been entirely re-written by Herr F. Krastel, of the Imperial Burgtheatre, and the musical portion very skilfully adapted to the requirements of the present day by Herr Joh. Fuchs, conductor at the same theatre. We are aware from Schmidt's well-known biography of Gluck, that Count Durazzo, Intendant of the Imperial Theatres, had sent him from Paris, by Montigny, the actor, among other French libretti, the book of the operetta, *Le Cadi dupé*, which Montigny set to music. Gluck, who had written "*airs nouveaux*" to freshen up several of these operettas, composed entirely new music for the particular operetta in question, and it was thus that *Le Cadi dupé* was produced as a comic opera in the year 1761, at the then Kärnthnertheater. The Cadi's faithlessness had long been forgotten and forgiven, when, some years since, Herr Fuchs came upon the score in Hamburg, and arranged it for a historical series of operas there. A better book has now been added, and the score amplified by two pleasing numbers from Gluck's *Pilgrims von Mekka* (a similar piece, interspersed with songs). The plot may be narrated in a few words: Zelmira, a pretty girl, has turned the Cadi's head, and complains to him that her father has spread a report that she is ugly, and keeps her locked up at home. The Cadi sends for Omar, the father, and asks him to give him (the Cadi) his daughter for a wife. It is in vain that the astounded Omar describes his daughter's ugliness (for he has one who is really ugly); the Cadi insists, willingly pays 1,000 sequins as purchase-money, and signs the contract. Omega, the ugly daughter, is now brought; the Cadi sees he has been deceived, but takes the matter good-naturedly, and returns in a repentant mood to his neglected wife, Fatima, while Zelmira bestows her hand on her lover, Nuradin."

DUESSELDORF. This year's Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine will be held here on the 5th, 6th and 7th June, under the joint direction of Julius Tausch and Niels Gade. The Danish composer will conduct only his own works. The programme includes Suite in D-major, No. 3 (Bach); *Samson* (Handel); Symphony in A-major, No. 7 (Beethoven); *Lobgesang* (Mendelssohn); *Zion*, Symphony in B-flat major, for chorus, solo and orchestra and overture to *Michael Angelo* (Gade). Among the artists will be Mme. Sachs-Hofmeister, from Leipzig; Mlle. Marianne Brandt, from Berlin; Winkelmann and Gura, from Hamburg; and Norman-Néruda.

BARCELONA. The programme of the sixth concert conducted by Ferdinand Hiller comprised: Overture to *Der Freischütz*; Fragments from Schumann's *Manfred*; Traumbild, a fantasia (O. Klauwell); Overture to *Demetrius* (Hiller); A-major Symphony (Mendelssohn); extracts from *The Demon* (A. Rubinstein); and grand *Leonore* Overture (Beethoven).

LONDON. A special interest was given to the Royal Academy Orchestral Concert on Saturday by the revival of the first part of Handel's *Semele*. The official

book of words stated that this was its first performance in London since 1762, but of this, of course, nothing decisive can be stated. At any rate, the serenata was one of the earliest of the publications in 1860 of the Handel-Gesellschaft, and two years ago it was revived by Mr. Villiers Stamford at Cambridge. However uninteresting Handel's secular music may be to concert-goers of the present day, its presence in a Royal Academy programme needs no justification. The section of the serenata heard on Saturday night deals with the love of Semele for Jupiter, and the affection of her sister Ino for Semele's betrothed, Athamas. Nobody, however, paid the smallest attention to the story, but the performance of the work by the choir of one hundred and sixty-five students, under Mr. Shakespeare, by Miss Thuddichum, a rising soprano, and by Misses Lewis and McKenzie and Mr. Pierpoint, was, on the whole, excellent. The choir were especially admirable, and the improvement Mr. Shakespeare has made in this department was most marked.—*Figaro*, April 16.

—The Passion Week performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* music took place at St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday night, and the congregation probably numbered eight or ten thousand persons, for every nook of the vast cathedral was filled. Dr. Stainer conducted, Mr. Martin was the organist, and Mr. Walker the pianist. The solos were rendered by members of the cathedral choir, and an orchestra was likewise employed. Parts of the service were most impressive, and the effect of the "Barabbas" chorals as the sound echoed through the arches of the cathedral was surpassingly fine. Many of the congregation joined in the chorales, and the performance throughout partook of the nature of a religious service.

—The Popular Concerts came to an end on Monday, April 11, Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim having remained to the last concert of a season of which they have been the leading attractions. On Monday Madame Schumann played her husband's "Carneval," while Herr Joachim played some of his arrangements of Brahms's Hungarian Dances, and led Beethoven's Quartet in E-flat, Op. 74. On the Saturday previously an enormous audience assembled to hear the Kreutzer sonata played by Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim, and the lady likewise played a portion of Schumann's "Humoresques," and two of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." This year Mr. Arthur Chappell has not taken his usual benefit, and the special afternoon performance of two of Beethoven's posthumous quartets has likewise been dispensed with.

—"Cherubino" says: So Liszt has not entirely given up piano playing. The *Musik Welt* prints an account of a concert he gave at Pressburg on the 3d instant, at which the Abbé played the Hungarian Fantasia of Schubert, a piece of Rossini, and, with one of his pupils, a transcription of the Racczy March. On the 25th inst. Liszt will conduct the performance of his oratorio, *Christus*, by the Cäcilien Verein of Berlin, and on the 27th he will be present at a Liszt concert given by Dr. von Bülow in the hall of the Sing Akademie. Early in May he will direct a concert at Antwerp. Perhaps one of these days Mr. Henry Jarret will be able to attract this exceedingly bashful old gentleman to England.

—THE WANDERING MINSTRELS. — This society of gentlemen amateurs gave a very successful concert on the 17th inst., at Grosvenor Hall, Buckingham Palace Road, in aid of the building fund for the new Hospital of St. Peter's (for stout, etc.), a site for which has been fixed upon in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. The band of forty-two performers, under the conductorship of Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, acquitted themselves well. The orchestral portion of the programme consisted of A. Adams's overture to *Le Roi d'Yvetôt*; Mozart's *Andante and Minuetto* from Symphony No. 5; Lachner's *Intermezzo*, Suite No. 2; Ambrose Thomas's ballet music from *Hamlet*; and the Festive March of Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The performance throughout was very creditable, and much applauded. Mr. W. P. Mills gave as a flute solo F. Clay's "Romance," and Mr. Louis H. d'Égville, accompanied by his sister, a violin solo of his own on Hungarian Airs, which was rapturously encored. Miss Bata Francis gave a very clever rendering of "The bird that came in spring," by Sir Julius Benedict, with flute *obbligato* by Mr. Mills. Miss Francis was equally successful with Balfe's popular "Killarney." Miss Evelyn d'Égville created a very favorable impression by the tasteful manner in which she sang "Tre Giorni," by Pergolesi. Three songs by Mr. Lionel S. Benson were also much appreciated. When ladies and gentlemen employ their talents for such laudable objects, they well deserve success, and on this occasion they fully succeeded.

—*Lond. Times.*

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## TO THE MUSE.

All things will I endure, renounce, forego,

If aye thy face, beloved, I may see;  
All things defy and brave, achieve and know,  
If thou, immortal one, be true to me!

Bear patiently the wounds that still must shed  
The blood first wrung from them in bygone years;  
Behold un murmuring sacred fires fall dead,  
Their light and glory quenched in hopeless tears,

Or under ashes spent, that drift on drift  
Heaps all remorseless life, whence joy has flown,  
Till 'neath the chilly weight it cannot lift,  
The living heart turns into senseless stone;—

Suffer the pangs of dreams that God denies,  
The bitterness of hope so long deferred  
Delight in all too late fulfilment dies,  
And by no thrill the sluggish blood is stirred;—

Renounce most willingly, without a sigh,  
The sweetness of the youth that flies too fast,  
Give up forevermore, and make no cry,  
The hope of love that gladdened all the past;—

Toil uncomplaining upward on the way  
Whose rugged steep my feet have climbed so long,  
And mayhap win me at some far-off day  
The deathless fame born of immortal song,—

So thou prove faithful,—thou who bidst me know  
Visions perchance beyond poor mortal ken,  
Whose touch upon my lips made them o'erflow  
With strains that reach, mayhap, the hearts of men.

Thou only one! from whom my fickle soul  
In all its fitful flights has never swerved,  
What wayward passions might my heart control,  
In perfect worship, I have ever served,—

Leave me not now, not to my days deny  
What made dim earth a golden fairy-land;  
Let not the gushing founts of song run dry,  
That charm sweet blossoms from the barren sand!

Be with me, O beloved, to the end,  
Who art my all in all through joy and pain,  
The guide, the star, the hope, the love, the friend,  
I wept and watched and waited for in vain.

Nay, further than the end, immortal one,  
Near God e'en, let me thrill beneath thy kiss;  
For what were heaven itself when life is done,  
Could I not sing the raptures of its bliss!

STUART STERNE.

## LETTERS FROM AN ISLAND.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

VI.

THE NEW YORK MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—MUSIC AT VASSAR.

When should the minstrel chant his roundelay,  
Or violin, or harp, or trumpet play?  
When should the lover or the poet sing,  
If not with lover-poet birds in spring,  
When motion stirs the heart of everything,  
When organ-tones through wind-blown branches ring,  
When lute-like murmurs under young leaves stray,  
And Music's voice seems Nature's breath—in May?

Was it not in spring that, according to the Greek legend, Apollo returned from the country of the Hyperboreans on his car drawn by singing swans, the sacred tripods involuntarily sounding to salute him, youths paying

homage in pæans, or with the sacred flute, nightingales filling up the chorus with their ravishing strains, while the charm emanating from the presence of the god of order, intellect and discipline—the god of poetry and music—extinguished the threatening thunderbolt in the hand of Jove, and awakened mankind to the divine sentiment of universal harmony?

It is altogether *en règle* that musical festivals, emulating the musical renaissance of creation, should take place in spring as they generally and appropriately have done in America, during their past, as yet brief, history. The New York Festival, ended last week, seemed a particularly welcome greeting to this tardy spring after a long and severe winter; in what way can spring joy find a better, healthier, more natural expression than in music, and in what more socially musical a way than in a musical festival?

The recent festival in New York may be pronounced a decided success, both artistically, financially and popularly, although the hall in which it took place proved most unfavorable to musical effect. The immense size of the Armory, the arches that break up the ceiling, the whole plan of the construction, were fatal to many of the most delicate orchestral effects; in some parts of the building these became inaudible, while fugued choral movements were blurred and confused at times. The solos went very well on the whole, though of course the voices sounded thin and small in that vast space. Long cantabile movements, or short, decided phrases with brief rests between them, were the most satisfactory. Among these, the triple chorus—and some others—in the *Tower of Babel*, the “Hallelujah” and “Unto us a child is born,” in the *Messiah*, much in Berlioz's *Requiem*, and some of the orchestral selections of a military character, went best. The symphonies suffered, though this was due to the acoustic short-comings of the hall only, for musicians and conductor performed their tasks admirably. The deficiencies of the Armory as a hall for great musical performances having been fully proven by experience, a proper edifice, suitable for such an object in every way, will doubtless be erected.

The defects of performance, however, on the seven evenings and afternoons were trifling in comparison to the difficulties which were overcome, and the many fine and complete successes obtained. We certainly owe much to the zeal, energy, knowledge and untiring industry of Dr. Damrosch, in presenting us with such a cluster of programmes, and in carrying them out so admirably. Handel, Beethoven, Berlioz, Liszt, Rubinstein, were finely represented in some of their greatest works; while selections from three or four of Wagner's Operas, and short compositions by Bach, Spontini, Weber, Mendelssohn, Brahms, etc., etc., made up a musical banquet that could only reflect honor on the taste and judgment of Dr. Damrosch. Of course the cavillers cried out, “Why were the names of Haydn and Mozart absent? Why were Schubert and Schumann only represented by works insignificant in comparison

to their greater ones? Why was the modern school made so prominent? Why was that four-leaved clover of resident composers—Boise, Damrosch, Hamerik, Ritter—brought forward at all? Or why were not the programmes made up altogether from the great works of American composers only, from Billings down to Philip Phillips?”

I have no idea of giving you or my readers a commentary on the several works performed,—you have heard and read so much about them already! But I may say that to me the most interesting event of the festival was the production of the *Requiem* of Berlioz,—a work I have long admired and desired to hear. Although it cannot be denied that the composition falls off in power and inspiration towards the end; that a more consolatory, triumphant, steadfast, cheerful spirit of grandeur and faith imparted to the last four numbers of the work would have rendered it more perfect, and given relief and contrast to the deep, mournful, tragic passion of the *Requiem*, *Dies Iræ*, *Rex Tremendæ* and *Lacrymosa*,—yet, it is a stupendous work, a monument of humane feeling, suffering, genius and science. What sighs are those of the *Requiem*!—sighs of grief deeper than despair, rising from a poet heart! What a tremendous orchestral effect in the *Dies Iræ*!—the vast, wild throbbing of a tempestuous ocean; over it the voices float, crying, sobbing, despairing! Then, this colossal gulf of grief and wrath assuaged, the deceptive peace of resignation follows. Although the *Lacrymosa* is not equal to that of Mozart, the first six numbers of the *Requiem* overwhelm us with their depth and grandeur of emotion, and also with their often lovely pathos. This might serve as the requiem after such a catastrophe as the earthquake in Scio; but there are earthquakes of the soul, not less dreadful, within narrow limits, and Berlioz had already experienced more than one of these before he wrote this work. In listening to it in its entirety for the first time we feel that we do not half understand Berlioz by merely reading or playing his scores, until we have heard his works in their fulness of tone-color. His is, indeed, “a born orchestral mind.”

Among other interesting and especially successful numbers, let me signalize that poetic reverie of Hugo and Berlioz, “*La Captive*,” charmingly sung by Miss Cary; the selections from Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem*, and the choruses by the Normal College students and boy choirs. Particularly effective was the old hymn “*Alla Trinità*” (which I had the pleasure of first introducing to American concert audiences in my historical recitals, a few years ago), arranged for the occasion by Dr. Damrosch. What can I tell you about the selections from Wagner's works, the *Dettingen Te Deum* that so fitly opened the festival, or the Ninth Symphony that so triumphantly closed it, that has not already been said? The four compositions by native or naturalized Americans were all voted a success, though Mr. Boise's delicate and melodious “*Scene from Romeo and Juliet*,” with violoncello and oboe obligato, lost some of its prettiest effects in the vast space of the audito-



rium. But Dr. Damrosch's Festival Overture, the work by which he first introduced himself as a composer in New York, some years ago, proved very effective and appropriate. Mr. Hamerik's "Folksong from the Norse Suite, Op. 22," has been heard in New York several times, and is a favorite there. Strictly speaking, it is less a composition than an arrangement; for its subject, continually recurring and varied in several ways, is that well-known melody first popularized in America by Jenny Lind, and afterwards much sung in public and private, of which the English title is "I've left my snow-clad hills." The Ritter *Scherzo*, from his fourth symphony, which has not yet been performed in its entirety, is like a soft breath from the valleys, amid the more strong movements that precede and follow it. The position of the instruments, the bad acoustic properties of the hall, caused some of its more delicate effects to be lost; and the same thing may be said of the tender orchestral coloring of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture, played on the same afternoon. I am not quite sure that our naturalized composer really captured the fairies in his *Scherzo*, as the programme told us; who believes very profoundly in American elves yet? At any rate, he tried to hear and see them; but I think he only succeeded in imprisoning a soft wind or two wandering over the grass and bluebells on a sunlit mountain-side, a rush of wild hares or rabbits across the forest path, the ethereal call of the hermit thrush that believed himself unheard by men, and the bubble of a mountain brook round a shady nook at the corner of a bridge beside a ruined saw-mill in Franconia, —

Where the wild birds sang,  
Where the young buds blew,  
Where the clear brooks sprang,  
Where the light ferns grew,  
Where the pure winds played  
Through the sun and shade  
Of a mountain glade  
Known to few!

There is calm delight,  
There the soul is free,  
There to higher height  
Thought and fancy flee,  
There life's flame burns clear,  
There heaven bends more near,  
There art thou more dear,  
Poesy!

There, far, far behind  
Fade the clouds that blot  
Skies of heart or mind,  
Down the past, forgot;  
Falsehood, envy, care,  
Have no being there,  
Dreams in dreams they were,  
But are not!

A rather remarkable event will take place at the fourth concert of the season of Dr. Ritter's pupils at Vassar this week, in the performance, among a selection of three or four songs composed by the students of the School of Music, of one by Miss Shize Nazai, a young Japanese lady who has now studied composition with Dr. Ritter for three years. Miss Nazai is already an accomplished pianiste, and has manifested undoubted talent and great perseverance in acquiring a full understanding of the European musical system, so doubly difficult for an Asiatic; she also possesses a vien of original melodic talent.

Miss Nazai played the pianoforte part in Mozart's B-flat trio at a Vassar concert this winter with Messrs. Bergner and Matzka, — an occurrence of some consequence in the history of art, for it was doubtless the first occasion on which a Japanese lady ever appeared as a public (or semi-public) performer at a concert of classic music. Dr. Ritter has given his illustrated lecture on chamber music at Vassar this winter; and we have had the pleasure of hearing Miss Drasdil's noble contralto, and of enjoying Mrs. Humphrey-Allen's lovely voice and pleasing style on two festival occasions at the college. Among miscellaneous — literary or artistic — lectures there, that by Mr. G. P. Lathrop on "Color" struck me as one of the most interesting and suggestive I have heard anywhere for some time.

But what, after all, and in spite of musical festivals, and the Italian Opera, and Philharmonics, and Handel and Haydn Societies, and the Greek choruses, has really been the great musical event of the season? Have you not heard that a party of *primi tenori*, each one of whom is ever tireless, "blithesome and cumberless," "an embodied joy," with the privilege of singing at heaven's own gate, according to Shakespeare, arrived in New York last month? Of course you know I mean the skylarks sent by Mr. Charles R. Rowe, of England to genial, gentle, bird and music (and all other good and lovely and natural things) loving John Burroughs, who lives about six miles above the Island, at Esopus, in his woodbine-hung cottage, amid his bees and robins and pastoral divinities. But alas! the Fates, or the elements, have been cruel to the foreign songsters. Out of twenty-four skylarks, only seven reached Mr. Burroughs, and two of those died. On the tenth of May he liberated the remaining five, and has not seen or heard of them since. I have listened and watched for them every day, in the hope that some mysterious attraction would allure them hither, but in vain. Have they been eaten up alive by some native musician in the shape of a hawk or an eagle, with a decided objection to foreign composers and vocalists of European origin as well as training?

F. R. R.

#### WILHELMINE SCHRÖDER IN FIDELIO.<sup>1</sup>

The autumn of 1822 brought Beethoven more complete gratification of his self-esteem than even the revival of his *Ruins of Athens*; it was the reproduction of his *Fidelio* on the boards of the Kärnthnerthor Theatre itself, which, a few weeks previously, the Italians had caused to re-echo with the florid cavatinas of Maestro Rossini. The notion of making this honorable reparation to German art was conceived by a young singer, already celebrated, Wilhelmine Schröder, who had made her *début* the year before as Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte*, after having successfully first come out in spoken drama at the Burgtheater, by the side of her mother, Sophie Schröder, the greatest tragic actress of the day.

She had scarcely entered her eighteenth year, when she conceived a passionate fondness for the part of Fidelio, and begged that Beethoven's work might be got up for her benefit. This ambition to undertake one of the most formidable characters of the German stage was justified, it is true, by exceptional talent, which had been revealed like a thunder-clap. From her first appearance at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, the fair young lyric tragedian had riveted the crowd by the power and originality of her acting. When Weber heard her sing the principal character in his *Freischütz*, he could not refrain from giving utterance to his enthusiasm, and proclaimed openly that Mdllé. Schröder was the first Agatha in the world. "She expresses," he added, "and brings out prominently all the feelings I wished to put in my music, investing them with a grandeur of which I did not dare to dream." Weber was not the only person to bear testimony to the dramatic genius of the great artist; Richard Wagner, who is not open to the suspicion of being over-indulgent, and who knew her after she was married to Devrient, the actor, expressly acknowledges the influence she exerted on his ideas and career, even going so far as to attribute to her the honor of developing his talent as a dramatic composer. In his preface to the *Four Poems for Operas*, when endeavoring to explain how he came to write for the stage, he makes this significant confession:

"For some time a singer and tragic actress, whose merit, in my eyes at least, was never surpassed, had by her performances produced on my mind an indelible and decisive impression; this was Mme. Schröder-Devrient. Her incomparable dramatic talent, the inimitable harmony and individual character of her acting, — all the things on which I had ardently nourished my eyes and ears, — exerted on me a charm which entirely decided my bent as an artist."

In this concert of praise, with Weber and Wagner as the coryphæi, Berlioz alone introduces a discordant note. It is true that Mme. Schröder was at the end of her career and tried every means to make up for her failing voice. He considered her "admirable in Paris" in 1830, but in Dresden and Berlin, where he saw her again in 1842, he remarked "that she had some very bad habits as a singer, and that her stage action was frequently disfigured by exaggeration and affectation." The fact is she contracted these regrettable defects when the routine-like enthusiasm of the public, by abandoning her to herself, had afforded her leisure to overstep the limits of good taste. Berlioz's detailed criticism on her talent was consequently based on excellent reasons, but at the moment we now first meet her she was an infallible, an "ideal" exponent of her author, to use the epithet employed by Kaune, a critic of the time, whose opinion was accepted as a standard by the Viennese. Beethoven, who had heard her nascent genius so greatly vaunted by all around him, must, therefore, have been pleased at the idea of his work passing under the patronage of an artist occupying so high a place in public opinion. He ap-

<sup>1</sup> From "Beethoven's Later Years," by Victor Wilder. Translated from *Le Ménestrel* in the *London Musical World*.

pears, however, to have in the beginning manifested some distrust at seeing a grand figure like that of his heroine impersonated by a "child;" but he cannot have been long in changing his opinion, and, in truth, Mme. Schröder's enthusiastic rendering of *Fidelio* contributed powerfully to the popularity of the opera, which from that moment became a stock piece and took possession of every German theatre. So soon as Duport, the Parisian ballet-master, who acted as Barbaja's representative in the management of the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, consented that the opera should be got up, the question was discussed as to whether Beethoven should be asked for his co-operation by conducting it. Beethoven's cruel infirmity, which continued to grow worse, should have caused the rejection of this idea; but the desire of seeing him once more at the head of an orchestra rendered the persons concerned incapable of due reserve. The unfortunate composer was, therefore, asked to direct the study of his work, and, unconscious of his misfortune, unhesitatingly accepted. It was resolved, however, to give him as a coadjutor the Kapellmeister Umlauf, who was to stand behind his chair and restore order among the instrumental host, if, by chance, the composer's deafness should throw them into disorder. Unluckily, this precaution proved insufficient, as we shall see. On the day of rehearsal, Beethoven, accompanied by Schindler, went to the theatre and took his seat at the conductor's desk. The overture went off without any hitch, but at the very first vocal number—the duet between Jacquino and Marcellina—there was confusion among the artistic phalanx. Alas! it was only too certain that the master did not hear a note of the vocal parts, and could not, therefore, be relied on to mark the proper moment for each artist to join in. Amid the general confusion Umlauf restored silence, parleyed for an instant with the two singers, and gave the signal: *da capo*. Again it was impossible to go through with the number to the end; the instrumentalists followed faithfully the beat of their conductor, but the singers, getting perplexed and troubled, were unable to keep time. This state of things could not continue, and it was imperative, at whatever price, to inform Beethoven of the impossibility. But no one would undertake the ungrateful task. Duport dared not venture; for Umlauf there was something particularly delicate in making such a communication, and it was only natural that he should endeavor to escape the task. While the point was being discussed, Beethoven moved about uneasily in his chair, turning his head right and left so as to read in the physiognomies around him what was going on; but on every side he beheld only mute impassibility. "Suddenly," says Schindler, "he called me in an imperious voice, and holding out his tablets ordered me to give him the solution of the enigma. Trembling all over, I traced the words: 'Let me entreat you not to proceed. I will explain more fully when you are at home.' He gave one leap from his chair, and getting over the pit-railing, exclaimed: 'Let us go quickly!' He then ran at one breath

to his lodgings, then in the Pfarrgasse, Leimgrube suburb. When he got indoors his strength failed him. He fell inertly on the sofa, and, covering his face up with his hands, remained motionless till dinner-time. After he sat down to table, too, it was impossible to extort a word from him." "That fatal November day," adds Schindler, "was the most sorrowful one in the career of the poor composer, who was so terribly tried. However great his anguish may have been on previous occasions, never before had he received so fearful a blow. Only too frequently I had an opportunity of seeing him exposed to vexation, and more than once I beheld him bent down under the weight of his misfortunes, but I had always known him, after a moment's prostration, raise his head, and triumph over adversity; on this occasion, however, he was stung to the quick, and to the day of his death lived under the impression of the terrible scene."

Despite this cruel shock, Beethoven had the courage to go to the theatre, on the night of the performance, the 9th November, 1822. As if he had been an intruder, he slipped into the orchestra, and, taking his place modestly behind the conductor, wrapped himself up to his ears in his cloak, as though to avoid the curiosity of the public.

"We could scarcely see his glistening eyes, which seemed to shoot forth flame," writes Wilhelmine Schröder, who has left us an account of the memorable evening.<sup>1</sup> "Those eyes frightened me. When I met their glance, I was invaded by a feeling of terror depriving me of all courage. Scarcely, however, had I sung a few bars, ere I felt supported by some marvellous power. The entire audience and Beethoven himself vanished from my sight; all I had meditated and studied escaped from my memory; I was Leonore herself, living her life and suffering her sorrow. This illusion sustained me till the scene of the dungeon, when, I know not wherefore, I felt my strength fail and my confidence desert me. The greatness of my task, of which, for the first time, I measured the enormous extent, rose up before my mind, and I saw too late that my powers were insufficient to conduct my audacious attempt to a successful issue. The anguish by which I was assailed was visible in my features, in my actions, and in my attitudes; yet by a singular coincidence, these gestures and this play of my physiognomy were precisely such as were appropriate to the dramatic situation."

Whether what Wilhelmine Schröder did was the effect of chance or of sudden and high inspiration, it was so touching that the public were affected by it to the utmost recesses of their hearts. There reigned throughout the house that profound silence which is more flattering to the artist than shouts and the tempestuous noise of applause. But, in the following scene, where Pizarro

<sup>1</sup> To be thoroughly exact, I must state that this narrative was not written by Wilhelmine Schröder, but under her dictation, by a friend of hers, Clara von Geumner. It has, therefore, in my translation a more personal character than in the original. My scruples as a historian impelled me to acquaint my readers with the fact.

—VICTOR WILDER.

determines to finish with Florestan, and Leonore throws herself before the tyrant, Wilhelmine Schröder reached the utmost limit of the sublime. Pistol in hand, she sprang towards the assassin, who tremblingly retreated. With fixed and haggard eyes, she remained motionless, in a menacing attitude, and resolved to fire at the least movement of her adversary. Suddenly the trumpet sounded and announced the arrival of her deliverer.

"Then" she tells us, "the tension of my nerves ceased, the weapon fell from my grasp; I felt my knees bend under me, and, convulsively putting my hands to my forehead, I gave out from my chest that cry of deadly anguish which all who have interpreted the part of *Fidelio* have tried to imitate."

That terrible cry was heard by Beethoven. For a moment or so he followed with increasing interest the artist's passionate acting, and, doubtless, felt proud of having inspired such noble and sublime accents. He then turned round towards the public, who, all standing up, were giving vent to their feelings in frantic cries, and confounding in the same enthusiasm both the work and its exponent. It was a beneficial cordial for Beethoven's wounded heart. After the performance he proceeded to Leonore's room, and, in agitated terms, expressed to her his admiration and gratitude; then, like a father, he patted her cheek and promised to write an opera expressly for her. She treasured up his words in her memory to the last, and never, she said, did anything in her long career touch her more acutely than the praise which fell from the lips of the illustrious musician. As for the latter, whose confidence in himself was restored by this triumph, he was, as usual, very sparing of his commentaries on what had occurred. He allowed, however, a few words, showing how deeply he had been affected, to escape him. "I see," he remarked, "that I shall not have lived in vain, and decidedly I may hope that my music will not have been without influence on the development of my art."

#### THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

MR. WILLIAM F. APTHORP'S LECTURES BEFORE THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.<sup>2</sup>

V. (Concluded.)

The history of the early and classic styles of English opera is particularly saddening to us as Anglo-Saxons, not from any lack of great and glorious examples, but from its undeserved extinction. The English opera may be called a magnificent flash in the pan. What killed it was nothing more nor less than a victorious invasion of Italian opera. Buononcini, Ariosti, Porpora, and most of all Händel, carried Italian opera to such a pitch of splendor that the native growth of the soil had to give way to it. As an opera-composer, Händel is properly to be ranked among the Italians rather than among the Germans. He wrote to Italian libretti, and the mighty influence which Alessandro Scarlatti exerted upon his style is distinctly to be perceived in almost all his operatic work. The English opera was not an imported article, as the German opera was. It sprang from the masque which was a favorite sort of dramatic entertainment in England. It was a vague sort of allegorical pageant, generally without form or dramatic purpose, but dependent mainly upon the wit of the

<sup>2</sup> Revised by the author from the Boston *Traveller's* report.

poet in making allusions to the occasion for which it was written. In 1617 the Italian composer Paolo Lanieri set an entire masque of Ben Jonson's to music in the *stile rappresentativo*. But the music of the masques in general was hardly more dramatic than the incidental music written for Shakespeare's plays. Henry Lawes, who set "Comus" to music in 1634, did but little to give his work a dramatic tone.

The man who first developed the masque into the opera was Henry Purcell, probably the greatest composer England ever gave to the world. He was an avowed admirer of Italian music. The melodic character of his arias was thoroughly English. Many of them are of the very purest beauty, so exquisite in theme that one can hardly believe them to have been written in a pre-Händelian age. Purcell had no successor worthy to wear his mantle. When he died, in 1695, the decline of the English opera began, a decline which in all probability would not have ended in permanent extinction had not Händel's *Rinaldo*, given first in 1711, turned the tide in favor of the Italian opera so determinedly as to prevent the admirable English composers of his day from attempting to keep up any rivalry with the new foreign wonder. The Italian opera of Händel and Buononcini, true to its classical origin, dealt only with classical tragic themes.

A new style of operetta, in which high-flown Italian recitative was replaced by sprightly English dialogue, in which the king's highway and the tap-room were instituted for classical Greek and Roman ground, where the Captain Macheath and Polly appeared in lieu of heroes, and simple English ballads took the place of elaborate Italian arias, could not fail to be successful. The public found themselves at home at once. The *Beggars' Opera* was the head of the long line of English ballad operas by which alone England has kept up connection with the lyric stage. In spite of some well-meant attempts, England has not been able to hold her own in the field of the grand opera since the days of Purcell. Germany was also the field of a mighty Italian invasion. Shortly after Händel left Hamburg, Italian opera literally flooded all Germany, and the German opera, like the English, was forced to descend to the more modest domain of the popular operetta. But the Italian supremacy was not permanent in Germany, as it was in England. The time came when German opera again raised its head.

## VI.

### THE OPERA FROM GLUCK TO WAGNER.

Having followed the course of development of the opera in Italy, Germany, France and England up to the period when it had arrived at full manhood in those several countries, and had become a firmly established institution, it now remains for us to study its subsequent fortunes. This we must do briefly, and must be content to consider only the main features in the further growth of the lyric drama. One point, however, must occupy our attention for a moment. We have seen how the "Beggars' Opera," a work of light, comic character, presenting scenes taken from certain phases of every-day English life, was produced in London as a sort of protest against the severe classic splendors of the grand Italian opera of Händel and Buononcini. About the same period, that is, in the early part of the eighteenth century, a similar form of opera made its appearance in Italy and France. It had been the custom in Italy for some time to give short *intermezzi*, or interludes, between the acts of operas. These *intermezzi* were of the broadest farcical character, and served rather as a foil to the severities of the grand style than as a protest against them. Singers of special comic gifts often wrote them themselves, best knowing how to display their own peculiar powers.

But soon more practised composers began to take hold of the *intermezzo*, and in the hands of Scarlatti and some of his contemporaries, notably Nicolo Logroscino, it was gradually developed into an independent operatic form. Thus the *Opera Buffa* was established, a style for which Italians have ever since shown a remarkable genius. In France the *Opéra Comique*, the Gallic correlative of the *Opera Buffa*, was a similar development of the *Vaudeville*,

or light comedy with incidental songs. The musical part of the *vaudeville* had only to be increased so as to bear a sufficiently important relation to the spoken dialogue for the work to claim the name of opera. The difference between the Italian and French comic opera was that in the former the dialogue was sung in *recitativo secco*, whereas in the latter it was spoken. This distinction holds good to-day, and the spoken dialogue is so characteristic an element in the French form that nowadays it is the sole distinguishing mark of the *opéra comique*. The comic purpose is no longer necessary, and many French *opéras comiques* are as far as possible from works calculated to excite laughter. After Scarlatti, the Italian opera became less and less dramatic. Set musical forms asserted their tyranny more and more energetically. The vanity of singers fond of displaying their vocal accomplishments, and the eagerness of the public to hear and applaud brilliant feats of vocalization, reacted upon composers to such an extent that the libretto or text gradually sank into utter insignificance in comparison with the music, and fine singing was accepted as more than an equivalent for the absence of good acting.

The French opera received a mighty impulse in the opposite direction at the hands of Christoph Willibald Gluck, who came to settle in Paris in 1773, after having already made a solid reputation in England, Italy, and especially in Vienna, as a composer of Italian opera. Vienna was his native place, and as an opera-composer in Germany he could only hope to gain public recognition by writing Italian operas, the ears of all Germany being firmly shut at that time against all music that was not Italian. But he saw very keenly the conventional dramatic absurdities of the then Italian opera, and his works were a stronger and stronger protest against them. The chief object of his life was to drive the display of brilliant vocalization, irrelevant music, and undramatic singing from the operatic stage. In fact he tried with his increased musical lights to make the opera return to its pristine dramatic purity of the days of Cavalli, Cesti and Scarlatti. The artistic value of his attempts in this direction was so evident in his *Orfeo* (brought out in Vienna in 1762) and his *Alceste* (1767) that the poet Caizabigi, author of the libretti, induced him to go to France, where his dramatic style would be sure to find more favor in the eyes of the public than in Germany, where the admiration for the conventional Italian style was too deeply rooted to be easily overcome. Bailly-du-Rollet, a noted French dramatic poet, was even more urgent in advising the step. Accordingly Gluck made his first appearance in Paris with *Iphigénie en Aulide*, in 1774. The work had been written two years, but it took this time for a foreigner to get it accepted by the management of the Académie de Musique, notwithstanding the earnest endeavors of the Dauphiness, Marie Antoinette, his former pupil, in Gluck's behalf. The libretto was arranged by Bailly-du-Rollet, from Racine's tragedy. The success was immense. It was recognized that Gluck's treatment of the lyric tragedy — or, as we now call it, the Grand Opera — was virtually a higher and more perfect development of Lulli's. His airs were quite as dramatic, and were at the same time far more replete with musical beauty. His recitatives, fully as impassioned as Lulli's, were of a grander classic dignity; the whole musical and dramatic inspiration flowed from a deeper spring. Yet a strong opposing party was not wanting. Not that any one doubted that Gluck's style was wholly consonant with the noblest principles and traditions of the French operatic school, but that a large portion of the public rejected these principles in toto. Since Lulli's day a great change had come over popular opinion. His immediate successor, Rameau, did not show so strong a hand at the bellows as he had, and until Gluck appeared no one had shown himself quite able to stand in Lulli's shoes. A new taste for Italian opera, especially *opera buffa*, gradually sprang up in Paris, and the Italian party became very strong there.

They were even somewhat in the ascendant when Gluck appeared on the scene, and his *Iphigénie* was the first serious shock they had received for some

time. If the ascendancy of Italian principles was to be maintained in the face of so evidently commanding a genius as Gluck's, something decisive must be done. Nicolo Piccini, the most noted Italian opera-composer of the day, was invited to Paris. He naturally espoused the Italian cause with much warmth, and the rivalry between him and Gluck became world-famous. It was really a battle not so much between two men as between two opposing principles. The two schools held their ground manfully for a while till at last, when Gluck brought out his *Iphigénie en Aulide* with overwhelming success in 1779, Piccini was foolishly persuaded by his friends to set the same libretto to music. The failure was complete. This was the first victory for the French school.

The fact of Piccini's being worsted by Gluck has done him some injustice in the eyes of posterity. He was a man of undoubted genius, and the Italian school owes him almost as much as the French school does to Gluck. It was he who developed the operatic finale, or closing ensemble piece of each act, to a grand and imposing piece of composition. On the other hand it was Gluck who first treated the chorus dramatically. Up to his time, the chorus, like its prototype in the Greek tragedy, had played merely the rôle of meditative spectators. Gluck made them take actual part in the dramatic action. He also developed the overture much further than his predecessors. Counting out Germany, the subsequent history of the opera is but a continuation of the history of the Gluckist and Piccinist controversy — of the rivalry between the Italian and French schools. Italian opera continued to overrun Germany and still cut a very respectable figure in France. In Italy it was all in all. In France Gluck's greatest successors were Gasparo Spontini, an Italian to be sure, but one who after his triumph in 1809 with *La Vestale* must be accounted as belonging to the French school, and Luigi Cherubini, also thoroughly French in his treatment of the lyric drama.

(To be continued.)

### PROFESSOR PAINE'S MUSIC FOR "ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS."

In anticipation of a question that is sure to arise in the minds of some, it may as well be said at the outset that Professor Paine, at the very first, abandoned all thought of attempting to reproduce or to imitate Greek music, believing that any such attempt would inevitably result in failure, or be incongruous to such a degree of irritation as to do serious detriment to the impressiveness of the play. We can, at best, only theorize regarding the true character of the music of the ancient Greeks; yet there is sufficient ground for reasonable belief that they had no music at all, in the sense in which we use the word. What we suppose Greek music to have been, it is not within the province of this article to state. It is sufficient to say that music is the latest and perhaps the most marvellous growth in the realm of fine art, and that its unexampled development into its present efficiency as an art of expression is wholly the work of the last two centuries. In the light of this consideration Professor Paine saw that it would be possible to stimulate the imagination to such a degree that a livelier sympathy with the story of the tragedy would be excited in the audience than would otherwise be attained. He has, accordingly, written his music for male chorus and full orchestra. The chorus will consist of about seventy-five voices, of which fifteen — members of the Glee Club with a very few exceptions, and all students — will constitute the acting chorus. These will enter singing the first chorus, and will group themselves on either side of the *thymele*, where they will remain to the end of the performance. This *thymele*, or altar, will be situated on the "floor" of the auditorium, which will serve the purpose of an addition to the stage and which will be used by those engaged in the performance of the music. The remaining sixty voices — for the most part from the Apollo and Boylston Clubs — will constitute a supplementary chorus, which will sit with the orchestra in a semicircle between the audience and the acting chorus; from the latter they



will be distinguished by a screen three feet in height, separating the two choruses. The orchestra of thirty-five players will be composed as follows: Six first violins, four second violins, three violas, three violoncellos, three double basses, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, two trumpets, two bassoons, three trombones, and a pair of kettle-drums. Professor Paine believes this to be the smallest orchestra adequate for the purpose, and even in this the string band can hardly produce the body that is to be desired.

The music consists of a prelude and six choruses. In the prelude the attempt is made to epitomize the play, to show the spirit and essential life of the whole tragedy in utmost concentration; to make a reflection in miniature of the whole work. It is chiefly based on two themes: the second theme of the second chorus,—that expressing the love of the people for their king, and their confidence in his innocence and goodness, which dispel the alarm caused by the words of the blind seer and bring to them hope and peace,—and the theme of the sixth chorus, with its "tones of agony" for him who is now fallen a victim to those fated horrors that it had been his life-long struggle to avert. The prelude thus foreshadows that powerful contrast which is the very marrow of the tragedy,—that between the fair appearance and the horrid reality in the condition of *Œdipus*. Between the extremes of feeling expressed in these two principal themes, the imagination is quickened by hints of other salient themes and motives of the choruses to a rapid conception of that fatal growth of trust into suspicion, and of hope into despair. It is as though one's glance were to flash through the play in presentment: there is the apparent assurance of peace constantly tending toward the restlessness of foreboding, and at the conclusion hurrying on through the cry of doubt to the final notes of oppressive and unspeakable sadness.

In order to appreciate the full effect of the first chorus it will be necessary to bear in mind that the strophes are sung by the acting chorus of fifteen, and the antistrophes by the full chorus. This number is an *allegro*, and in a marked rhythm; although in three-four tempo it has a broad and measured movement which gives it a solemn elevation. The orchestration is symphonic in character. The first strophe, sung in unison by the acting chorus in entering and about the *thynele*, opens with a theme of faithful invocation to the

Kind voice of heaven, soft-breathing from the height  
Of Pytho rich in gold—

and closes with a theme (*poco più allegro*) of urgent supplication, consisting of two phrases,—the one of increasing agitation, and the other a cry for help such as a suffering people might make with one voice. The first antistrophe is a repetition of the themes of the first strophe, and is sung by the full chorus, the figures of the strings in the accompaniment giving it an added restlessness of supplication, and the vigorous cadence-phrase being intensified in expression by strong minor harmony. In the second strophe and antistrophe the people tell the griefs they bear in themes of sad sympathy,—

—flocking more and more

Unto the western shore,  
Soul after soul is seen to wing her flight,  
Swifter than quenchless flame, to the far realms of night.  
Each time the ending is the same two-phrased theme of awful supplication. In the third strophe and antistrophe they implore with increased intensity him "whose hand wields lightning" to blast

This shieldless war-god with loud onset sweeping.

Both strophe and antistrophe end as before with the same characteristic theme of supplication with its broad rhythm, concluding the last time with a massive minor coda and cadence in four, five and six part harmony of tied chords, while the vehemence of the figures in the accompaniment gives to this final cry for help an almost furious force. The regular recurrence of this theme gives to the musical interpretation of this number that uniformity which the chorus itself has even with the apparent digression in the recital of their sufferings; there is woe-born supplication in the spirit of every line, though it be not directly expressed in the language. This chorus is in great part unisonous, harmony be-

ing employed for the purpose of avoiding the wearisome monotony that would result from the continuous unison and for the purpose of increasing the dramatic coloring.

The opening movement of the second chorus is *andante* in three-four tempo, and the gloom of minor modes is cast upon its broad and measured rhythm. The people have heard the threatening and dreadful words of the blind seer, and after a few bars of introduction, broken ominously by a motive of unbridled impetuosity, express in the opening theme of the first strophe the fearful doubt of minds distracted in the conflict of evidence. But soon the oppressive sadness of these lines is checked by an agitated theme (*allegro con fuoco*) worked up into a gradually approaching climax of vengeful fury as they foretell the haunted flight of the murderer followed by the "unerring destinies," and with the lightning-armed son of Jove upon his track. The matter of the strophe is repeated in the antistrophe. The second strophe and antistrophe—one being a modified repetition of the other—consist of two themes. In the one (*allegro agitato*) the hearts of the people are

—stirred

With strange misgivings at the Augur's word,

and their bewilderment of doubt reaches its height in the final phrase with its anxious syncopation. The second theme (*adagio espressivo*) is full of gratitude to their king, who saved them aforetime from the horrors of the "riddle-singing Sphinx," and of sweet content springing from their returning confidence in his goodness and innocence. The themes of this chorus are in strong contrast to each other, and the last (*adagio espressivo*), with its graceful accompaniment, has a peculiarly tender and appealing melodiousness. In the last antistrophe this theme is approached by an interlude of suggestive restfulness, with orchestration for wood, wind and strings.

The third chorus interrupts the quarrel between *Œdipus* and Creon at its height. The single strophe is a dialogue in which the words of *Œdipus* are intoned, and the lines of the chorus are sung. In it the people unite with Jocasta in imploring *Œdipus* (*moderato con moto*) to beware a hasty condemnation on mere suspicion of Creon, his friend,

—whose voice is hallowed by his oath.

But here *Œdipus* accuses them of working for his destruction, whereupon, after sustained notes of protestation (in octave and then in unison) which are made solemn and emphatic by the use of the trombones in the orchestration, they swear by "the chief of all the gods, the Sun;" this phrase (*meno mosso* and in six-eight tempo) is one of impetuous vigor. Then their fearful oath is given (*andante con moto*) in gloomy and determined phrases which work up to (*poco a poco accelerando e agitato*) and end in a climax expressing, with the fiery energy of its extended contrapuntal progression in the bass, their agony of spirit at the thought of this woe—the threatening outcome of the king's wrath—added to the burden of affliction that is upon the state. Then follow lines of dialogue between *Œdipus* and Creon, interspersed with fragmentary interludes of highly dramatic temper orchestrated for strings, horns and wood-wind. The last words of both are uttered against sustained harmony for the strings and horns. Then follow the first strophe and antistrophe of this chorus beginning with a tender melody for tenors as they address Jocasta, the accompaniment being single staccato chords on strings, and (toward the end) light wood-wind. The music of both strophe and antistrophe is a modified repetition of the matter of the first strophe and antistrophe interspersed with the lines of Jocasta and *Œdipus*, and concluding with the same massive coda and cadence.

In number four, after a short and direct phrase of introduction in *crescendo molto*, the chorus breaks forth in a paean of prayerful aspiration and reverent adoration of the gods who are the source of eternal law and virtue. The broad chorale notes of its stately phrasing (*allegro maestoso*) are full of religious exaltation, and, with the fulness of its orchestration and its grand cadences, it promises to be an impressive opening to a chorus of great sub-

limity. A few bars of interlude, developed from a restless four-toned motive, lead to the antistrophe: this opens with a theme (*più allegro e agitato*) having something of the character of recitation; this tells, with its vehement accentuation, the fated course of pride which

—to topmost height

Sours madly, and then sinks to sudden night.

This theme begins *pianissimo*, and works up (*poco a poco crescendo*) to a vigorous conclusion. The contest between the upward flight of pride and its fatal plunge into "the deep abyss" is very marked and effective. Then follows a theme (*allegro moderato*), the calm strength of which, with its restful sextolets of accompaniment, is of solemn elevation; God is the protector of man and the rewarder of virtue. But now the second strophe rushes in (*più allegro*) with the same restless four-toned motion in the accompaniment, and the chorus foretells the dreadful fate of him who reverences neither gods nor men, and who touches "things accurst." How can he

—look for shelter from the wrathful shower?

The agitation of this is intensified by a high octave tremolo on the violins, which hurries away into the rapid rhythm of six-eight tempo. In the second antistrophe the themes of the first recur with modifications and with a highly tempered coda and cadence (*più allegro*).

Number five is in nine-eight tempo, and consists of a solo with chorus (*allegretto con moto*). In this number the people have lost for the time the thread of discovery, and rejoice in the belief that *Œdipus* is of celestial birth; the praise of Cytheron is sung, which nurtured their king upon its rugged breast, and in tripping measure they pledge themselves to dance and sing to the glory of Apollo. The solo part, sung by Mr. George L. Osgood, is full of sympathetic melody, and the chorus accompaniments are of great delicacy. The orchestration—strings and light wood-wind with horns—is exquisitely graceful and of soft tone-shades.

The sixth chorus is a wail of the people in despair at finding *Œdipus*—apparently so blessed, and, in truth, nobly virtuous in endeavor and aspiration—the victim of ruthless fate, a man unconsciously and by destiny of loathsome life. The phrases of the opening theme (*moderato con moto e patetico*) are full of sadness, and the moaning accompaniment, with its *staccato* motive of woeful fate, tells of an anguish that is past control as they cry:—"O wretched *Œdipus*, nothing mortal can I deem blessed." In the antistrophe, as they recall his generous service to the state, joy and gratitude appear for the moment, and their phrases of rejoicing are worked up through exultant modulations into a jubilant cadence, while they think of *Œdipus*

As the sovereign lord,

And mighty master of great Thebes.

But their rejoicing is soon swept away in the second strophe by the horrors of the present, and again (in amplified form of the same phrase as before) comes the cry of agony:—

How could thy father's spirit rest,  
How endure, O wretched man,  
This horrid wrong from thee thus in silence?

Nor yet can they rest; for yet again comes the first wail of piercing pain, after which a heavy cloud of gloomy despair seems to settle upon them, and the chorus ends in unisonous and dirge-like tones of bitter woe.

Such is a brief analysis of Professor Paine's Op. 35. In general it may be said that the music is meant to be strongly expressive of the spirit of classic tragedy. Although polyphonic writing prevails in the choruses—affording, as it does, incomparably greater opportunity for dramatic expression—still the unisonous arrangement of voices is freely used, which, with the elevated character of the themes and the large scope of their development, gives a distinctive temper to the music, and one in harmony, we are disposed to think, with the immortal dignity of this master-drama. The predominance of the minor modes, together with the nature of the harmony and the majesty of most of the cadences, may be expected to raise the music to the elevation of religious awe.—*Advertiser*, May 5.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1881.

We have surrendered so large a share of our columns this week to the great Festival in New York that we have little room for other topics. Work, outside of our musical journalism, detained us here, so that we were unable to accept the courteous invitation of the Festival Committee. But kind and able representatives and correspondents furnish us a pretty fair account of it, and promise more.

The event of this week has been the remarkable performance (three times, and this afternoon again) of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, in the original Greek, at the Sanders theatre in Cambridge. We can barely allude now to the deep impression it made on us, both at the full rehearsal on Saturday evening, and at the opening performance on Tuesday evening. We really do not think it rash to express our feeling that in it we have witnessed the most complete and thoroughly artistic presentation of a work of pure, high Art, that this part of the world has ever yet achieved out of its own resources. To Harvard's Greek professors, who conceived and planned and carried out triumphantly this noble work, both Art and classical learning here owe much. Harvard had fine conditions for an undertaking which to most thinking persons must at first have seemed almost impossible. To speak of only one, that beautiful theatre, entered through the august memorial hall of tablets, lends itself peculiarly to such uses. The zeal and learning of the professors; the enthusiasm with which the students (mostly undergraduates) entered into the task of memorizing and learning to deliver their parts in such a fluent, elegant and pure Greek accent—that most beautiful of all languages ever spoken by man!—the taste and careful study and artistic skill shown in the scene and beautifully varied costumes; the ease and the precision with which all things moved; the admirable acting, especially of Mr. Riddle in the exacting and exhausting part of *Œdipus*, of Mr. Opydyke as *Jocasta*, Mr. Curtis Guild as blind old *Tiresias*,—in fact, of all of them; and, adding lift and inspiration to the whole, making the three hours seem short, the beautiful, strong, fitting, manly music composed by Professor Paine, and finely sung by seventy-five sweet, manly voices, with full orchestra accompanying, symphonically, the vigorous, rich strains, which seemed to spring instinctively, by "pre-established harmony," out of the large and ever-changing rhythm of the Sophoclean verses,—all these elements together, each inspiring each, were blended in a more perfect whole than one is accustomed to expect in any art-work upon any stage. And then the grandeur, the delicate, chaste poetry and diction, the sublime morality, though in the Greek form of *Fate*, of the *Œdipus* itself! Is it not the tragedy of tragedies, the typical tragedy? Not the less essentially dramatic because, with their delicate, fine sense of taste and fitness, the Greek dramatists do not have the crimes and murders brought before your eyes, but only before your mind. To complete the harmony on that first night, was such an audience, in evening dress,—such a gathering of distinguished men and women, poets, scholars, the notables of Boston, Cambridge, Yale, Cornell, and other colleges, as never yet were seen together in one hall or theatre.

This is all that we have room or time to say just now. In another column we have borrowed from the *Advertiser* an intelligent description of Professor Paine's admirable overture, six cho-

rus and postlude, every number of which was received with enthusiasm. We owe it to ourselves, if not to the painstaking and successful actors, and to our readers, to give a much fuller expression to the feeling with which we came away from this real revelation of intrinsic Art. Particularly have we much to say about this happy wedding of modern music to Greek poetry, which we believe the Greeks themselves would have been eager to accept, had they possessed this youngest of the arts, the art of Music. Meanwhile we commend to all who are curious to learn all about the famous Greek play at Harvard, to read the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of last Wednesday, which seems hardly to leave anything unsaid that is appropriate.

## BERLIOZ'S REQUIEM.

[SUNG AT THE NEW YORK FESTIVAL.]

Hector Berlioz's great "Mass for the Dead," written for the annual funeral service for the victims of the Revolution of July, but first given in the Church of the Invalides, on December 5, 1837, at the funeral service for General Dancrémont and the French officers and soldiers killed at the siege of Constantina, in Algiers, has long been known to musicians as one of the largest scores, if not the largest, in existence. The number of instruments employed has stood in the way of the work's being performed frequently: it has also induced too many persons to look upon the composition as somewhat of a musical monstrosity.

Before discussing this point let us examine the score, as a score, and see what all this array of orchestral means amounts to. Berlioz was always careful to indicate not only *what* instruments, but just *how many* instruments he wished to be used in performing his scores. His object in so doing was primarily to establish the proper mutual dynamic balance between the various component parts of his orchestra. But in some cases, notably in the "Requiem," his object was also to indicate the proper relation between the size of his orchestra and that of the hall or church in which the work was intended to be given. In writing most of his orchestral or choral works he had very small concert-halls in view, such as the hall of the Conservatoire, or the *salles* of the Théâtre-Italien, and the Opéra-Comique. For such halls he deemed an orchestra formed on a basis of nine double-basses and fifteen first violins sufficient. These, by the way, were the numbers advocated by Beethoven. But for the "Requiem," which was destined to be given in a large church, he demanded an increase of the normal orchestral forces. Accordingly he wrote his score for the following instruments and voices:—

WOODEN WIND AND HORNS.		STRINGS.	
4 Flutes,		25 First Violins,	
2 Oboes,		25 Second Violins,	
2 English horns,		20 Violas,	
4 Clarinets,		20 Violoncelli,	
8 Bassoons,		18 Double-Basses,—108	
12 Horns,—32			
BRASS.		PERCUSSION.	
4 Cornets à pistons,		8 Pairs of Kettle-Drums,	
12 Trumpets,		2 Big Drums,	
16 Tenor Trombones,		3 Pairs of Cymbals,	
4 Ophicleides,		1 Tam-tam,—14	
1 Double-Bass Ophicleide with pistons, 1—37			
Total . . . . .	191		
VOICES.			
1 Tenor Solo,	70 Soprani		
60 Tenors,	70 Basses,—201		

In this enumeration I have counted the horns with the wooden wind, as the instruments under the heading "Brass" form no part of the main orchestra, but are divided into four supplementary orchestras, placed at the four corners of the main

body of singers and players. These small orchestras are composed as follows:—

FIRST ORCHESTRA (at the north corner).	
4 Cornets à pistons,	4 Tenor Trombones,
1 Double-Bass Ophicleide with pistons.	
SECOND ORCHESTRA (at the east corner).	
4 Trumpets,	4 Tenor Trombones.
THIRD ORCHESTRA (at the west corner).	
4 Trumpets,	4 Tenor Trombones.
FOURTH ORCHESTRA (at the south corner).	
4 Trumpets,	4 Tenor Trombones,
4 Ophicleides.	

The composition of the main orchestra is in no way exceptional. The wooden wind instruments are generally written for in pairs, and the horns in two, three, or four parts just as is usual. The only novelty is that the habitual number of wooden wind instruments is doubled,<sup>2</sup> and that of the horns trebled. It will be noticed that there are no piccolo flutes, bass-clarinets, harps, snare-drums, triangle or organ in the score. What strikes us as most strange here is the small proportion the chorus bears to the orchestra; but this is explained by the fact that Berlioz meant his work to be sung by a professional chorus of trained singers; a chorus in which every voice should tell. The trombones are used almost entirely as trumpets; only in a very few instances do they merely add color to the harmony. Where most composers would have used trombones for richness of coloring, Berlioz has used cornets and ophicleides. The instrumentation is in general very moderate in the "Requiem;" the voices almost constantly occupy the foreground of the picture, and those stupendous instrumental effects which are instinctively associated with the name of Berlioz, and which the unusual dimensions of the orchestra lead one to expect, are only occasionally employed. The "Requiem" is, in the truest sense of the word, a choral work; one in which the voices are treated with especial care and very unusual skill. The character of the music is distinctly devotional, often tinged with a certain ecclesiastical austerity. Let us now proceed to examine it more closely. The "Requiem" comprises ten numbers, nine of which are choral, and one (the *Sanctus*) for tenor solo and female chorus.

No. 1 (*Requiem, Kyrie, Christe*), a very beautiful, solemn movement (G-minor, three-four time, *andante un poco lento*). One might search long among the hosts of Requiems that have been written without finding a more beautiful and appropriate musical setting of the words of the *In-troit*. Here beauty of melody and harmony, a sober richness of orchestral accompaniment, are united with the truest pathos and dignity of expression. It is sacred music in the highest sense of the word, and shows how admirably the composer knew how to distinguish between pathetic and passionate expression, between the ecclesiastical and the dramatic styles. He has in no wise shrunk from giving full rein to his natural tendency toward the picturesque, but what a noble, tender, and sober picture he has drawn! How full of truth, and how free from all tinsel and effect for effect's sake.

The next five numbers are devoted to the *prose* of the "Mass for the Dead."

No. 2 ("Dies Iræ"). It has often been remarked that modern composers show a peculiar fondness for the hymn "Dies Iræ." It is perhaps a sign of the times, of that craving for intense material for still more intense musical composition for which the somewhat overstrained musical sense of our era is noted. Be it remembered, by the way, that the old Italian contrapuntists of the sixteenth century used to omit the "Dies Iræ" from their Requiems, and put the versicle "*Sicut ambulat in medio umbræ mortis*" in its place. To paint a grim musical picture of the terrors of

<sup>1</sup> For this he afterwards substituted 2 Bombardons.

<sup>2</sup> It must be remembered that French orchestras usually have four bassoons.

judgment did not tempt them. Yet in all the five numbers which Berlioz devotes to the "Dies iræ," he shows a respect for the true ecclesiastical spirit, a fine sense of fitness and proportion, and with all the graphic picturesqueness of certain passages, and the hitherto unheard-of wealth of orchestral means he has employed, a keen appreciation of that dignity of style which is the first essential of church music. His music to the grand old hymn is often strikingly graphic, but never theatrical; intense, but never frantic; terrible, but never horrible.

The "Dies Iræ" proper begins with a slow solemn melody in common time, first given out by the 'celli and double basses in octaves, and taken up later on by the basses of the chorus, who claim it, as it were, as their especial property, for the other voices leave it untouched. This melody in the basses is treated as a *cantus firmus* against which the other voices (tenor and soprano) sing successively various more and more rapidly moving counterpoints. The music is in strange contrast to some of the tearing settings which we have heard lately: it is almost ascetic in its calm, quiet style. Yet there runs through it all an undercurrent of mute terror. The key changes twice: from A-minor to B-flat minor, and thence to D-minor, each change being preluded by an ascending chromatic scale on the strings, followed by a tremolo which seems to foretell the crash that is to come. After the words "*Quantus tremor*," etc., the strings come in again with their chromatic run, which now leads up to an overwhelming blast from the four small orchestras of brass instruments on the full chord of E-flat major. Here begins the famous "Resurrection Fanfare," as it has been called, the passage of which Verdi has given such a puny reproduction in his "Requiem." After the first great chord, each of the four orchestras plays in unison or in octaves; each separate group of trumpets, trombones and ophicleides being used as one immense trumpet. The third group begins a rhythmic trumpet-call on E-flat, thus:—



At the point marked \* cornets and trombones of the first group strike in on G, canonically imitating the rhythm of the third group. Two bars later the second group strikes in similarly on B-

flat; a bar and a half further on the trombones and ophicleides of the fourth group strike in of D-flat, which is answered at the beginning of the next measure by a tremendous D-flat from the monster ophicleide of the first group, while the trumpets of the fourth group play a new rhythm in B-flat. Thus a terrible chord of the second (D-flat, E-flat, G, B-flat) is established, which soon resolves itself, all four groups changing their rhythm to triplets (twelve to a measure); soon the groups separate again, calling to and answering one another with trumpet-like arpeggios in triplets, first on the chord of F-major, then B-flat-major, then E-flat-major; then all the groups reunite in an ascending scale in triplets until the main orchestra strikes in with them on the full chord of E-flat. These twenty-one measures of fanfare have been but the prelude to the general cataclysm, which begins on the twenty-second bar at the last chord of E-flat. The tempo now slackens a little, the harmony is confided to the eight pairs of kettle-drums, which are so tuned as to afford the composer a complete chromatic scale from F to F, each of the notes of the tonic chord (E-flat, G, and B-flat) having two drums in unison apiece. This mighty tremolo of kettle-drums playing in parts is further reinforced by the two big drums, on one of which a continuous roll is made with a pair of kettle-drum-sticks, while less rapidly pulsating notes are drawn from the other by striking each head alternately with a pair of ordinary big-drum-sticks. The bass voices of the chorus sing in solemn recitative: "*Et iterum venturus est cum gloria judicare vivos et mortuos*," while the four brass orchestras play great, full chords on the third beat of every measure. At the words: "*Tuba, mirum spargens sonum, coget omnes ante thronum*," the wind instruments of the main orchestra lend their voices to the general clamor, and at the last words, "*ante thronum*," all the instruments unite on a grand plagal cadence in the tonic key. Then follows almost total silence. The note E-flat is held *piano* by the double-basses, while the 'celli play a close tremolo on the same. Now comes one of the most impressive passages in the whole "Requiem."



The voices are reinforced by *sforzato* notes on the stopped horns; the rest of the orchestra is silent. The verse is completed by the full chorus. At the words "*Liber scriptus proferetur*" (sung in choral recitative by the bass voices) the four orchestras of brass instruments repeat their fanfare, now in the dominant key of B-flat. The words "*Judex ergo cum sedebit*" are treated as the phrase "*et iterum venturus est*," etc., was before, only that now the recitative of the bass

voices becomes a two-part canon, sung by the entire chorus, and that to the tremolo on the choruses is added a tremolo on all the violins, while the violas and 'celli play arpeggi in triplets (not the favorite see-saw of Italian-opera accompaniments) and the double basses play arpeggi in quarter-notes. A terrible crash of all the voices and instruments at the repetition of the words "*Cum resurget creatura*" is followed by an impressive silence. Then the full chorus, accompanied only by the softer wooden wind instruments and horns, and a few trembling notes on the strings, sing in beautiful soft harmony: "*Judicanti responsura. Mors stupebit et natura!*" and the mighty movement ends.

I know that describing music is a sad business at best, but I could not help trying at least to enumerate some of the main features of this magnificent "Dies Iræ," even at the danger of seeming to insist too strongly upon orchestral details which, from their novel and unusual character, are liable to impress the reader as savoring of clap-trap effects. In looking at so unprecedented a score it is hard to realize that its chief musical interest is not centred in its very character as a score. Yet this is not the case here. The "Dies Iræ" is by no means a piece of mere orchestral color. Great master of the orchestra as Berlioz was, even of such an exceptional array of instruments as he has here employed, one cannot listen to ten measures of the music without feeling that his intrinsically musical inspiration was fully equal to the emergency. It is anything but mere toying with the orchestra. What he had to say musically was well worth saying in this grandiloquent way. The impression the music makes is one of ineffable solemnity and grandeur, with here and there a passage of the most exquisite tender beauty. Both harmony and melody are of the noblest simplicity; the picture is drawn with the firm touch of a master, in the largest and most sweeping outlines. There is no puny straining after effect; the effects come naturally, of themselves, and are truly overwhelming. The picture is worthy of its frame. W. F. A.

(To be continued.)

RECENT CONCERTS. Our review of these must almost entirely lie over, including even the conclusion of our description of Schumann's *Faust* music.

We may allude, however, to a charming performance of Mendelssohn's youthful operetta, the *Son and Stranger* (*Heimkehr aus der Fremde*) at the Boston Museum on Friday afternoon last week. It was in aid of the fund for the proposed Hospital for Convalescents, which must have reaped substantial gain considering how full of interested listeners the Museum was. The work was given for the first time here complete, with full orchestra, as well as dramatic soloists and chorus, under the able direction of Mr. B. J. Lang. The parts of Lisbeth (soprano) and Ursula (contralto), were finely sung and acted by Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen and Miss Louie Homer, the former with sweet, pure voice and a cheerful grace, the latter in rich tones fraught with the melancholy of an anxious mother. Mr. Charles R. Adams, the only "old stager" among these amateurs, sang and acted like the artist that he is in the tenor part of the returned son Hermann. Dr. Bullard did good justice to the semi-buffo music of the pedlar Kautz; and Mr. Ware was very clever in senile voice, make-up and action, with his one-tone recitative, in the part of the old Mayor. The chorus was made up of fresh, refined voices, amateurs, and the accompaniments were nicely played. The whole affair was most enjoyable, and highly creditable to the lady who in a quiet way conceived and brought it all to pass.

Of other concerts the most important have been:—

1. The fifth and last Philharmonic, with a "request" programme (pieces being selected by a plebiscite of the subscribers), which turned out bet-



ter than we could have expected from such an appeal to the blind goddess. It gave the *Meistersinger* overture of Wagner; the Romance and Rondo from Chopin's E-minor Concerto, finely played by Mr. Petersilea; the "Scotch" Symphony of Mendelssohn, remarkably well rendered by Mr. Listemann's carefully drilled orchestra; Professor Paine's overture to "As you like it," which still improves upon acquaintance: the ghastly "Danse Macabre" of Saint-Saëns; and Rossini's superb overture to *William Tell*. The prospects of the Philharmonic are very flattering, we understand, for next season's concerts.

2. The Orchestral Concert given in the Music Hall, May 7, by Mr. Louis Maas, of Leipzig, in aid of the Printing Fund of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind. The music and the object deserved a larger audience than they got. There was a fine orchestra of sixty performers, which Mr. Maas held well in hand, showing himself a firm, intelligent, and sure conductor. As a composer, too, and as a pianist, he appeared to excellent advantage. The concert opened with his own Overture to "Hannibal," composed in 1872, a vigorous, suggestive, vivid composition, having fresh themes, well wrought out and instrumented. His "Festival Scene," Op. 9, in two movements, one a quiet, lovely prelude, dreamy and nocturne-like, the other a rousing festal march, very elaborate, ornate and exhilarating, showed imaginative power. And still more do we find that in his three Norwegian *pièces caractéristiques*, Op. 13. The themes, we are told, are original, although so wholly in the Norse vein. An impressive and inspiring rendering of the great Schubert Symphony closed the concert, of which the only fault was its too great length; that Schumann *Träumerei*, which Thomas and others have made so hackneyed, could well have been spared, although Mr. Maas treated it in a more simple, wholesome way, without excess of *pianissimo*; anyway it is a sure bait for an encore. Mr. Maas played Rubinstein's D-minor Concerto very artistically and effectively, Mr. Petersilea conducting the orchestra.

Numerous smaller concerts yet remain for notice. In prospect there is only now the last Cecilia concert of the season, which stands postponed to May 31.

## MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, May 5. It is always unsatisfactory to have to report on a part of a great whole. We could attend only the first two evening concerts of the great MUSICAL FESTIVAL; we must accordingly confine our remarks to what we actually saw and heard. On entering the great hall of the Seventh Regiment Armory from the west door, on Tuesday evening, a few minutes before the performance began, it was impossible not to be impressed by the scene which surrounded us. On one side the great audience, on the other the great chorus and orchestra! The mere vastness of the thickly-peopled space, the sense of being in the presence of, and forming part of so immense a crowd, all bent upon a common purpose, was of itself imposing and exciting. Yet we could not help feeling this first thrill of excitement subside unpleasantly as we wended our way to division S S (about two-thirds of the length of the hall from the orchestra), every step taking us further and further away from the musical focus. The space that separated us from the orchestra seemed almost immeasurable; we were too far off for the eye to make us sensible of there being any connection between ourselves and that huge mass of singers and players which loomed up so indistinctly at the other end of the hall. We almost immediately became conscious of a distressing feeling of anxiety for the music to begin, in hopes that sound might do what vision failed to accomplish: that is, furnish us with some connecting medium which should bring us into intimate relations with chorus and orchestra. Meanwhile we could not help listening to some of the chit-chat about us. It was evident that our feelings of isolation were not shared by our neighbors. To judge from scraps of conversation caught here and there, the success of the Festival was a foregone conclusion; it was destined to outshine everything of the sort yet attempted in this country. Comparisons were already established—Cincinnati was to be outdone; especially Boston was to learn that her Peace Jubilees could be

beaten. This last sounded strange. Could it be that New Yorkers deigned to make any comparison between the musical atmosphere of the Coliseum and that of the Seventh Regiment Armory? We almost expected to hear Coup's "Greatest Show on Earth" mentioned next. But soon we heard a faint humming, like that of a tuning-fork held against a door-panel. What could it be? It was the great Roosevelt organ giving *A* to the orchestra to tune by. Our excitement had begun to revive in the midst of the prophetic enthusiasm of our neighbors; but this *A* quenched it again. We could just bear it; no more. But the applause with which Dr. Damrosch and the solo singers were greeted, as they appeared in their places on the platform, again put us in tune with the spirit of the occasion. Three or four taps of the baton on the desk; the conductor's right arm is raised, and—

"Contenere omnes, intentique ora tenebant,"

you will say? Not a bit of it! Expectant excitement did not manifest itself by silence, but by still more energetic talking. People around us did not whisper; they talked in their natural voices, even raised above the habitual pitch of conversation, as is customary in large crowds. When Berlioz and his conservatoire friends heard a whisper from any of their neighbors in the parterre of the Paris opéra, they used to turn with the utmost politeness and say: "*Le ciel confonde ces musiciens, qui me privent du plaisir d'entendre mon-sieur!*" (Heaven confound those musicians for depriving me of the pleasure of hearing your conversation!) But here, when the orchestra struck up the opening measures of Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," one felt like saying: "*Le ciel confonde ces musiciens, qui ne réussissent pas à me priver du plaisir d'entendre mon-sieur!*" Certainly that huge mass of singers and players must have produced a certain volume of sound. But that immense hall, with its buzzing audience, swallowed it up, as Gulliver swallowed up the two hogsheads of Lilliputian white wine. As Berlioz says of the effect of a pianoforte trio in the Paris Grand Opéra: "The masterpiece is no longer anything more than a little ridiculous noise, the giant is a dwarf, art a deception." If you ask how the "Te Deum" was given, all we can say is: "We do not know." It certainly made no musical effect whatever. Place Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" on the bill on Boston Common, and let ten thousand people look at it through spy-glasses from the parade ground, and they will get just as strong an impression of the work as the audience did of the "Te Deum" in the Seventh Regiment Armory.

For Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel" we changed our seats, and sat about six or seven rows from the stage, almost immediately opposite Dr. Damrosch. It was an improvement, but not a great one. The volume of sound had more definiteness of outline, but scarcely more intensity. Of the composition itself we do not dare to form any conception. Even if the orchestra had kept together in the more taxing passages (which it was very far from doing) the effect could not have been very different. The violins, in the orchestral crash at the falling of the tower, sounded like the buzzing of flies; only the big drum was heard with perfect and terrible distinctness. The solos sounded better, and one could see that Signor Campanini and Messrs. Whitney and Remmert were singing extremely well; but real enjoyment of their singing was out of the question. The three choruses of the separate tribes, however, did make a thoroughly charming effect. They were most exquisitely sung and showed of what admirable material the chorus was composed, and how carefully they had been drilled.

On the next evening we heard Berlioz's "Requiem." This we heard to better advantage, sitting very near the orchestra, and having the full score to look over. We give an analysis of this wonderful work in another column. The chorus, excepting the passages in which the orchestra threw it completely out of joint, sang admirably, and Signor Campanini was absolutely superb in the "Sanctus." The orchestra—especially the four small groups of brass instruments—made many bad slips, and the wooden wind was often badly out of tune, but many numbers were evidently extremely well done.

But about the Festival itself—that is, about what we heard of it—only one thing can be said. It was a well thought out and carefully made attempt to do the impossible. The means of effectively making music in a hall capable of seating ten thousand people have not yet been discovered. It is to a certain extent possible to fill large halls by increasing the number of performers in a given ratio. But this is possible to a certain extent only. So soon as certain limits are overstepped, no human chorus or orchestra, no matter how large, is sufficient. When you have reached the

limits of effectiveness by numbers, nothing remains to be done but to double or treble the intensity of the tone produced by every individual singer and player. This is impossible. There is only one instrument with which it can be done. You can increase the bellows-power of an organ, until the instrument becomes a calliope. But with singers and orchestral players it is out of the question. In these inordinately large halls very beautiful *pianissimo* effects are possible, if the correspondingly large audience will only consent to keep quiet (which it will not). But beyond such effects, all legitimate music is hopeless. W. F. A.

BALTIMORE, May 16. It is not considered a praiseworthy undertaking to brag of yourself, no matter how much the cause may excuse it. But this is precisely what your correspondent is compelled to do in this letter even at the risk of being considered too enthusiastic, over sanguine or whatever other disparaging term the critical reader may see fit to apply. For, know all whom it may concern, that we have actually had the grand Oratorio of the *Messiah*, by Mr. Handel, performed here by a chorus of six hundred voices, an orchestra of some sixty odd pieces, and all the pomp and circumstance of such an undertaking. If any one had ventured five years ago to prophesy this event in the musical annals of our city, he would have been considered over-ripe for an insane-asylum, — a visionary, — a man laboring under a hallucination.

And it must always remain a matter of surprise that despite all obstacles this chorus, after one short season, has been able to produce the work as it did.

Whatever fault may be found with the accessories here and there, with an organ spoilt in the making, little short-comings in the orchestra, some dead material among the singers, and what not, there can be but one opinion as to the work accomplished by the chorus as a body. The most impartial and severe of our daily journals dwells admiringly on the precision, accuracy, phrasing and clear enunciation of the chorus; and the fact that the director when he first took the matter in hand had so little command of our language as to be scarcely able to make himself understood, speaks all the louder in his praise for the results obtained. The public rehearsal on Thursday was followed by the concert on Friday evening and not only was every seat in the house taken, but the windows, pavements, door-steps, old wagons and dry-goods boxes in the neighborhood were occupied by an audience who heard the choruses with decidedly more comfort than the perspiring listeners on the inside of the hall. The thermometer had been up to about ninety-three degrees in the shade all day, and chorus, soloists, orchestra and audience felt as if they were going through the first stages of a Turkish bath.

This, however, did not serve to dampen the enthusiasm. During the Hallelujah chorus the audience stood up, and after the "Amen" of the last chorus they shouted. A Baltimore audience shouted!

Financially the result has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the directors. There is a surplus sufficient to make the rehearsals next season a certainty; and subscriptions are being received with a view to establishing a permanent fund for the Oratorio Society and to ensure a large musical festival each spring.

So much for the Oratorio Society, for whose success, I am sure, we have the good wishes of our musical neighbors.

The two closing students' concerts at the Peabody Conservatory comprised the following programmes:—

Piano Quartet, E-flat. Work 16. . . . . Beethoven

For piano, violin, viola and violoncello.

Cavatina. From "Der Freischütz." . . . . Weber

Piano Quartet, B-minor. Work 5. . . . . Mendelssohn

String Quartet, G-minor. No. 2. . . . . Hermine Hoen

Sonata, G-major. No. 2. Work 13. . . . . Edvard Grieg

For piano and violin.

"A Dream." Song with piano. . . . . Ed. Lassen

"He Comes!" Song with piano. . . . . R. Franz

"At Last!" Song with piano. . . . . H. Hoffman

Piano Trio, B-flat. No. 3. Work 52. Anton Rubinstein

For piano, violin and violoncello.

The Peabody Choir, now in its second year, finished

up the season with a performance of *Judas Maccabæus*, the great peculiarity about which was that there was no Judas.

Not that your correspondent would find fault with the fact of a chorus class singing a number of selections for chorus from an oratorio to show what efficiency they may have acquired. But it is certainly the height of the ridiculous for a conservatory to publicly advertise the performance of an oratorio, charge an admission fee and then expect the audience to draw on the imagination for the soloists. Like other occurrences it shows the need of some managing spirit, not only imbued with the requirements of a conservatory as a musical educator and having its interests at heart, but with the latitude of action and the decisive grasp necessary to carry good theories into practice.

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MR. PEPYS THE MUSICIAN.<sup>1</sup>

BY FRANCIS HUEFFER.

(Continued from page 72.)

V.

The list of contemporary composers mentioned in the Diary is headed by two of the most famous names in the history of English music,—Lock and Purcell. In one of the earliest entries (February 21, 1660), before even the king had returned, one reads: "Here I met with Mr. Lock and Pursell, Masters of Musique, and with them to the Coffee House, into a room next the water by ourselves, where we spent an hour or two, till Captain Taylor came and told us that the House had voted the gates of the City to be made up again, and the members of the City that are in prison to be set at liberty; and that Sir J. Booth's case be brought into the House to-morrow. Then we had variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs, and a canon for eight voices, which Mr. Lock had lately made, on these words, 'Domine salvum fac Regem,' an admirable thing. Here out of the window it was a most pleasant sight to see the City from one end to another with a glory about it, so high was the light of the bonfires, and so thick round the City, and the bells rang everywhere." The passage well illustrates the excited feeling of the time immediately preceding the Restoration. England, although nominally still a commonwealth, was expecting the re-entry of the Stuarts, and Mr. Lock and other musicians were preparing hymns of triumph for the event. The connection between the divine art and the politics of the day was, however, not to be more fruitful of permanent results than it has been in other cases since. The history of the French Revolution, for example, may be followed step by step in the works of Cherubini, Méhul, and other contemporary composers, who sometimes had difficulty in keeping pace with the rapid changes of government. The same Grétry, whose "Richard, oh, mon roi, si l'univers t'abandonne" became the watchword of the Royalists, composed "Dénys le Tyran" and "La Fête de la Raison" to suit Republican tastes, was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor by Napoleon, and would, no doubt, have celebrated the restoration of the Bourbons had he lived a few months longer. And yet the most important, and, with the exception of Méhul's "Chant du Départ," perhaps, only permanent addition to the national music of France was due to the amateur who

wrote or, it may be "adapted" the tune of the Marseillaise to his great hymn of liberty. Again, during the late Franco-German war, the far-famed composers of the most musical people in the world were unable to supply their armies with a better war-song than the trivial and hackneyed "Wacht am Rhein," written many years before. Musicians ought to profit by the lesson, and keep aloof from the turmoil and strife of politics. The songs wanted by the people have been, with few exceptions, supplied by the people. But this by the way.

To return to the Coffee House in the City, the first of the two English masters mentioned by Pepys is, of course, the famous Mathew Lock, of whom it may be superfluous in this place to say more than that he was rewarded for his loyal effusions—including some music "for ye King's sagbutts and cornets," played during Charles's progress to Whitehall—by being made Composer in Ordinary to His Majesty. He appears frequently in the Diary, and seems to have been well-versed in the affairs of State. It is, for example, from him that Mr. Pepys receives the first information of the substance of the letter "that went from Monk to the Parliament," in February, 1660, "denouncing Lambert and Vane, and many members now in the house, that were of the late tyrannical Committee of Safety."

The Purcell who made up the musical trio at the Coffee House is, in the notes of Lord Braybrooke's edition, associated with Lock as "both celebrated composers;" the obvious inference being that Henry Purcell the younger, in fact *the* Purcell, is intended; and one is sorry to see that the Rev. Mynors Bright mechanically reprints the implied misunderstanding. For it need scarcely be added that the great English master was in 1660 two years of age, and that the "Pursell" of the Diary is obviously his father, who, although a clever musician, and subsequently one of the Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, can scarcely be called a "celebrated composer." The real Purcell, Pepys does not seem to have known; he is at least not mentioned in the Diary. This is the more strange, as Pepys was intimately acquainted with both Captain Cocke and Pelham Humfrey, the successive masters of Purcell. The Captain is continually turning up in the Diary, and Humfrey is the subject of several more or less complimentary passages which all belong to the year 1667, and may be cited in their chronological order. It should be remembered that Humfrey, who seems to have been a particular favorite of Charles II, had been sent by him on an artistic tour to France and Italy, for which purpose he drew from the Secret Service fund sums to the amount of £450. He stayed abroad for three years, living mostly in Paris, where he studied under Lully. He had just returned home when he was introduced to Mr. Pepys, and disgusted that gentleman by his foreign ways and vanities. As Humfrey was at the time twenty years old, the epithet "little fellow" applied to him must refer to his stature.

"To Chapel," Mr. Pepys writes, November 1, 1667, "it being All-Hallows day, and

heard a fine anthem made by Pelham, who is come over" (*i. e.* from Paris; he had returned in the previous October).

A fortnight afterwards we find that Mr. Pepys, the patron of art and artists, has asked the young musician to a dinner-party, at which the reader, if he likes, may be present.

"November 15, 1667.—Home, and then find, as I expected, Mr. Cæsar and little Pelham Humphreys, lately returned from France, and is an absolute Monsieur, as full of form and confidence, and vanity, and disparages everything and everybody's skill but his own. But to hear how he laughs at all the King's musick here, at Blagrave and others, that they cannot keep time nor tune nor understand anything; and that Grebus, the Frenchman, the King's master of the musick, how he understands nothing, nor can play on any instrument, and so cannot compose; and that he will give him a lift out of his place; and that he and the king are mighty great! I had a good dinner for them, as a venison pasty and some fowl; and after dinner we did play, he on the theorbo, Mr. Cæsar on his French lute, and I on the viol, and I see that this Frenchman do so much wonders on the theorbo, that without question he is a good musician, but his vanity do offend me."

Whether Humfrey succeeded in lifting Grebus out of his place, is more than the present writer has thought it necessary to find out. Certain it is that the pushing young man made his way in the world. From a gentleman in the Chapel Royal he rose to the post of Master of the Children, succeeding his master, Captain Cocke, who, according to one account, "died of discontent at his pupil's excelling him."

The day after the dinner Mr. Pepys goes "to White Hall, where there is to be a performance of musick of Pelham's before the King. The company not come; but I did go into the musick-room where Captain Cocke and many others, and here did I hear the best and the smallest organ that ever I saw in my life, and such a one as, by the grace of God, I will have next year if I continue in this condition, whatever it cost me." Being tired of waiting, Mr. Pepys takes a walk with his old friend Mr. Gregory; from whom, *more suo*, he gathers all manner of information and court scandal. After an hour he returns just in time to see and draw a picture for us of Humfrey conducting his own music before the court: "Got into the theatre-room and there heard both the vocall and instrumentall musick, where the little fellow stood keeping time; but for my part, I see no great matter in both sorts of music."

The honored name of Gibbons does not gain in the Diary the prominence one might expect to see it assigned there. Orlando had passed away long before Pepys began to write, but his son, Dr. Christopher, seems to have been well known to the diarist. In the early part of the work he is once or twice briefly referred to amongst the friends of Lord Sandwich as "Mr. Gibbons." Later on his degree obtained in 1664 is duly given him.

<sup>1</sup> From the London Musical Times.



We have previously met him where Mr. Pepys inspects an organ at Westminster Abbey. Once again we catch a passing glimpse of him being carried to the "Sun Tavern" in King Street, "and there I made him and some friends of him drink." And this is all we hear of Gibbons.<sup>1</sup>

The name of Thomas Ravenscroft does not occupy a very prominent position in the history of art. At the same time readers interested in early church music may like to know what Mr. Pepys thought of him. There are two references to him in the Diary. On November, 26, 1664 (a Sunday), we learn that "in the evening came Mr. Andrews and Hill, and we sung, with my boy, Ravenscroft's four-part psalms, most admirable musique." A few Sundays afterwards we find the same good company assembled, the place of the boy being this time supplied by a "tolerable pretty woman;" again the psalms of Ravenscroft are the object of their musical efforts, the result arrived at being less favorable to the composer than on the previous occasion. And here, again, the moderation of Pepys's critical language deserves honorable mention. But perhaps it will be better to quote the entire passage, which at the same time will convey to the reader an idea of how Mr. Pepys and other good people used to spend their Sundays, combining decorous enjoyment with the fulfilment of religious duty, and feasting their eyes on pretty women and gorgeous footmen while their ears listened to edifying discourses.

"December 11, 1664. (Lord's Day.) To church alone in the morning. In the afternoon to the French Church, where much pleased with the three sisters of the parson, very handsome, especially in their noses, and sing prettily. I hear a good sermon of the old man touching duty to parents. Here was Sir Samuel Morland<sup>2</sup> and his lady, very fine, with two footmen in new liverys (the church taking much notice of them), and going into their coach after sermon with great gazing. So I home, and my cozen, Mary Pepys's husband, comes after me, and told me that out of the money he received some months since he did receive eighteen pence too much, and did now come and give it me, which was very pretty. So home, and there found Mr. Andrews and his lady, a well-bred and a tolerable pretty woman, and by-and-by Mr. Hill, and to singing, and then to supper and to sing again, and so good night. It is a little strange how these Psalms of Ravenscroft, after two or three times singing, prove but the same again, though good. No diversity appearing at all almost." Ravenscroft belonged to an earlier generation of musicians, and Mr. Pepys might well find his style a trifle mo-

notonous compared with the Italian and French songs he was wont to listen to. But apart from this, and looking upon Ravenscroft in connection with the writers of his own time, the modest censure of the diarist will not be found without some show of reason. Thomas Ravenscroft was a theorist and pedant of the deepest dye, as the very title of his absurd attempt at reviving obsolete practices of bygone days is sufficient to show. Here it is: "A Briefe Discourse of the True (but neglected) use of charact'ring the Degrees by their Perfection, Imperfection and Diminution in Mensurable Musicke against the Common Practice and Custome of these times; Examples whereof are exprest in the Harmony of 4 Voyces concerning the Pleasure of 5 usuall Recreations: 1, Hunting; 2, Hawking; 3, Dancing; 4, Drinking; 5, Enamouring."

More important is the part played in the Diary by another minor English musician, Thomas Blagrave, the same whom, as we have seen, Pelham Humfrey abused in unmeasured terms. He was an intimate friend and gossip of Mr. Pepys, who esteemed him as a "sober, politique man." The relations of the two were indeed of old standing, and included some monetary obligations, incurred at a period when Mr. Pepys's fortunes had not as yet emerged from under the cloud of adversity. As early as March, 1660, we read the entry: "From thence homewards, and called at Mr. Blagrave's, where I took up my note, that he had of mine for 40s., which he two years ago did give me as a pawn while he had my lute." Again, in June of the same year, Mr. Blagrave "went home with me, and did give me a lesson upon the flageolet, and handselled my silver can with my wife and me." After this Mr. Blagrave disappears for some time from the Diary, till April, 1662, when he is discovered in company with "a pretty kinswoman that sings," who, after another interval of two years, "is to come and live with my wife." Times and the respective positions of the two men had changed since the day when Pepys was glad to borrow 40s., on good security. Thomas Blagrave, it may be added, was a gentleman of the Royal Chapel, and a cornet-player of repute. He also was a composer of some merit.

The name in the list of English musicians to which we should now have to turn is that of Lawes, a name too important to be introduced at the end of an article, and which, therefore, must be held over until next month.

(To be continued.)

## THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

MR. WILLIAM F. APTHORP'S LECTURES BEFORE THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.<sup>3</sup>

VI. (Concluded from page 82.)

Cherubini's first grand opera, *Anacreon*, was brought out in 1803. It is to be noticed that all this time no distinguished Frenchman had gone over to the Italian school. It was less by native genius that the French school held its own than by the vigor of its principles; its most shining lights have not been Frenchmen as a rule. Meanwhile the Italians were not inactive. The brilliant undra-

matic and rather sensualistic Italian school reached its apogee in Giacomo Rossini, who, with his contemporaries and followers, Giovanni Pacini, Vincenzo Bellini, Gaetano Donizetti and Saverio Mercadante, illustrates the most extreme development of beautiful melody, brilliancy of vocal writing, and all the peculiar characteristics of Italian opera. Rossini, after a surpassingly brilliant career in Italy, became the idol of the Parisian public. Italian opera had long been an established institution in Paris, and Rossini did much in avenging the whilom rout of Piccini by Gluck. He made the Italian opera almost eclipse its native rival, the French grand opera, for a while. Spontini was laid upon the shelf, and the doors of the Académie de Musique were thrown open to the new Italian master.

But the operas he wrote for the French house, *Le Siège de Corinthe* (a remodelled version of his Italian *Maometto*) and *Moïse*, although written to French texts, were wholly Italian in style, and all the more popular for that. The French opera seemed in great danger. The most distinguished native composers showed a marked predilection for the opéra comique, in which they worked positive wonders, but in the field of grand opera they did little to rival their successful Italian antagonists. Etienne Méhul seemed to be the only one to uphold the French flag on this high ground, but in spite of the beauties of his grand operas, *Stratonice*, *Joseph*, and one or two others, it cannot be denied that he, like the rest of his countrymen, felt himself more at home on the stage of the opéra comique. But a change came at last. François Auber, the greatest of French opéra comique composers, took the stage of the grand opera by storm in 1828, with his *La Muette de Portici*, better known to us as *Masaniello*. Here was French opera again in all its glory, and endued with a flash, sparkle, and vivacity of dramatic style, such as it had never known before. Its success was instantaneous and complete. One result is peculiarly noteworthy. Rossini, the petted darling of the Italian school, suddenly went over to the enemy and brought out his *Guillaume Tell* in 1829. Although Rossini's nationality was too marked for him ever to be anything but an Italian in spirit, yet the scheme of the work, its general style and motive, were virtually French. It was a thorough tribute to the principles of the French opera. Here we have the second victory for the French, and all the more valuable that the Italians had no suspicion at the time that it was one. In taking stand upon French ground, in adopting French operatic principles, Rossini virtually enlisted under the French banner. Thus the French opera was once more in the ascendant. It was to fight but one more battle. Giacomo Meyerbeer, a German by birth, had been creating a good deal of sensation with his operas in Germany and Italy. He had tried various styles, but had apparently settled down in the Italian manner, and his *Crociato in Egitto*, brought out in Venice in 1825, was an elaborate and quite successful imitation of Rossini in his most Italian vein.

But the fame of *Masaniello* and *Guillaume Tell* did not let him sleep, and he saw already that French opera was to be the great career for men of his stamp. He went to Paris accordingly, and, in 1831, capped the climax of success with *Robert le Diable*. Never was a more sudden and complete change of style seen in this world. Meyerbeer may be said to have out-Gallicized the French themselves. Every particle of the German spirit of his music disappeared except its elaborateness; his assumed Italian manner vanished like a shadow. He suddenly appeared French to the very marrow, and ever since *Robert* his name has been identified with the French grand opera. His works are standard examples of the whole school. His success was so enormous that had it not been for one man, Italian opera must soon have kicked the beam. That man was Giuseppe Verdi, who was a staunch upholder of the principles of Italian opera. The energy of his music was something phenomenal. Once more the Italian school had a worthy champion, and *Ernani*, *Rigoletto*, and *Il Trovatore* asserted the vigor of Italian principles. But the Italian school was playing its last card. Meyerbeer had worthy companions; he founded the modern French school,

<sup>1</sup>The supposition of the Rev. Mynors Bright that the "Mr." Gibbons is Orlando is, of course, a mistake; neither does it appear why he should be a different person from the subsequent "Dr."

<sup>2</sup>Samuel Morland successively scholar and fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and Mr. Pepys's tutor there, became afterwards one of Thurloe's under-secretaries, and was employed in several embassies by Cromwell (*v. g.*, to the Duke of Savoy to protest against the cruelties inflicted on the Vaudois), whose interests he betrayed by secretly communicating with Charles II. In consideration of these services he was created a baronet after the Restoration. He was an ingenious mechanic, supposed by some persons to have invented the steam-engine, and lived to an advanced age.

<sup>3</sup>Revised by the author from the Boston *Traveller's* report.

and Charles Gounod, Ambroise Thomas and others shed additional lustre upon the French opera. But Verdi was not only strong, but also unique. He was not merely the representative of a school; in very truth it may be said that Verdi of himself alone was the Italian school. At last in *La Forza del Destino* and *Don Carlos* he began to show symptoms of French influence; and in 1873, when he brought out *Aida*, in Cairo, he came over to the French as signally as Rossini had done before him in *Guillaume Tell*. The old, purely musical and dramatically frivolous Italian opera is dead. Dramatic vitality, theatrical propriety, have at last firmly established their claim against merely sensuous melody and brilliant vocalization.

The history of the French lyric drama, from Lulli through Gluck and Spontini to Meyerbeer, shows us a gradual but steady development of a great musical and dramatic form of art. The history of the Italian opera from the successor of Scarlatti shows us something very different. The old grand Italian opera begun by Monteverde and developed by Scarlatti, reached its culminating point in Händel and in the great German composers of Italian opera.

After further commenting on the development and extent of the opera buffa and opéra comique, the speaker said: "Thus while in France, composers were exerting all their powers to make their music enhance the dramatic quality of every situation, and add intensity and vigor to the dialogue and action, in Italy composers began to concentrate their energies more and more upon those movements of supreme interest in which they could most surely enchain the attention of their audience by a brilliant musical display.

"The form of the aria, duet, trio and ensemble piece was firmly established. What was necessary was to find a beautiful melody to be developed in this form. By Rossini's time the accepted musical forms had become sheer musical formulæ. Once get your melody, and the regular formula for its development could be applied without further trouble, especially as it was very simple. Thus, Italian opera was wholly unprogressive. It died as a form of art simply because Italian composers did not do the first thing to keep it alive." The lecturer then followed the course of German opera after Keiser's death in 1739, and spoke of the new impulse given it by Johann Adam Hiller, as well as the Singspiele, or singing plays, which became famous, and continued as follows: But both Reichardt's Liederspiele and Benda's melodramas were too far removed from the character of the opera to hold their ground as operatic forms, and when the genius of Haydn and Mozart took hold of the Singspiel and developed it into the comic opera, the exquisite beauty of their works made people forget the somewhat illogical combination of spoken dialogue and music. Indeed, it was hardly to be expected that Germans should persist in carping at a, no matter how palpable, fault in works of otherwise commanding genius, when so nicely-observing a people as the French had long closed their eyes to this very shortcoming in the opéra comique.

The transcendent beauties of Mozart's *Entführung aus den Serail*, *Figaro*, and *Die Zauberflöte*, succeeded in silencing all objections, and elaborate musical numbers connected by spoken dialogue became the standard form of the German opera. In 1781, that is, two years after Gluck's last opera—*Iphigénie en Aulide*—had been brought out in Paris. Mozart's first grand opera was given in Munich. Mozart had written other operas before, but *Idomeneo*, *re di Creta* was his first work on a grand scale. It was naturally an Italian opera. Of all existing Germans Mozart was the most Italian. Unlike the great Italians, Cherubini and Spontini, who so imbued themselves with the spirit of the French school that they must be accounted musically as Frenchmen to all intents and purposes, Mozart combined in himself not only the finest qualities, but also the essential spirit of two schools—the German instrumental and the Italian vocal. To Italian charm of melody, grace and brilliancy of vocal style, he added German thoroughness, depth of sentiment, and that harmonious sense of proportion and thrifty husbanding of musical material which have made

modern German music what it is. There was so much of the Italian spirit in him, it so pervaded his vocal and instrumental writing, that a great German musician of our own day once said: "I must acknowledge that my countrymen do not, as a rule, seize the gist of Mozart's melody. I had rather hear an average Italian or French violinist play a phrase in a Mozart quartet than nine out of ten of our distinguished German players. Our Teutonic earnestness fails to catch that airy grace." Yet with all his fine lightness of touch, Mozart was as profound and earnest as the most German of Germans. He was far more naturally musical than Gluck. What Gluck did by reasoning about the theatrical proprieties, Mozart did instinctively, and did it better. Gluck made the drama absorb music into itself. Music ran in its veins, to be sure, but it had to flow according to the nature and direction of the channels through which it ran. Mozart made music absorb the drama, and become of itself dramatic. He so transported the listening spectator to the lofty ideal realms of music, that to the æsthetic sense his operas were supremely satisfying, no matter how the colder reason might cavil at a certain lack of dramatic realism. His dramatic personæ became not so much real human beings as musically-expressed generalizations of certain phases of human character. The music was an integral part of their individuality. Yet we must remember that Gluck, with all his studiousness of dramatic propriety, never allowed himself to be distinctly unmusical. If the dramatic element in his works kept the musical element in abeyance, and often seriously stunted its development, it never distorted it nor made it unnatural. In Mozart's hands the opera was a compromise between music and the drama; each element sacrificed something to the other, the purely musical generally predominating somewhat over the dramatic. As Mozart stands in a manner by himself, his influence upon the world at large was very great. He was not a man of theories, and founded no school; he belonged to none. Yet there has hardly been an opera-composer out of Italy who has not owed him a great deal. His influence is strongly felt in Cherubini and Auber. His operas were long denied a place on the French stage, but French composers studied him perhaps more carefully than any other model. In Italy, on the contrary, he was hardly known save by name. As for his Italian operas we need only remember his god-like *Don Giovanni*, to see him unapproached and peerless. No opera of any school or age combines so much that is great as this mighty work, a work which for the lofty and transcendent genius displayed in it is to be ranked with Dante's "Divina Comedia," Shakespeare's "Hamlet," Michael Angelo's ceiling of the Sistine chapel, Händel's *Israel in Egypt*, Bach's St. Matthew Passion and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. It is the opera. The next great German opera after the *Zauberflöte* was Beethoven's *Fidelio*. A more characteristically German work, saving its Spanish subject, does not exist. Except for the larger musical idiom of Beethoven's second manner, by this time fully developed, and certain individualities of style and inspiration, *Fidelio* follows the form of the Mozart opera very closely. With the *Zauberflöte* and *Fidelio*, German opera had entered upon high ground. It only remained for it to strike out in a more distinctly national direction in its choice of subject matter. If Mozart had raised the Singspiel to the dignity of opera, he had none the less cut loose from its homely German associations, and carried it into the foreign fields of Spanish and Oriental romance. In this respect he was imitated by Beethoven. The first noteworthy attempt to draw inspiration for the now grandly developed German opera from national German legends and romance was made by Louis Spohr.

In 1813 he wrote his opera *Faust*. The text had nothing in common with Goethe's tragedy, save the characters of Faust and Mephistopheles, and was, moreover, so flimsy and miserable that Spohr's fine music was hard put to it, to insure the work any success. Karl Maria von Weber had entered upon the field of national romantic opera seven years before the completion of *Faust*. In 1803 Weber wrote an opera on the German legend of Rübezahl, the

demon of the Riesengebirge, that chain of mountains which forms the boundary between Silesia and Bohemia. *Rübezahl* was intended for the theatre in Breslau, but was never performed. Although the opera itself was a flash in the pan, as far as the public was concerned, musicians in Germany could not well have escaped hearing of it, and very likely it suggested to Spohr the idea of turning to German legendary lore for the subject of an opera text.

But in 1821 Weber was fully compensated for the neglect of his *Rübezahl*, by the success of his *Der Freischütz*, a work which in every way deserves the first place among German romantic operas. It was distinctly an epoch-making work. The old legend of the wolf's glen was familiar to everybody in North Germany. Weber's melodic style was so founded upon the national German Folksong that the public found themselves at once at home both in the story and in the music. Of all opera-composers Weber was most truly romantic. The only man who approaches him in this vein was Frédéric Chopin. His melodic invention was as spontaneous and fresh as Nature herself. But with all his innate genius he never made himself a complete master of musical form. His technique in composing was comparatively small. He was badly taught, and did not know how to get the full value out of his inspiration. But a composer of greater wealth of musical invention and fancy has never been seen.

#### — CEDIPUS TYRANNUS. —

WHAT IS SAID OF THE GREEK PLAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

(From the Advertiser, May 18.)

There can be no doubt that the performance was remarkably successful, and afforded very great and peculiar pleasure to a critical audience. That many of the spectators had moments of weariness, as most of us have them in listening to modern plays, we do not doubt: but the general experience of the evening—as the faces of the spectators fully demonstrated at its close—was one of excitement and satisfaction. The generally anticipated difficulty of following the book of the play vanished upon trial; nearly every one present seemed to have made some preparation for the event, and those who had not so prepared themselves could not have been more troubled than on witnessing a French or German piece. The action, indeed, was generally so expressive that any quick-witted spectator familiar with the general purpose of the scene could follow the performers without serious interruption. Aside from the peculiar merit of its individual impersonations the tragedy occasioned—as might have been anticipated—the unique delight which attends the spectator's transportation to a distant country and a far-distant age. No imaginative person can resist this influence, where the circumstances are at all favorable. And here everything conspired in a wonderful way, the drama itself having such imaginative vividness, and every detail of representation being carried out with dignity, absolute precision and accuracy, and with a wonderful smoothness resulting from most careful preparation under most competent and learned instructors. From the moment when, near the close of the instrumental introduction, the company of suppliants made their slow entrance from the right, and passing through the orchestra to the left, mounted the stage and laid their votive offerings on the altars before the palace, many a spectator must have forgotten his country and century and have felt himself a Greek of the Greeks. Quite aside, also, from the acting and music, the great beauty of the correct costumes and the fine *tableaux vivants*, made by the groups of players, was a feast to the eye and the fancy throughout the evening. The acting as a whole was remarkably and surprisingly good. Most of the players were only amateurs, and of course showed their want of professional training, but there was extraordinarily little of immaturity in performance, both as to quality and as to quantity, considering the circumstances of the occasion. Mr. George Riddle led easily with his assumption of *Cedipus*, the king. His feat of memory in learning so as to be "letter perfect" between six hundred and seven hundred lines of Greek verse of itself

gives him an enviable distinction. In even more important respects his effort was admirable. His bearing was generally dignified and regal, his elocution pure and finely expressive, his action appropriate and impressive. The total performance indeed showed a capacity for sustained strength with which few even of Mr. Riddle's admirers would have credited him in advance. The general faults of the performance were its tendency to over-sentiment, to profuseness in violent facial action and vocal utterance; faults less pardonable in a Greek play, even when the playing is upon the modern theory, than anywhere else. But these errors are the errors of zeal, and really appear trifling in comparison with the real vigor and the emotional depth which characterized Mr. Riddle's effort. In his first speech to the blind seer the tendency to over-sentimentalize was well illustrated, *Œdipus* being a haughty as well as a religious monarch, and in the famous description of the killing of *Laius* Mr. Riddle ran into so passionate a style as to forget at the height of the climax that he was a narrator, and to talk as if he were at the very moment an avenger of blood. But this last speech, as a whole, was given vividly and with great variety and expression in action. The pathetic passages were almost all interpreted by Mr. Riddle with genuine feeling and refined art, and at the last, where the situations are really terrible, he rose to their true height in a way which would not have discredited any actor in America. His final talk to his little daughters was beautifully managed, and the fall of his voice as, in the chaste but expressive Greek, he told them the shame of which they were born, had more than a touch of real genius. One peculiar source of pleasure in Mr. Riddle's performance was his exquisite pronunciation of the Greek. We have never heard anything to compare with this, and find it the most remarkable revelation of sound beauty in language that we have ever known. "Speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English," says the younger Coleridge in describing the Greek tongue. In the new pronunciation as given by Mr. Riddle Greek is indeed far sweeter than Italian; and it was curious to note how the three chief peculiarities of the three great modern Continental languages were united most charmingly in his speech, viz.: the North German guttural *ch* in *chi*, the pure French *u* in *upsilon*, and the perfect enunciation of both consonants where a consonant is doubled, after the Italian mode. Mr. Opdycke came next to Mr. Riddle, with his impersonation of *Jocasta*, for which he made up with noble but almost feminine beauty of face and form, and which was marked artistically by the sweetness and tenderness of tone exactly appropriate to a loving wife. Mr. Opdycke also contrived to imitate various characteristically feminine gestures and positions. His pronunciation was very beautiful, and about equal to Mr. Riddle's. His chief triumph was obtained, however, in his very difficult last scene, where, as the full horror of the truth was gradually revealed, he indicated *Jocasta's* anxiety and alarm, her hopeless appeal to stay the messenger's story, and finally her measureless woe and shame, with remarkable command of the mute gamut of expression, and his final exit had really great tragic force and significance. Next in merit were Mr. Curtis Guild's *Teiresias*—a trifle robust, perhaps, for a very old blind man, but magnificently made up and very vigorous and spirited in speech, and Mr. Lane's Old Servant of *Laius*, which had remarkable fidelity and picturesqueness. Mr. Roberts's impersonation of the Messenger from Corinth was also good, and the others were all devoted, painstaking and acceptable.

Professor Paine's music has already been analyzed with much care in these columns. But we must now say, with emphasis, that it marks—to our apprehension—the highest point which his genius as a composer has reached. It is learnedly and effectively scored for the instruments, and the vocal effects produced are almost of the highest order. It is Greek in its spirit, and expresses the tragic pathos peculiar to the situation of *Œdipus* with wonderful imaginative vividness and grasp. The melody is always pleasing, and in at least three of the six numbers is very beautiful. The first choral number is pure and elevated in style; the

second is the crown and glory of the whole, and has a richness, variety, and depth which suggest and equal Mendelssohn's best work in this kind. The third is strong and simple. The fourth seemed to us, as compared with the others, to lack invention, though we recognize its solidity and vigor. The fifth is an exquisitely lovely idyl, interpreting the enchanting verse with poetic grace and insight. The sixth is full of tragic significance. The instrumental introduction wonderfully epitomizes all the music, and is a masterpiece in its kind. The performance of the music last night was very good on the whole, correctness and spirit being the rule. In many passages the singing was strikingly and exceptionally good, and the performers sang as if they were inspired by the music and the occasion. In almost every respect the musical performance was an advance upon that of the dress rehearsal, with one unfortunate exception; in the charming fifth chorus Mr. Osgood sustained the solo last night with his usual taste and artistic fire and feeling, but his voice was not in good condition, and the number failed of its full effect, and indeed of the effect, easily reached on Saturday night. The regular chorus of fifteen did their important and trying duty admirably well throughout the entire evening, and Mr. McCagg's fine voice and good skill made him a very valuable *coryphæus*.

(From the *Evening Gazette*, May 21.)

On the correctness or incorrectness of the musical features of the performance there is no need to dwell at any length. We know nothing of Greek music. It has long been a question whether the ancients knew anything whatever of what we call harmony, and the evidence almost entirely favors the negative side. A modern composer, therefore, in setting the choruses of the dramatic poets of antiquity has no authority in respect to form, treatment and style, by which to guide himself. If he have any desire to reproduce what he deems an equivalent of old Greek music, he is as likely to go just as far astray in one direction, as by adhering to modern methods he is certain to go in another. We do know that the Greeks had instruments resembling to some extent trombones and trumpets; that they had several varieties of lyres, and a somewhat large family of what they called flutes, which were held vertically instead of horizontally to the mouth. These flutes were the principal instruments. They regulated the motions of the chorus and the gestures and cadences of the actors. The composer of to-day might bear these facts in mind, and make the tones of harps and flutes predominate in his score, but the effect would be monotonous, though doubtless no more so than of old. But Mr. Paine has chosen the most pronounced modern method to illustrate the verses of *Sophocles*, a course which the doubt surrounding the subject fully justifies. There is, however, one point which he seems to have forgotten, and that is that the verses were written to be heard. It was here that the poets exerted themselves most; where they lavished their best powers of rhetoric and of imagination. Even *Aristophanes*, with all his ribaldry, becomes sober at such moments, and appears as the poet rather than the satirist. It is quite certain that Mr. Paine produces more impressive dramatic effects than were known to the ancients, or were, perhaps, desired by them, through the rich and warm coloring he has given to his score; but it is fully as certain that of old the words were listened to with the deepest attention, and that the accompaniments must have been light.

However, without further theorizing, we may at once admit that Mr. Paine's music was one of the most delightful features of the performance. It is always large and dignified in style, broad and chaste in sentiment, and exquisitely pure in taste. The overture is profoundly impressive, and admirably prepares the mind for what is to follow. The leading themes of the after music are skilfully and judiciously woven into it, and the orchestral treatment, though learned, is characterized by great flexibility, and is never dry. The first chorus is full of fire and passion, and is a fine example of the composer's knowledge of vocal effect. In the second chorus there is a delicious adagio, the pervading theme of the overture, which is almost sen-

suous in its grace and warmth. But the most dramatic portion of the score is the third chorus, in which *Œdipus*, *Creon* and *Jocasta* converse with the chorus. Taken altogether, this number impressed us as the most thoughtful and the finest piece of work we have yet had from Mr. Paine. The fourth chorus, though abundant in dramatic color, is perhaps the least interesting part of the score. It is labored in effect, and has not that continuity of idea and feeling that is so satisfying a characteristic of the other portions of the work. The fifth chorus opens with a wonderfully spirited and flowing air for the tenor, and overflows with beauties not only of melody, but of harmony and treatment. In the sixth and last chorus Mr. Paine has acquitted himself magnificently. Here he has given a worthy culmination to all that has gone before, and has scattered his knowledge, skill, taste and judgment with a lavish hand. The voices here are scored in the most masterly manner. In fact, we cannot pass from the consideration of this feature of the composition without paying a warm tribute of praise to Mr. Paine for the judicious way in which he has treated the voices throughout. Of his use of the orchestra it is scarcely necessary to speak. It will be taken for granted that there is no flaw in it. It leans towards the methods of Wagner, but is nowhere sensational or in questionable taste. The music of *Œdipus* is, we think, in advance of anything Mr. Paine has hitherto done. It shows expansion and maturity in every direction, and upon it he may safely found a claim to lasting reputation.

Of the tragedy but little is left us to say. Its plot and motive have been so thoroughly exhausted by our contemporaries that it is almost impossible to discuss it from a new point of view. The story is no pap for babes. It is one of parricide and incest. Objection has been made to its presentation here on the score of immorality; but this is prudery—silly prudery. The story is by no means as coarse as that of *Lot* and his daughters, which it is permitted youngsters to read without protest. *Œdipus* is the unhappy victim of a remorseless fate. He is helpless in his struggles against that destiny which has preordained his shame and his ruin. He is one of the most touching figures in legend. Doomed to slay his father and to wed his mother, he is a puppet without volition, who is hurried along in the hands of the controlling deities. His sins are not of his own making, and must follow an irresistible command. It is true that no moral is taught by his fate. The old Greek poets did not greatly trouble themselves with morals. They simply taught submission to the will of the gods. The directness, the power, and the almost appalling calm with which *Sophocles* has told this terrible story of unavoidable crime cannot be described. Nothing in the whole range of the modern drama, from Shakespeare down to the present time, can compare with the skill with which the old poet has treated his subject from the moment that *Œdipus* begins to suspect the horrors of his situation. The intensity is almost unbearable; the dreadful interest never weakens; the culmination is heartrending. The cry with which *Jocasta* disappears after she has learned the whole of the frightful truth is terrible. The agony of *Œdipus*, who destroys his eyesight that he may no longer look upon his shame, whose woes are not even ended by the death that would be so welcome, racks the very heartstrings. Almost every phase of mental suffering is dissected with almost brutal resolve; soul wounds are probed with a remorseless finger, until the culmination is one overwhelming groan from a heart that can do all but break. In the presence of the warring of such tremendous passions it is frivolous to dabble about the puerile commonplaces of every-day morality.

Of the acting of the tragedy we may speak in warm praise. To begin at the beginning, a passing word of commendation is due the scene representing the exterior of a palace, which was excellently painted. The costumes, which we take for granted were correct to the minutest details, were pleasingly varied in color, and had been made the subject of the most laborious research. Many points in this connection were doubtless lost upon the audience, as we frankly confess they may have been upon us,



since we perceived no distinguishable difference between them and the costumes that have of late been worn upon the stage of the regular theatre whenever any of Shakespeare's Roman plays have been mounted with judicious care. Mr. Riddle's physique was hardly adequate to realize the majesty and the dignity of the heroic *Œdipus*, and his manner lacked something of the stern and perhaps savage nature of the character, but his acting was abundant in fire, passion and intensity of expression. In most essentials he surpassed his fellow-actors on account of his previous dramatic training, and we may add that he has never before shown the possession of so much virile force as he manifested in his performance of this part. His acting in the scene where he learns from the shepherd the dreadful mystery of his fate would have done credit to any actor. In the parting interview with his children he was likewise remarkably fine. He spoke the long speeches of the part with wonderful fluency, and with an ease that left him perfectly unembarrassed in giving every attention to propriety of gesture. Another admirable effort was the *Teiresias* of Mr. Curtis Guild. His pronunciation of the Greek was exquisitely refined, and his acting throughout, albeit somewhat robust for the blind old prophet, was able, spirited and exceedingly interesting. Mr. Owen Wister, as the second messenger, was another notable success for his animation and his judicious emphasis of gesture. Mr. L. O. Opdycke had a very trying obligation to fill as *Jocasta*, but he succeeded in a manner worthy of cordial praise. His exit, after the queen had realized the horror of her position, was really thrilling. In fact, the acting throughout reflected credit upon the intelligence and the devotion of all concerned; and they may pride themselves upon the honor that their efforts have conferred upon their college. They have shown that if they can become excited over a boat race, they can also distinguish themselves in a more worthy direction. From high to low, there is not a student of Harvard who may not justly plume himself upon the triumph achieved on this occasion. We doubt if it would be possible to gather a more brilliant or a more intellectual audience than was assembled in the Sanders Theatre on Tuesday night. That all were equally edified by the performances cannot be affirmed. Though there were doubtless many to whom Greek was almost as familiar as their mother tongue, there were more to whom it was a sealed book, and it must be confessed that after the first half hour or so the bulk of the audience seemed to be oppressed by the interminably long speeches and the lack of action in the play; a state of feeling that became plainly manifest wherever a pause in the conduct of the play called for the welcome variety that was given by the music. However, it came to an end in three hours, and all seemed to feel that they had enjoyed a new and a memorable experience, and were grateful for it. We doubt if many were greatly enlightened by the programmes, in which everything was printed in Greek except the names of the actors; but it certainly interested some to discover that the classical term for horse-cars was *hamaxai hipposiderodromikai*.

[Of the plot and action of the play we find no better description than the following by Mr. Charles T. Congdon, in the *New York Tribune*.]

The scene is at Thebes, before the palace of *Œdipus*. To *Laius*, king of Thebes, had long before come dark and terrible warnings that his own son should murder him, should marry his queen, the mother of that son, and should succeed him as king. *Laius* had adopted the common expedient, and, foolishly thinking to thwart the inexorable Fates, has delivered his son as soon as born to be murdered. The compassionate servant gives him, instead, to a shepherd of the king of Corinth, and the shepherd to the king, by whom he is adopted. *Œdipus*, journeying to the oracle to inquire concerning his birth, chances, in a place "where three ways meet," to encounter and kill his father, and, as he supposes, all his father's companions. Arriving at Thebes, he finds the *Sphinx*, with woman's face and a bird's wings and a lion's tail and claws, terrifying the city, and slaying every one who could not solve the enigma. The king of Thebes offers his throne and the hand of *Jocasta*, the widow of *Laius*, to any one who will rescue the city by solving the problem. The riddle is solved by *Œdipus*, and the promised rewards

are bestowed upon him. He mounts the throne, and marries his mother; children are born to him, and all his life, over which such a terrible calamity is impending, is full of prosperity and happiness. But the outraged Fates are not to be balked. Pestilence again stalks through the city. At this point the *Œdipus Tyrannus* begins.

Darkly the drama opens. The whole city is filled with the smoke of sacrifices, with piteous prayers to *Apollo*, and with loud lamentations. The help of *Œdipus*, who once freed the city from a similar disaster, is again sought, while the earth is barren, the flocks perishing, and mothers are dying with their infants. The king is appealed to as "the best of men." He answers that he has sent *Creon* to the Temple of *Apollo* to inquire of that god the way to save the city. The answer with which the messenger returns is that *Phœbus* commands them to drive pollution from the land, and not to suffer in it one moment the monster who is the object of his wrath. The murderer of *Laius* must be banished. *Œdipus* promises his assistance in discovering the culprit. Here follows the beautiful hymn to the gods, beseeching aid. *Œdipus*, incited by the chorus, determines to consult the blind priest *Teiresias*, "who knows the secrets of the heavens and of the earth's dark womb." The priest hesitates to answer, but finally, pressed by the angry *Œdipus*, he responds: "I say that you are the murderer of this man whose murderer you seek." Darker hints are given of a darker crime, and *Teiresias* is indignantly dismissed from the royal presence. In his rage *Œdipus* suspects *Creon* of designs upon the sceptre and upon his own life. Bewildered and full of vague forebodings, he understands nothing clearly. The day is growing dark with apprehension, and the royal equanimity is utterly overthrown. At the height of the stormy quarrel *Jocasta* appears upon the scene, and attempts to soothe the king. She narrates the words of the oracle: that *Laius* was murdered by robbers, "where three roads meet." A lurid light breaks in upon the mind of *Œdipus*; he tells with many misgivings his encounter with the supposed robbers, and the death which he inflicted. If the slaughtered man were *Laius*, what a dreadful fate is his!

Lives there a man so hateful to the gods?  
Nor citizen nor stranger may henceforth  
Beneath their roof receive me, none with me  
Hold converse, from their houses all constrained  
To thrust me.

Filled with distracting doubts he summons the herdsman who had asserted that *Laius* was slain by several ruffians. If so "it cannot be that one be many;" but if the herdsman declare that the king fell by a single arm, on the miserable *Œdipus* the weight of guilt must fall. At this moment there is a treacherous gleam of sunshine. Information is received of the death of the king of Corinth, the presumptive father of *Œdipus*. At least the monarch has not perished by the hands of his son. The herdsman from Corinth tells to *Œdipus* the story of his youth. *Jocasta*, who now knows the fatal secret, beseeches *Œdipus* to pursue the inquiry no further, but he answers: "No prayers shall move me; I will be informed." All is soon known—the murder, the incest; and *Œdipus* exclaims with exquisite pathos:—

Is there a wretch like me? My dreadful fate  
Is now unveiled. O light, thy beams no more  
Let me behold, for I derive my birth  
From them, to whom my birth I should not owe;  
My dearest commerce I have held with those  
Whose commerce nature starts at; I have slain  
Those from whose blood the foulest stain I draw.

Instantly, while the chorus is singing of the misery of mortals, a messenger hurriedly enters, announcing the self-slaughter of *Jocasta*. The palace is dim with horrors. No messenger upon the tragic stage, where all is so often sorrowful and unexpected, ever brought more doleful tidings—such a story of "misfortune, lamentation, death, disgrace." The wretched *Œdipus*, at the sight of *Jocasta's* suspended corpse, has torn out his eyes with the golden clasps which *Jocasta* wore. In his agony he has cried:—

Open the doors and show  
This murderer of his father; show to Thebes  
This murderer of his mother.

Soon after is heard his agonizing cry: "Woe, woe! O miserable me!" There can be no deeper pathos than that of the scene which follows, if it be not a misuse of the word to call such a scene pathetic:—

I know not with what eyes in *Pluto's* realm  
I could behold my father, had I sight  
Of my unhappy mother.

The chorus, unable to endure the spectacle, avert their gaze, and the blind, staggering *Œdipus* is conducted into the palace, there to await the decision of the oracle as to his future course of life. Nothing can be more touching than the wail of *Œdipus* for his chil-

dren, though they be children of shame: "Come to me," he cries; "come to these hands! I am your brother and your father. I cannot see you now. What a wretched life is before you! Who will greet you at the feasts? How from the assemblies of the citizens will you come weeping home! Who will marry you? Pray to the gods for me that they will not always let me live! Pray that they grant you a happier life than that of your father!" *Creon*, with a certain cold and kingly dignity, denies every request of the wretched *Œdipus*, and the poet leaves us in doubt of his future fortune. We know from other sources that he was banished, and that his daughters were permitted to accompany him. *Sophocles* takes up the story again in the "*Œdipus at Colonus*," and tells us how the stricken life was terminated, when the dethroned king, by the mysterious interposition of the gods, was mysteriously received into the bosom of the earth.

Such are the tragic events of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. Horrible to modern readers as the story might seem necessarily to be, it is mitigated by the sweet and natural genius of the author; and, repugnant as the plot may be to modern taste, the fine moral tone of the tragedy, and its thoroughly decent and healthy method and action, rescue it from any feeling of disgust with which it might otherwise be received. To comprehend its perfect morality and the absence of what, in conventional phrase, we should call "sensational," it might be compared with any modern play based upon the same incidents. These are materials which it would now be hardly possible for a modern dramatic writer to employ. The Greek genius could handle them and not be defiled, and make out of such unpromising incidents a drama at once pure, moral and ennobling.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1881.

### CONCERTS.

June has come. The musical season is gone. In spite of Greek Fate and the woes of *Œdipus*, relieved by Paine's fine choruses, all artificial art and song must gladly now yield precedence to birds and grass and apple-blossoms, lilacs, roses, lilies of the valley, happy children, and the bliss of summer. Yet a few interesting concerts remain on our list unrecorded. For one, we must not forget that of

MISS JOSEPHINE E. WARE, which took place at the Meionaon on the evening of May 3, with the following choice programme:—

Quintet, "Die Förelle," Op. 114 . . . . . Schubert  
Allegro vivace. Andante. Scherzo; Presto. Tema, Andantino. Finale; Allegro giusto.  
Song: "Mio bel tesoro" . . . . . Handel  
Piano Solos: a. "Berceuse" . . . . . Chopin  
b. "Valse Caprice" . . . . . Rubinstein  
Songs: a. "The Linden Tree" . . . . . Schubert  
b. "Solvejg's Song" . . . . . Grieg  
Quintet, Op. 39 . . . . . Goldmark  
Allegro vivace. Adagio. Andante quasi moderato. Scherzo. Allegretto con spirito. Allegro vivace; alle breve.

Miss Ware was accompanied in the two Quintets by those excellent artists of the Beethoven Club, Messrs. Allen, Dannrenther, Henry Heindl, and Wulf Fries. Schubert's "Trout" Quintet, so called from its introducing, with variations, his song of that name, is too seldom played in public, for it is a charming composition, full of genius. Both in that and in the Quintet by Goldmark, Miss Ware, who is yet very young, showed not only an excellent technique, but true musical feeling and conception. She has gained in power and firmness and *aplomb* since her debut of last year, which was so interesting. But she appeared to even better advantage in her well contrasted solos by Chopin and Rubinstein. The singer was Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, who sang in her usual pure style, and with chaste fervor, the fine aria by Handel, and justified her selection of two comparatively unknown songs by Schubert and the Norseman, Grieg.

A very interesting little concert was given at Wesleyan Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, May

18, by a young debutante of eighteen, Miss ANNIE FISHER. She has been a pupil from the first of that conscientious, careful teacher, Mr. T. P. Currier, and he may well be proud of her. She looks bright and full of energy, and her playing has a genial, *con amore* character, while it shows precision, fine accent and phrasing, and brilliant, free and fluent execution. She was assisted by a pleasing singer, Miss MAUDE WADSWORTH, a pupil who does credit to her teacher, Mr. C. F. Webber. Here is the programme:—

Prelude and Fugue, C-sharp major . . . . . Bach  
Sonata, Op. 53 . . . . . Beethoven  
(First movement.)  
Ballad, "In the Twilight," Op. 43. . . . . Brahms  
Fantasie in Form einer Sonate, Op. 5 . . . . . A. Saran  
2. Romanze. 3. Scherzo. 4. Allegro.  
Scherzo, B-flat minor, Op. 31 . . . . . Chopin  
Songs: "Gute Nacht," Op. 5, No. 7 . . . . . Franz  
"Mit einer Wasserlilie" . . . . . Grieg  
Song without Words, No. 36, in E . . . . . Mendelssohn  
Valse Brillante, in A-flat . . . . . Moszkowski

We were unfortunately belated and obliged to lose the Bach selection, which we are told was very finely played. But that first movement of the C-major Sonata of Beethoven was rendered in a style so clear and sure and bright and sound that we would fain have heard the work all through. It was a great pleasure, also, to hear once more, after a long respite since its first appearance, a portion even of that charmingly genial, strong, original Sonata-Fantasia by Robert Franz's pupil, the North German clergyman, Saran. The young interpreter entered well into the spirit of the three movements. The Chopin Scherzo was brilliantly performed. The songs were well chosen and well sung.

MR. ERNST PERABO (who is soon to leave upon another trip to Germany) gave a delightful private *matinée* at the house of two of his musical lady friends in Brookline, on the afternoon of May 23. The house is in a green lane, embowered in apple-blossoms, lilacs, and all that makes the air sweet and pure; the room and entry were filled with cultivated, sympathetic listeners; the piano was an admirable Chickering grand; and the programme, all of which was interpreted by Perabo himself, was rich and choice enough to satisfy any one:—

Sonata in B-flat major. Without opus. Written in 1828 . . . . . Schubert  
1. Molto moderato. . . . . 3. Scherzo.  
2. Andante sostenuto. . . . . 4. Allegro ma non troppo.  
a. "Es blinkt der Thau." F-major. Op. 72, No. 1 . . . . . Rubinstein  
Transcribed by E. Perabo. New.  
b. Allegretto, for piano and 'cello. A-minor. Op. 12, No. 1 . . . . . Fr. Kiel  
Arranged for two hands by E. Perabo. New, MS.  
c. Intermezzo, from Sonata for piano and 'cello. Op. 52 . . . . . Fr. Kiel  
Arranged for two hands by E. Perabo.  
a. Petit Scherzo. Op. 10 . . . . . E. Perabo  
b. Prelude, from "Notre Temps." E-minor. Mendelssohn  
c. Song without Words. E-major . . . . . Mendelssohn  
Valse Caprice. A-major, Op. 31 . . . . . X. Scharwenka  
Sonata in E-flat major. Op. 27, No. 1. . . . . Beethoven

The Schubert Sonata is the one which we had failed to hear in the last of the two morning concerts recently given by Mr. Perabo in the Meinaon. It is a noble, marvellously rich, imaginative, and in feeling, deep and earnest work. The principal theme in the first movement, to which everything throughout the other movements seems to be somehow related, is singularly appealing and majestic. The whole Sonata seems to record one of the deepest experiences of the composer's life. And Mr. Perabo appeared to be absorbed into the very soul and spirit of it. Indeed he was in his best mood for bringing out the meaning and the beauty of all his rare selections. The manifest delight of such an audience must, with the music in itself, the sympathy, the fragrance, and all the sweet surroundings, have

made that summer afternoon one worth remembering to him.

CECILIA. The Club's last concert of the season (which, we confess, the temptation of the country after a hard, hot day's work caused us to forget) was postponed to the very last evening of May, at Tremont Temple. It was without orchestra, and consisted for the most part of short, but really choice and favorite selections, as follows:—

Organ: Prelude in C-major, Bach, and Rhapsodie, Saint-Saëns, — Mr. John A. Preston.  
Part songs: "The Iriver Sprite" and "The Sea hath its Pearls," — J. C. D. Parker.  
Songs: "Si t' amo, O cara," Handel; "Du bist wie ein Blume," Schumann; "David Rizzio's letztes Lied," Raff, — Miss Ella M. Abbott.  
Part song: "Under the Greenwood Tree," Fenollosa.  
Ninety-fifth Psalm, Mendelssohn. (Solos by Miss Gertrude Franklin, Miss Abbott, and Dr S. W. Langmaid.)  
Scene from "Masaniello": "O Holy Power," Anber. (Solo by Mr. A. F. Arnold.)  
Part songs: "The Smith," Schumann; "May Song," Hauptmann.  
Duets for piano and organ: Canzona, Serenade, Widor, — Mr. J. Phippen and Mr. Preston.  
Songs: "The Rose," Spohr; "The Lotus Flower," Schumann; "Il Primo Amore," Widor, — Miss Franklin.  
Part song: "The Willow Tree," Rheinberger.  
Chorus of Reapers: "Prometheus," Liszt.

### BERLIOZ'S REQUIEM.

(Continued.)

As for the purely orchestral side of the movement, the effect is not what a cursory glance at the score might lead one to expect. First and foremost, there is nothing to remind one of a brass band. The small orchestras of brass instruments, sounding from the four cardinal points, do not sound in the least like a brass band. The effect is that of the clearest, purest and most brilliant trumpet tone. There is no vulgar blare and braying. The trumpets, cornets and trombones are, in general, written pretty high, and the lower tones of the ophicleides merely add body to the mass of sound; their coarser quality of sound is toned down by the other instruments.

The effect of the large mass of drums is stupendous. It may look trivial on paper, but so soon as it is heard, it carries the conviction of its own reason of being with it.

As I have said already, the music is sacred and even specifically church-music in a very high sense of the word. Like some few other grand church compositions, Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," for instance, or a mass by Palestrina (I make the comparison only in this sense), it is music to which one would like to listen in the dark, in some grand Gothic cathedral where orchestra and chorus are out of sight. Looking at the singers and players is distracting and confusing. After all, this is a pretty good test of the sacred or secular character of music (in an ecclesiastical sense). One loses half the enjoyment of the Ninth Symphony if one cannot distinctly see both chorus and orchestra. But the less one looks at the people who are singing and playing Bach's "Passion" the better. Just so with this "Dies Iræ" of Berlioz's (indeed, with the whole "Requiem"); one wishes all the material part to be invisible.

One point in this "Dies Iræ" is not to be overlooked, and this is the license Berlioz has taken with the ritual text. At the beginning of the "Tuba mirum," he coolly inserts a line from the Nicene Creed: *Et iterum venturus est cum gloria judicare vivos et mortuos*, and omits the verse: *Per sepulcra regionum*. Yet few of us will probably feel inclined to chime in with M. d'Ortigue's criticism: "Our admiration for M. Berlioz's talent and our friendship for him personally will in no wise weaken the expression of the severe blame which our conscience as a Catholic makes it our duty to inflict upon him."

No. 3. (*Quid sum miser*.) Of all the numbers in the "Requiem" this one is perhaps the most dramatic in conception. Yet here, as elsewhere, Berlioz has preserved the devotional spirit in his music untainted. A mere careless glance at the score is misleading. After the portentous array of instruments in the "Dies Iræ," this modest score of eight lines, in which the rests far outnumber the notes, conveys at first the impression of over-sharp contrast. But remember that the "Dies Iræ" closes *pianissimo* with the words "*Mors stupebit et natura*." There is no abrupt transition from loud trumpet-blasts to almost silence. The vast orchestral proportions of the "Dies Iræ" are gradually diminished until the modest movement which follows comes in naturally and without making the impression of a mere *tour de force* of theatrical effect. The picturesque handling of the subject is thoroughly artistic, and in no wise trivial. The tombs have opened, resurgent humanity finds itself in the presence of its Judge with the awful prophecy announced in the "Dies Iræ" still ringing in its ears, and tremblingly asks of itself: "*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus? Quem patronum rogaturus?*" The surroundings, what M. Zola would call the spiritual "*milieu*," are indicated by the orchestra. Now the English horns and bassoons, now the 'celli and double-basses whisper fragments of themes from the first part of the "Dies Iræ" (before the "fanfare.") Berlioz seems to have been especially susceptible to the feeling of desolateness engendered by this sort of dismemberment of a melody, heard previously in its entirety. We find many examples of this peculiar effect in his writings. He was also fond of confiding such broken melodic phrases to the English horn. He says of a similar passage in one of his symphonies: "The feeling of absence, oblivion, painful isolation, which arises in the souls of certain listeners at the evocation of this abandoned melody, would not have a quarter of its force if the melody were sung by any other instrument than the English horn."

In the movement of the "Requiem" in question, the tenors of the chorus sing their trembling question, and the humble prayer, "*Recordare, Jesu pie, etc.*," in short, disjointed scraps of melody, (taken, like the orchestral accompaniment, from the "Dies Iræ.") The rest of the chorus is silent; the basses alone whisper the closing phrase. The number is very short, only forty-nine measures, and depends more than any other in the whole work upon its connection with what precedes it. Separated from the "Dies Iræ," it would be wholly incomprehensible. Although it appeals far more to the imagination of the devout listener than to his specifically musical sense, the appeal is too poetic, in a high sense, for us to wish that the composer had seized this opportunity for writing something of more purely musical interest. With all its suggestive picturesqueness, the movement never oversteps the limits of devotional solemnity. Much of its mysterious quality is due to the very unusual key of G-sharp minor.

No. 4. (*Rex tremendæ*.) — (*Andante maestoso*, four-four time, E-major). Three great chords on the wooden wind and horns (E-major, C-sharp minor, A-major) the first two of which are answered antiphonally by the full chorus without accompaniment. Then the strings join the chorus, and the rest of the orchestra (without trombones or drums), and an elaborate movement — now full of majesty, now pathetically melodious — develops itself. The tempo gradually quickens until, at the words "*confutatis maledictis*," it has become twice as fast as at the beginning. The music is here as effective as it is original in conception. The chorus, accompanied by the wooden wind, horns and strings, thunders forth the phrase "*confutatis maledictis*"

in a rapidly descending series of chords of the sixth. In the next measure we hear a plaintive sigh from the wooden wind, responded to by the word "*Jesu*" sung *piano* by the chorus. Then follows the word "*maledictis*, shrieked out to a wild diminished seventh chord; then a whirlwind in the orchestra leads to a repetition of the same effect, and the tempest is unchained. Here, where most composers would have been tempted to deploy all the heavy artillery of the orchestra, Berlioz has drawn the most terrific effects from the strings. The trombones & Co. are silent. For three whole measures the double-basses play a strident high *B-natural* ABOVE the low *C-natural* (open string and octave) on the 'celli. Without actually hearing this passage one would not believe that stringed instruments could produce such a roar as comes from the orchestra at the words, "*flammis acribus addictis, voca me!*" Then follows a measure of silence, which is in turn followed by this most impressive phrase:—

CLARINETS, BASSOONS, & HORN. *poco f*

CHORUS.

'CELLI, & C. BASSI.

The orchestra and choruses then grow more and more agitated, crying out in fuller and fuller harmony, "*Libera me de ore leonis, ne eudam in obscurum*," the four orchestras of brass instruments, the twelve horns "with bells raised in the air," and all the drums "with wooden sticks" coming in suddenly with a terrible crash at the word "*eudam*." This magnificent outburst is immediately hushed, and the basses of the chorus sing, "*Ne absorbeat me Tartarus*." Persons to whom the ritual is dear may ask what this sentence from the *Offertorium* has to do here in the midst of the *Prose*? Well, if the superb effect of the music does not answer this question satisfactorily, it may be considered unanswerable. Berlioz saw his opportunity, and coolly inserted the sentence, changing it from the third person plural to the first person singular. It is followed by a very beautiful, beseeching melody, "*Qui salvandos salvas gratis, salva me, fons pietatis*," and then the "*Rex tremende*" theme returns, the orchestra now enriched by all the brass and drums. The effect of the majestic "*Rex*" phrase alternating with the softly imploring "*Salva me*" is of the most impressive. The movement closes, like its predecessors, *pianissimo*.

No. 5. ("*Querens me*.") This number is for chorus, without accompaniment. It may be called one of the best examples of a mixed style of writing which modern composers sometimes affect, but rarely with such good results. Its general physiognomy is that of old Italian florid counterpoint; but the number of real voices is not constant, and varies from three to six. At times the two soprano parts are written in octaves, in the instrumental fashion, like flute and clarinet. The same process is sometimes applied to the tenors. The harmony is often distinctly modern; yet there is enough of that indecision of tonality which is characteristic of the old contrapuntal music—not from frequent modulations, but from a frequent avoidance of

the leading-note—to give the music a certain austere mediæval quality. One point is especially noticeable, and this is the expressive warmth which Berlioz has infused into the frequent cadences (written in very full harmony), and which contrasts strongly with the somewhat austere tranquillity of the intervening counterpoint. Here the composer has happily reproduced the peculiar effect of some of the music of old Josquin Defriès, who had an especial fondness for concentrating the expressive element in his writing upon the frequently recurring cadences. In the very beautiful cadences in this "*Querens me*," we can see a clear reflection of what Ambros has called the "*Josquin'shen Sehnsuchtsblick*." Upon the whole, I know of no piece of modern purely vocal writing in which the two very opposite spirits of modern and mediæval harmony are so beautifully blended together.

(Conclusion in next number.)

#### LOCAL ITEMS.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The annual meeting was held on Monday evening, Vice-President George H. Chickering in the chair. The report of the treasurer, Mr. George W. Palmer, showed the total receipts for the year including the balance on hand of \$455.35 at the commencement of the year, to have been \$9,311.64, the total expenses \$8,917.34, leaving a balance of \$394.30 on hand. The trustees of the permanent fund reported the amount of the fund to be \$21,828.27. They also reported the death, during the year, of the senior member of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Nathaniel Harris, and announced that Mr. H. P. Kidder had been appointed to fill the vacancy, and had entered upon the discharge of his duties. The report of the president, congratulating the society upon its excellent condition, was read by the secretary, in the absence of the president. The report of the librarian showed that a large number of books had been added during the year. The following named officers were elected: President, C. C. Perkins; Vice-President, George H. Chickering; Secretary, A. Parker Browne; Treasurer, George W. Palmer; Librarian, John H. Stickney; Directors, George T. Brown, Josiah Wheelwright, H. M. Brown, Eugene B. Hagar, W. S. Fenollosa, D. L. Laws, J. D. Andrews and R. S. Rundlett. A series of resolutions was passed recognizing the services rendered by the late Nathaniel Harris, as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Permanent Fund. — *Transcript*, May 31.

— The tenth anniversary supper of the Apollo Club was held at Young's Hotel last evening. The company numbered eighty persons, and was composed of the active members, and the past active members, and the invited guests, who were the President and Director of the Harvard Musical Association, of the Boylston Club, the Cecilia Club, the Handel and Haydn Society, the Orpheus Club and the Arlington Club. Judge Putnam presided in his usual graceful and genial manner. Supper was served between half-past six and eight o'clock. Speeches and songs were then in order. The soloists were Mr. Pflueger, Mr. Osgood, William Winch, Clarence E. Hay, and there was a piano duet by Mr. Lang and Mr. Parker. The club opened the musical part of the entertainment by Mendelssohn's "*Sons of Art*," and subsequently sang a number of part-songs interspersed between the speeches and solos. Speeches were made by John S. Dwight, Professor Paine, G. W. Chadwick, Charles Allen and Robert M. Morse, Jr. The tables were set in the form of a Greek cross, and were handsomely spread and ornamented. All the arrangements were made under the supervision of Mr. Arthur Reed, the secretary of the club. — *Advertiser*, May 25.

#### MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWPORT, R. I., May 11. The eighth concert of the Newport Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. J. B. Sharland of Boston, was given on Friday evening, May 6, in the Opera House. The choral selections were all from Mendelssohn, the principal number being the Cantata "Praise Jehovah." The programme embraced also a varied selection of part-songs by Brahms, Schumann, Tuckerman, and others sung by a quartet of ladies' voices, single and double, and by a male quartet, the Schumann Club.

Mr. Perry, the Boston pianist, contributed solos by Chopin and Kullak, which, although suffering severely from a lame wrist, he played with remarkable bril-

liancy and finish; and Mrs. Wilson Eyre sang a couple of songs in a manner which won much applause.

The choral numbers were in general well sung; but especial praise belongs to the rendering of the Cantata "Praise Jehovah," which was given with enthusiasm, and with a precision of attack, that would have done credit to any organization we have heard. The soprano solo was taken by Miss Lena Ryan, a young pupil of Mr. Sharland's. The other vocal numbers were given very creditably, particularly those sung by the Schumann Quartet. This organization is composed of young gentlemen of this city, who have been for some time under the instruction of Mr. Sharland. They have appeared but a few times in public, but have already made a very favorable impression, and give promise of attaining to more than an ordinary degree of excellence.

The Choral Society is now an established institution in Newport, and its influence for good has already manifested itself in many ways. Mr. Sharland has labored faithfully and well, and the result is a chorus which, although not composed of picked voices, like many of the Boston clubs, is yet capable of doing excellent work, and is improving every year. F. T. S.

CHICAGO, May 23. Musical matters in this city are slowly drifting to the culmination of the year, in the forthcoming festival of the Germans, and a goodly number of orchestral concerts by Mr. Theodore Thomas and his band. For the Sängerkunst great preparations are being made, and the list of solo singers embraces some of the finest talent that Europe and America can furnish. It bids fair to be a great success in all ways. A fund of nearly sixty thousand dollars has been raised, and the financial condition of the festival is as sound as money can make it. Musically we have yet to hear what it may accomplish. I attended a rehearsal of a large body of their singers. They are hard at work upon the compositions to be given, and I realized that they were in earnest in their endeavors. Since the American societies have taken in hand festivals of such magnitude, our German friends have been obliged to make greater efforts for success in their Sängerkunst, for comparisons will be made, notwithstanding that they cause unpleasantness. Thus we hope that in June this festival will present musical offerings worthy of our age and culture. Next spring a festival is to be given by a large chorus, under the direction of Mr. Thomas.

Since my last note to the JOURNAL, the Apollo Club gave its closing concert, presenting Max Bruch's cantata, *Fair Ellen*, and Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel*. Also a chorus by Gounod entitled *Babylon's Wave*. The work by Max Bruch is one of the brightest bits of composition that I have heard in many a day. The old Scotch story was pictured with a beauty that was quite entrancing; and the song, "The Campbells are coming," formed a background for modern orchestral work, which, while it held the idea in a larger and better mould, also preserved the Scotch flavor, so characteristic of the scene and story.

The *Tower of Babel* is too large a work for such a society as the Apollo Club to undertake. It demands a great chorus, a large and good orchestra, and solo talent of a high order, to give it an adequate performance. I have spoken of the work before in my notes to the JOURNAL, and as it has lately been given in New York, a more extended opinion of its merits will doubtless find its way to your columns, and I will not trespass upon your attention, with a reiteration of my own views. But of one performance. In regard to the solo work, I would suggest that when a singer attempts a great part, he should endeavor to gain some slight hint of its meaning before he comes to a public performance. Think of this representation:—

*People, in Chorus.*

Hear ye! the thunder's voice now shakes the earth.

*Nimrod, Recit.*

Soon we shall stand high above the storm.

Towards and slaves obey my commands.

After the choruses have delivered their lines with power, imagine a Nimrod that sang his notes quietly by the notation of sol, do, mi, do, etc., and you have the effect that came from the singer, who took the rôle at this representation. Dramatic situations, mighty words, in which a climax of feeling was demanded, all passed over with the ease of a young gentleman in a drawing-room.

Has our English language lost its meaning, that the words of a king to his subjects seem but as the mutterings of a quiet imbecile? What is passion in these modern days? Where is its dignity, its power, and its greatness? Has the logical mind of to-day become unable to grasp at meanings that demand emotional expression? Has the kingly bearing, that should grace



every free soul, become but as a remembrance of the past. The trouble is, not with the times, or the ability of our singers, but with their lack of study. Singers of to-day sing notes, rather than words. They keep time, rather than represent great characters. Give to the old word its full meaning, made rich by the spirit of the man who speaks it. Let us be the men we represent, until perchance the soul shall give noble expression to itself, in the richly colored words, that bear with them the warmth of a heart that feels.

We have had two organ and pianoforte recitals by Constantine Sternberg, and Frederic Archer, the English organist. The concerts were poorly advertised, and therefore but few people attended them. Mr. Archer is a good organist, but of a rather sensational order. His aim seems to be to attract the people, and please them, which he is very successful in doing. His fugue playing is marked with more rapidity than clearness, although there is a spirit in the wild chase for notes, that provokes an interest in the movement, and the listener is taken along in spite of himself. His arrangements of stops are orchestral in their effect, and he is thus enabled to hold the attention of his audience by the variety of his expression. In a little gavotte by Ambroise Thomas he introduced some staccato effects which were very charming. He was very enthusiastically received by the audience.

Mr. Sternberg played some selections from modern composers. His best work was in the Polonaise of Liszt. His touch possesses power, and his ideas are generally pronounced, but there is a lack of feeling in much of his work. The modern school of pianoforte playing seems to aim at displays of difficulty, rather than the interpretation of real music. We have had too much of display performances in Chicago, to be very much astonished at this late day. But an artist who makes *real music*, would be a very welcome visitor. We want first and last music. This company had with them a Miss Frost, who was advertised to sing some German songs. But instead, she screamed away in bad German, at some Schubert and Rubinstein Lieder, in a manner that was perfectly wretched to hear. She had no method, nor one agreeable tone in her voice. It would be very interesting to know why she was engaged for these concerts. Surely the management must have realized that she could not sing. The negative of music is, doubtless, noise; but we may be pardoned for preferring it in the abstract, if the mind has to deal with the reflective. C. H. BRITAN.

BALTIMORE. The following is a résumé of the works performed at the five Peabody Symphony Concerts during the season:—

- Beethoven:—*a.* Symphony, E-flat. No. 4. Work 60.  
*b.* Piano Concerto, G. No. 4. Work 58.  
*c.* Violin Concerto, D. Work 61.  
*d.* Overture to Egmont. Work 54.  
Berlioz:—Overture to *Frances Juges*. Work 3.  
Fr. Chopin:—*a.* Andante Spianato and Polonaise. Work 22.  
*b.* Chant Polonaise. Transcribed for piano by Fr. Liszt.  
Leopold Damrosch:—Festal Overture, C-major. Work 15.  
Edvard Grieg:—Norwegian Folk-Life. Work 19. For piano.  
Asger Hamerik:—*a.* Norse Suite, A-major. No. 5. Work 26.  
*b.* Symphonie Poétique, E-major No. 1. Work 23.  
Emil Hartmann:—Minuet and Scherzo. For orchestra. Work 18.  
Ed. Lassen:—Songs with piano.  
Mozart:—Symphony, G-minor. No. 2. Work 45.  
J. Raff:—Suite, E-flat major. Work 200. For piano and orchestra.  
Rubinstein:—*a.* Symphonie Dramatique, D-minor. No. 4. Work 93.  
*b.* Songs with piano.  
Fr. Schubert:—Songs with piano.  
R. Schumann:—Songs with piano.  
Johan S. Svendsen:—Norwegian Rhapsody, C-major. No. 3. Work 21.  
R. Wagner:—"Magie Fire" from the Opera "Valkyria," Transcribed for the piano, by L. Brassin.

#### NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE. On Monday evening, May 30, was the formal opening of the new College of Music. It was the 89th concert, closing the sixth series of the institution. The programme was made up entirely from works by native American composers. The pianist was Mr. William H. Sherwood; the string parts were played by the Beethoven Club (Messrs. Allen, etc.) The selections were the following:—

- Trio in C-minor, (MS.).—(Piano, Violin and Cello) Op. 9. . . . . F. G. Gleason  
*a.* Allegro, C-minor. . . . .  
*b.* Andante, G-major, . . . . .  
*c.* Finale, — Andante, Allegro, C-minor.

#### Piano Solos —

- a.* Gavotte — F-minor, . . . . . C. L. Capen  
*b.* Berceuse, . . . . . W. Mason  
*c.* Prelude — A-major, . . . . .  
*d.* Novelette — C-major, . . . . .  
*e.* Mazourka — C-minor, . . . . .  
*f.* Waltz Capriccio, . . . . . W. H. Sherwood

#### Songs —

- Sonata for piano and violin — B-minor,  
Op. 24 (MSS.), . . . . .  
*a.* Allegro con fuoco, B. minor, . . . . .  
*b.* Larghetto (canonic), D-major, . . . . .  
*c.* Allegro vivace, B-minor, . . . . . Prof. J. K. Paine  
Quartet for Strings, No. 2, in C (MS.),  
*a.* Andante, Allegro con brio, C-major,  
*b.* Andante espressivo, ma non troppo  
lento, G-major, . . . . .  
*c.* Scherzo, Allegro risoluto ma moderato,  
E-minor, Un poco più mosso, G-major and E-major, . . . . .  
*d.* Allegro molto vivace, C-major, . . . . . Geo. W. Chadwick

PROVIDENCE, R. I. Mr. Jules Jordan, who is an earnest musician as well as an artistic tenor singer, has sailed for Europe for a three months' trip. The *Providence Journal*, May 21, gives the following account of a promising vocal club there under his direction, which is awaiting his return for the resumption of rehearsals:—

The "Arion Club" is a society formed in this city not very long ago, its active members being ladies and gentlemen of musical ability, and its associate members such as may choose to become so by subscription. There are now one hundred active members and some two hundred and fifty associate members, and only fifty more can become associates, under the rules of the Club. The associate members are entitled to all the privileges of the Club, and to four tickets to each concert. The Executive Committee are Mr. Robert Bonner, President; Mr. John H. Mason, Secretary; Mr. Johns H. Congdon, Treasurer; Mr. H. O. Farnum, Librarian; Mr. Jules Jordan, Director; Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Dr. Albert E. Ham, Mr. J. U. Starkweather. Mr. John H. Mason, pianist, and Mr. Albert A. Stanley, organist, are accompanists. This society has been working in a quiet way, and some time ago gave a successful concert, a fact which was known but to few outside the members and those present. In the same quiet way a second concert was prepared for, and was given last evening at Amateur Dramatic Hall. The first concert was a grand success, the second was even more so. The first part consisted of Barnaby's Idyllic Cantata of "Rebekah," in which the soloists were Mrs. Grace Hiltz Gleason, Mr. Herbert E. Brown, and Mr. John E. Williams. Of this it need only be said the solos were very ably sustained, and that Mrs. Gleason was the recipient of a beautiful basket of flowers.

Part Second consisted of "Sunset," by Gade, a mixed chorus; "The little bird," by Solderberg, solo by Mr. Jordan, with female chorus obligato, evidently considered by the audience to be the success of the evening, being repeated in response to an encore, and delighting the listeners: "More and More," by Seifert, male chorus, which was also encored, and in response the familiar "Forsaken" was given; "Ganymede," by Loewe, mixed chorus; "Brier Rose," by Vierling, a very beautiful four-part song for ladies, which was repeated in response to a recall; "Wood-lark," male chorus, by our own composer, Mr. Stanley, a fine composition; and the brilliant "Gypsy Life," by Schumann, a mixed chorus.

WELLS COLLEGE, AURORA, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel sang at the 44th concert (April 30), Max Piutti, Musical Director. The programme was as follows:—

- a.* Aria from "Orfeo," . . . . . Haydn  
*b.* Serenata from "Agrippina," . . . . .  
*c.* Aria from "Almira," . . . . . Handel  
Mr. Georg Henschel.
- Spinning Song, . . . . . Wagner-Liszt  
Miss Nellie M. Taylor.
- Three Songs from Kingsley's "Waterbabies," Henschel  
Mrs. Georg Henschel.
- a.* Nocturne, Op. 35, No. 1, . . . . . Henschel  
*b.* Gavotte in C, . . . . .  
Mr. Henschel.
- Duet: "Oh That We Two Were Maying," . Henschel  
Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
- a.* Study, Op. 25, No. 7, . . . . . Chopin  
*b.* Humoreske, Op. 2, No. 3, . . . . . Jensen  
Mr. Max Piutti.
- Three Songs from the "Maid of the Mill," . Schnbert  
Mr. Henschel.
- Polonaise in E major, . . . . . Liszt  
Mr. William Piutti.
- a.* Ich Grolle Nicht (I'll not Complain), . . .  
*b.* The Two Grenadiers, . . . . . Schumann  
Mr. Henschel.

CHICAGO. The publishers of Miss Amy Fay's "Music Study in Germany" regret to announce the book temporarily out of print. Instead of diminishing, the demand has steadily increased, and the supply has become suddenly exhausted before a new edition could be made ready. A new and enlarged edition, however, is now preparing, and will be ready in a few days, in ample time for the need of summer travellers, for whom the chatty little book is most thoroughly suited.

DETROIT, MICH. The *Free Press* (May 14) says:—Miss Kate Jacobs gave a piano recital last evening at the hall of the Detroit Female Seminary. It was the eighteenth of the series of conservatory concerts. There was the customary audience in attendance.

The programme included the G-minor organ Fantasia and Fugue by Bach, arranged for piano by Liszt; Spring Song by Mendelssohn; Eclogue in A-major by Raff; variations for piano and violoncello, *Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen*, by Beethoven; Ballade in F-major by Chopin; allegretto in A-flat by Schubert; Polonaise in E-major by Liszt, and the last two movements in Rubinstein's D-minor Concerto. . . . .

Miss Jacobs possesses a technique, which apparently never fails her, and if there was any feeling that she was wanting in delicate and fine sentiment, it certainly must have been dispelled by her matchless rendition of the Allegretto, the Ballade and the slow movement of the Concerto. Miss Jacobs's playing is eminently satisfactory. It is of that order that causes the listener to lose sight of the performer, and to feel that her enviable technique is not in any sense employed for mere personal display.

Mt. J. C. Batchelder, a pupil of Prof. Haupt of Berlin, has been giving a series of eight conservatory organ recitals, of which the same journal speaks as follows:—

These recitals are noticeable in respect to the character and range of the compositions. The programmes have embraced selections from Bach, Haupt, Merkel, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Thiele, Guilmaut, Krebs, Raff and others. Many of the selections are among the most celebrated works of the great masters, and except in two or three cities are rarely heard in this country, and but few of them ever before in Detroit.

Of Mr. Batchelder's ability and acquirements as an organist there can be but one judgment. He certainly takes rank among the first organists of this country. Among the strikingly noticeable features of his playing are a technique apparently infallible, most excellent taste and judgment in registration, and a breadth and dignity of conception and interpretation, particularly in the works of Bach, in which he is masterly.

SAN FRANCISCO. The Loring Club, under the direction of that earnest and accomplished friend of music, David W. Loring, who emigrated from Boston to the Pacific coast a few years ago, gave the fourth concert of its fourth season at B'nai B'rith Hall, on Wednesday evening, May 11. It was almost a Boston concert, for our Mendelssohn Quintet Club assisted, while the part-song and chorus selections seem like a reflection from one of our own Apollo programmes. The Quintet Club contributed the Beethoven Quartet in F, Op. 59, a Tema from Mozart's Clarinet Quintet, and a Flute Fantasia. Schubert's song, "Am Meer," and "Die Widmung," by Robert Franz, were sung by Mr. H. O. Hunt. Among the part-songs were: Hatton's "Beware," Mendelssohn's "The Voyage," Zöllner's "He's the man to know," and Wagner's Chorus of Pilgrims in *Tannhäuser*. The club also prides itself upon a Chickering Grand Piano;—again Boston!

MONTREAL, CANADA. Before us are the programmes of four chamber concerts given here by Mrs. Otis Rockwood, formerly a member of the Cecilia in Boston. The selections average well in quality, and show on the whole a classical direction. Among them are: the D-Minor Trio of Mendelssohn (Messrs. Heard, Reichling and Leblanc); Beethoven's Sonata in A-flat, Op. 26, played by Mr. Heard, and the "Appassionata," played by Oliver King; Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E-minor (Do.); Chopin's Ballade in G-minor (Do.); Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 2. The vocal selections include: Hymn, "Show thy Mercy," from Merkel's 57th Psalm; "I know that my Redeemer," Handel; Scene and Prayer from *Der Freyschütz*; "As when the dove," from *Aëis and Galatea*; Taubert's "Farmer and the Pigeons," "Di Piacer," "Rossini; Rode's Air with variations,—all by Mrs. Rockwood; tenor and bass arias, scherzos, etc., by Mr. Arthur J. Graham and Sig. Bogdanoff; Duets, Trios, Quartet ("Quando Corpus"); besides solos for flute, violin, etc. The local papers speak well of the performances.

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## MR. OSCAR WEIL ON THE NEW YORK FESTIVAL.

TOO MUCH "BIG THING."—RIVAL CONDUCTORS.  
(From *The Critic*, May 7 and 21.)

If an immense audience, an immense chorus, and an immense orchestra, together with reasonably smooth first performances and much hearty applause, mean success, the Music Festival, upon which Dr. Damrosch and his corps of aids have spent months of unceasing thought and labor, may be conceded to have made a most successful start. The opening concert, on last Tuesday evening, found the drill room of the Seventh Regiment Armory fairly filled by an audience that is estimated to have numbered nearly ten thousand. Soloists, chorus, and orchestra were in full force, and possessed of a repose that betokened perfect confidence in their leader, as well as the consciousness of thorough and sufficient preparation for the task before them. Everything was auspicious. And, indeed, when we consider the difficulties that must in the very nature of things attend the performance on so large a scale as that designed by Dr. Damrosch, of works of such magnitude as those out of which he has composed the programme for this festival, it must be admitted that the result has been in many respects eminently satisfactory. Whether an entirely satisfactory rendering of any musical work is possible by a chorus of such proportions, and in such an immense auditorium, is, however, extremely doubtful. We are inclined to the opinion that it is not possible, and the performances at the Armory only tend to strengthen and confirm the impression produced by previous attempts of the same nature. Even in countries where there exist large bodies of well-trained chorus-singers who can be brought together on special occasions, the more thoughtful musicians have long since recognized the fact that just as the number is augmented beyond a certain point the effect (that is, the good effect) is weakened; that the volume of tone (not noise) is not materially strengthened, whereas much (precision of attack, *ensemble*, as well as color, quality) is almost entirely sacrificed. The singers are distributed over a vast area, many of them beyond any such direct influence by the conductor as is one of the first essentials of a good *ensemble*; the masses (say the tenors and basses) at a great distance from each other, and consequently out of instantaneous hearing either of each other or of the distant parts of the orchestra; and the anxiety to hear themselves (as an assurance that they are *being* heard) is almost

certain to lead even singers of experience into singing habitually too loud. Moreover, it is quite impossible that a chorus of such monstrous proportions should have sufficient rehearsal together. The training in separate bodies is very well as a mere preparation, so far as precision and accuracy are concerned. The real work, however,—that of getting the chorus to sing beautifully together,—remains still to be done, and can only be done by much and careful training as a body. Naturally this is, with us, for the present at least, entirely out of the question. If we wish to have choral performances on a grand scale, we must be content to take them with all their imperfections, and be satisfied with them.

With the orchestra the matter is simpler. It will be long before we are able to get together an orchestra (a good one) that will be too large to handle, and—setting aside the question of expense—there is no difficulty in the way of plenty of thorough rehearsal. But if we are to sing our oratorios in halls five or six times as large as those for which they were intended, with chorus and orchestra in proportion, what are we to do for solo singers who will not be utterly dwarfed and lost in the immensity of their surroundings? We have here a difficulty that is not to be overcome: Nature has set the limitation and we must abide by it. The tendency toward over-large auditoriums has of late been frequently deplored by the best dramatists, as well as by musicians; into illimitable space one can neither speak nor sing—he must shout. And in a hall that is large enough to seat ten thousand people, even the shouting of a single voice goes for very little, certainly not for good singing. But if we are to have festivals on this scale, with chorus and orchestra numbering their thousands, and audiences in proportion, then there is hardly a doubt that Dr. Damrosch has given us the best that was possible under the circumstances. An orchestra playing fairly well together (let us say quite as well as seemed possible, considering the remarkable manner in which it is distributed, of which more anon); a chorus that gets through its work with a certain rough, but sturdy coherence; a feeble, colorless filling in of the solo work, and a general *ensemble* rather spirited and broad, that has, at least, this one valuable result, that it leaves one longing to hear the great compositions (of which one gets at all events a general impression) really well done at some future time—these are in themselves something, though perhaps not all that was anticipated by a majority of the audience.

The selection of Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* as the opening number of the Festival was an evidence of excellent judgment. The music went tolerably from the beginning, and improved toward the close of the work, so that the fugue, "And we worship Thy name," came out with considerable precision and *élan*. The solo work in the *Te Deum* was, on the whole, singularly ineffective. Even Miss Cary, whose beautiful voice was as nearly satisfying as it is likely any voice would be in so large a space, seemed, in her

eagerness to be heard, to lose control of her phrases. Signor Campanini and Mr. Whitney were scarcely heard at all; when they were it was not pleasantly. The orchestra *was* heard; frequently in two separate and distinct bodies, and then again *en masse*, just a tantalizing instant before or after the chorus. In the *Tower of Babel* (Rubinstein's) everything moved more smoothly, and the performance of this great and difficult composition, although not entirely free from blemish, much of it unavoidable in the very nature of things, may on the whole be pronounced successful and highly creditable to Dr. Damrosch. It, as well as the Berlioz *Requiem*, which was the *pièce de résistance* on Wednesday evening, brought to light some excellent work on the part of chorus, orchestra, and soloists, and appeared to fully impress the large audience with a sense of its vivid and picturesque beauty. Rubinstein has not given to the world a work more noble and truly beautiful than this cantata, or one more entirely his own in spirit, form, and color; it is a composition to be heard again and again,—as it will no doubt be,—and one that will always be assured of a warm welcome. Besides the *Requiem* and Wagner's *Kaisermarch*, Wednesday evening's concert brought a new Festival overture, by Dr. Damrosch, a composition of quite undoubted merit and brilliant, sonorous effect. Although not strikingly novel, its themes and harmonies are interesting (the latter, perhaps, occasionally too deliberately so), the treatment of them broad and fine, and the scoring that of an accomplished musician.

Our apprehensions as to the effect that Dr. Damrosch's arrangement of his orchestra would have on the purely instrumental numbers of the programme were fully borne out by the performance of Wednesday afternoon. It was unsatisfactory in the extreme. Not only were the wind instruments, reeds especially, often so far apart in their attack as to cause the entrance of the tone-body on one side to sound like an echo of that on the other, but even the strings were ragged and uneven. This was particularly noticeable in the famous *Walkürenritt*, which, ugly enough in itself, was rendered simply hideous by the jumble into which it was thrown. The Beethoven Symphony—the Fifth—fared somewhat better from the fact that the *tempo* of the Allegro movements was taken very slow. The finale indeed seemed to us to be dragged beyond all reason or precedent, so that before twenty measures of it had been played, what had evidently been intended by the conductor for a broad, majestic movement, became a dull, heavy, and utterly wearisome pace. The Andante, on the other hand, seemed to be hurried, and lacked repose. The other instrumental numbers were the Overture to *Olympia*, by Spontini—which might well have been spared in favor of some composition of more value—and the garden-concert arrangement of Liszt's Second Rhapsody. The soloists were Madame Gerster, who sang quite delightfully the aria with two flutes from *L'Etoile du Nord*, and Miss Cary, who made the most of Berlioz's dreary and mo-



notonous reverie, *La Captive*. Why any one should write a concert song with such persistent and very successful avoidance of either tune or intelligible rhythm, and then why any one else should sing it, we do not pretend to understand. The duo from *Giulio Cesar* (Handel) a charming and graceful bit of rococo, was beautifully treated by Madame Gerster and Miss Cary, and beautifully accompanied by the orchestra as well. Signor Campanini, who was perceptibly nervous over his first singing of the "Love Song" from the *Walküre*, made ample amends in the repetition (a quite enthusiastic encore), and being more at his ease, sang beautifully. This, as the song is very difficult, means much.

The chorus had evidently made of its share of the Festival a genuine labor of love. Not to mention the *Messiah*, with which most of the singers were probably familiar, there were, besides the "Meistersinger" chorus and the chorus in the "Ninth Symphony," three great choral works to be studied and rehearsed. This means many rehearsals and much hard work. All that the chorus did in public was done as well as it could be done under the circumstances; from beginning to end the attack was, for the most part, even and neat, and the intonation excellent: we do not recall a single fault or blunder for which it could be held responsible. The same may be said of the work of the orchestra. Indeed, there were moments in several of the performances (during the *Lacrymosa* of the *Requiem*, the finale of the "Fifth" and the andante of the "Ninth" symphonies) when it was only the coolness and steadiness of the orchestra that saved matters from going irretrievably to pieces; when the conductor seemed (*only* seemed, however, for he was probably cool enough, though he had lost control of his beat) to have lost his head, and the orchestra kept *its* head beautifully. The work of the children (on the Saturday afternoon) was delightful and full of promise. Nothing could possibly have been steadier than their singing, and that they had had the most excellent training was proved beyond doubt by the bits they had to sing without accompaniment. They ended so absolutely and exquisitely on the pitch that we have yet to hear the adult chorus that can surpass, even if it rivals, the purity of their intonation.

We find, then, a public willing to come to and pay liberally for such concerts, a chorus ready to devote much time and pains to the preparation of new works, a conductor whose enthusiasm inspires those around him with something of his own devotion to his art, and an orchestra reliable in any of the emergencies that in great performances are likely to arise, and bearing itself bravely in the hottest moments of the battle. And yet, excepting certain isolated bits of solo work, occasional moments in the larger choral compositions, and the singing of the children, which was uniformly excellent, we must confess that from beginning to end the Festival gave us no moment of genuine musical enjoyment, seemed neither to have sprung

from nor to minister to a sense of art, brought no satisfaction of any kind, and taught no lesson, unless it was that of how not to do it. It was impossible not to hear within one's self the constant suggestion, "Musical hippodrome," and to wonder whether, if there were no rivalry of conductorship and struggle for notoriety and position in our midst, we should ever have been invited to expend so much labor, money, and "gush" on such an utterly unmusical performance of fine compositions. We think not. The gist of the whole affair is probably to be found right here. We have two conductors with rival claims to precedence; each has his following. With no public — ours least of all, for many reasons — would mere professional excellence suffice to establish their relative positions: it has to be done through the magnitude of their conceptions, magnitude in this case (where the one writes but little, and the other not at all) finding its expression mostly in the number of people they can get together for a performance, and the bigness or newness of the compositions they can put upon their programmes. So we — who have never yet had a thoroughly satisfying performance on a reasonable scale of any one of the great choral works, who have yet indeed to make the mere acquaintance of much of the standard repertoire, with whom, moreover, chorus-singing is still in its infancy — must needs put on our Festival programme no less than two new choral works of the largest dimensions and greatest difficulty of performance, handicapping them at the outset with chorus and orchestra of such proportions that it is simply impossible that they can be properly handled (that is, with thorough coherence of the masses, and anything of light and shade or color), and in a hall in which the best of solo work could only go for nothing. What more is to be done in the Festival announced for next year by Mr. Thomas — announced, too, with most unseemly haste and more than questionable taste, just before the commencement of Dr. Damrosch's — we cannot imagine. There are no more requiems for four orchestras to be struggled with; there is but one "Ninth Symphony;" there is no larger available auditorium than the armory of the Seventh Regiment; and unless it is to be an open-air performance of the *Battle of Vittoria*, with half a dozen batteries of artillery in support, we really cannot see what is to be its claim. To be sure, there is the *Graner* Mass of Liszt, and his *Elizabeth*; they are pretty big scores. Or perhaps he might be induced to write some new thing that should be bigger and louder than any that Berlioz ever dreamed of, — say for eight orchestras, with a full chromatic scale of kettledrums in each!

The disposition of his chorus and orchestra had no doubt been carefully considered by Dr. Damrosch, whose great intelligence and experience we are as far from questioning as we are from conceding that his disposition was the best possible under the circumstances. Indeed, we are convinced that if he could have heard the effect produced by the orchestra in the greater portion of the hall, he

would have been the first to find fault with it and propose a massing of the various bodies of instruments. Grouped as they were, — that is, not grouped but separated, a complete set of wind instruments behind the long line of first violins on one side, and another behind the second violins, at a distance of about sixty yards, with the double-basses divided into two groups, — it was simply impossible that they should play accurately together. That they were not oftener apart was remarkable, and creditable — to the players. Neither Dr. Damrosch nor any other conductor could have held them so without the most extreme care on their own part. The chorus was also dispersed rather than massed, and its work consequently suffered in precision of *ensemble*. The stage was at once too shallow and too broad; a slight additional depth would have permitted much greater compactness, which — together with the building in of the stage as a sounding-board — would, we believe, have remedied matters materially. The real trouble, however, goes back to the inception of the whole affair: it was too big. No such chorus, orchestra, or hall were ever thought of by the composers of any of the works performed, unless it might be Berlioz, for whom it would be difficult to make the tone-masses too large, and who probably had in mind very much this kind of thing in writing his *Requiem*; and we cannot but think it a pity that in a Festival involving so much labor and expense, so much fine music should be wantonly sacrificed in order that the apostle of noise should be afforded an occasion to air his rapid extravagances. And in this even Berlioz agrees. In one of the papers, "*A Travers Chants*," he says: "Music must be heard near to; its principal charm disappears with distance; it is, at the very least, singularly modified and weakened. . . . Sound, beyond a certain distance, although we may hear it, is like a flame that we see, but the warmth of which we do not feel. . . . The effect of the orchestra in too large halls is defective, incomplete and false, inasmuch as it is other than that which the composer intended while writing his score, even if his score was written expressly for the large hall in which it was heard." And again: "For the musical action of voices and instruments to be complete, all the tones must reach the listener simultaneously, and with the same vitality of vibration. In a word, sounds written in score must reach the ear in score." This, however, — simultaneity of vibration, the carrying of the tone-mass "in score," that is, accurately together, — is rendered as impossible by the too great separation of the tone-bodies as it is by the too great size of the hall. The mere imposing effect on the eye of an army of singers and players, the full, satisfying tone that such an army produces in the broader choral passages, — all this affects the unthinking public, which is stirred and excited by it knows not what. But it is only the lower musical nature that is reached by what is performed in this big rough-shod manner: the true art sense is not even touched. Noise is not necessarily music; past a certain point is not

music at all. And in just so far as we carry our festivals and other performances into the region of mere noise and claptrap, just so far are we leaving behind us the plane of true art, and descending to the level of noise-making. And festivals such as the one we have just passed through are and can be at best but a mere hodge-podge,—a musical debauch, in which what should be the inspiring wine of life is abused and spilled upon the ground.

Of the performances themselves we have little more to say. That of the *Messiah* was more nearly satisfactory than any other of the great choral compositions. It had the advantage of being familiar to most of the singers, and is a work, moreover, that we are so accustomed to hearing sung in the English manner—i. e., with but little variation of light and shade—that it suffered less from the unwieldiness of the masses than most of the others. The "Ninth Symphony" was about as bad a performance as we can imagine,—coarse, crude, and ineffective. The baritone recitative in the last movement was, however, an exception. Of the purely orchestral work the best performances were probably the overture to the "Meistersinger," and the "Preludes" of Liszt, the latter quite effective and more nearly coherent than most of the others. The Schubert Duo-March arrangement is one on which Dr. Damrosch is hardly to be congratulated. The Schubert quality cannot be said to be improved by such bits of contrapuntal frippery as those with which the Doctor has embellished it; nor does he seem to us to have caught the spirit of either Schubert's intention or his habitual style of instrumentation in his manner of scoring it.

#### GOUNOD'S "LE TRIBUT DE ZAMORA."

The career of M. Gounod as an operatic composer is somewhat peculiar. After the production of his first opera, *Sappho*, in 1851, dramatic works followed at no very distant intervals from his pen. *La Nonne Sanglante* and *Le Médecin malgré Lui* led the way to his greatest work, *Faust*, which was first given in 1859. *Faust* was succeeded by *Philémon et Baucis*, *La Reine de Saba*, *Mireille*, *La Colombe*, and *Roméo et Juliette*, all of which, though containing many beauties, failed to repeat the success of *Faust*. After *Roméo et Juliette* the composer produced no opera for a period of ten years, though it was while in England during this time that he wrote the music to *Polyeucte*. His only contributions to the stage were the incidental music to the plays of *Les Deux Reines de France* and *Jeanne d'Arc*. The latter, many of our readers will remember, was given in London at one of M. Gounod's concerts in 1874. After ten years' abstention from the operatic stage, M. Gounod brought forward his *Cinq Mars* at the Opéra Comique, Paris, in April, 1877, following it with *Polyeucte* at the Grand Opéra in October, 1878. Neither work, however, obtained more than a *succès d'estime*,—at least, if we may judge from the fact that neither has been since revived. Immediately after the production of *Polyeucte* it was announced that the composer was at work upon a new opera in four acts, *Le Tribut de Zamora*, which saw the light on the 1st inst.

Before speaking of the music of M. Gounod's last work it will be best to give an outline of the libretto, which has been written by Messrs.

D'Ennery and Brésil. The scene of the first act is a square at Oviedo. Manoël Diaz, a Spanish soldier, is about to be married to Xaïma, when a troop of Arabs arrives, commanded by Ben-Saïd, an ambassador from the Caliph of Cordova, who comes to demand from Ramire II, King of Oviedo, the tribute of Zamora, consisting of twenty young maidens. Among those on whom the lot falls to go into captivity is the young bride Xaïma, whose charms at once excite the admiration of Ben-Saïd. The second act passes in the suburbs of Cordova. While the Moorish soldiers are celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Zamora, an Arab officer, Hadjar, a brother of Ben-Saïd, is protecting from their insults a madwoman, Hermosa, one of the Spanish prisoners, who belongs to Ben-Saïd. Manoël, who, disguised as a soldier of Barbary, has followed Xaïma to Cordova, is recognized by Hadjar, whose life he had saved on the field of battle. Informed of the loves of Manoël and Xaïma, Hadjar promises his preserver to ransom his bride; but at the sale of the captives which follows, Ben-Saïd, more and more in love with Xaïma, outbids all other competitors, and carries her off to his harem. In the third act the scene presents Ben-Saïd's palace. The Arab tries in vain to win the love of Xaïma. Hadjar enters with Don Manoël, whom he presents to his brother as his preserver, and for whom he asks the freedom of the captive. Ben-Saïd, on his refusal, is insulted and provoked by Don Manoël, who is, however, easily disarmed, and is about to pay for his temerity with his life, when Xaïma enters. At her solicitation Ben-Saïd spares Don Manoël, but only on condition that he departs immediately. Xaïma, left to herself, is in despair, when she is joined by Hermosa, who, in a scene in which she relates how her husband was killed at the massacre and burning of Zamora, gradually recovers her reason, and recognizes her daughter in the captive. In the fourth and last act the gardens of Ben-Saïd's palace are seen. Manoël has scaled the walls to see Xaïma for the last time. They resolve to die together, and he is about to strike her to the heart and then to kill himself, when Hermosa appears, snatches the weapon from him, and conceals it in her bosom. The lovers, left alone, are surprised by Ben-Saïd, who orders Manoël to be taken back under escort to Oviedo. He is removed, and the Arab renews his importunities to his captive. He is interrupted by Hermosa, who begs him to restore her daughter to her. The chief, considering her still to be mad, treats her as such, when she suddenly draws from her bosom the weapon she had snatched from Manoël, and plunges it in his breast. She is seized by soldiers who enter, but is saved once more by Hadjar, who acquits her of blame on the ground of insanity.

It will be seen from this sketch that the libretto is one which offers good situations to a composer; but it is difficult to give a direct answer to the question whether Gounod has availed himself to the full of his opportunities. The impressions produced by a careful hearing of *Le Tribut de Zamora* are of a very mixed description. Of the musical skill, the stage experience, and the dramatic instinct of the composer of *Faust*, it is quite superfluous to speak; to these every page of his new opera bears tribute. But if it be asked, Has the composer given us here any new manifestation of his genius? Does his latest work contain anything which has not been heard before? we are reluctantly compelled to answer in the negative. *Le Tribut de Zamora* contains some exceedingly graceful and charming ballet music, and has one magnificent scene—the duet between Hermosa and Xaïma, which concludes the third act, though even in this scene it is the appropriateness of the dramatic expression,

rather than the novelty of the musical ideas, which chiefly strikes us. But the rest of the work, though never tedious nor dull, is absolutely wanting in freshness of ideas. Occasionally actual reminiscences are to be found. For instance, in Hermosa's song (Act II),

Ah! quelle joie  
L'ange m'envoie!

is a passage identical even in tonality with one of the most familiar phrases in Agatha's great scene in the *Freyshütz*; while the whole scene of the sale of the slaves, which forms the *finale* of the same act, would certainly never have been written in its present form but for the auction scene in *La Dame Blanche*. For this, however, we hold the authors of the libretto at least as responsible as the composer; for the situations are so parallel as to render a certain similarity in the musical treatment almost inevitable. Of suggestions of *Faust* and other of Gounod's works, which are by no means unfrequent, we think less, for there are very few composers who do not at times repeat themselves. But besides such passages we find, almost throughout the work, that kind of indistinct reminiscence of other things which at times becomes positively irritating, because, while it sounds perfectly familiar, one vainly endeavors to recall exactly where one has heard it all before. The finish of the workmanship, the taste and beauty of the orchestration, cannot be too highly praised; the one thing wanting is freshness of idea.

Among the best portions of the opera, besides the great duet mentioned above, may be named the very pretty opening chorus, the wedding chorus in the first act with the accompaniment of three church bells, the whole *finale* of the first act, the quaint march in D-minor accompanying the entrance of the Cadi (Act II), the delicious ballet music in the third act, and the great scene in the fourth between Hermosa and Ben-Saïd. On the other hand, several numbers might be named which are decidedly commonplace, while one or two are even vulgar.

The performance was one of high excellence. The place of honor certainly belongs to Mdle. Krauss, whose acting as Hermosa showed her to be a tragedian of a very high order. Her impersonation of the mad and despairing mother reminded us forcibly of artists no less great than the late lamented Tietjens and Frau Materna. As a singer we cannot speak so highly of her. In the dramatic moments she has a tendency to force her voice and to sing out of tune. Besides this, the *tremolo*, which is the vice of the French school, and from which scarcely one of the singers at the Grand Opéra is exempt, was at times painfully noticeable. Mdle. Daram (Xaïma) is a most pleasing, intelligent, and satisfactory artist without being actually great. M. Lassalle, who is well known to our London audiences, was extremely fine, both as a singer and actor, as Ben-Saïd; while M. Sellier, in the important part of Manoël, showed himself the possessor of a very fine tenor voice, which he used most artistically. The Hadjar of M. Mehbissédé was another most praiseworthy performance, while the smaller parts were, without exception, satisfactory. The band and chorus, directed by M. Altès, left absolutely nothing to desire, while the *mise en scène* and the incidental ballet were no less tasteful, elaborate, and even gorgeous.

The reception of the work by the audience, which filled every seat of the immense house, was favorable without being enthusiastic. To an English hearer, the disciplined applause of the *claque* produced at times a somewhat amusing effect, especially when, as not unfrequently happened, the rest of the house was to all appearance totally apathetic. These things, however, are managed differently in France. If *Le Tribut*

*de Zamora* should have a long run, we think it will be owing to the excellence of the performance, and especially to the acting of *Mlle. Krauss*, which alone is worth the journey to Paris to see, rather than to the intrinsic merits of the music. — *London Athenæum*.

### LADY PIANISTS.

To the Editor of the *London Musical World*:—

Sir,—"Moi, je ne connais pas de rival," was the characteristic speech of R—n to "Professor" E—a; at least, so the nothing-if-not-anecdotal veteran was wont to quote as an example of the ingrain vanity of "genius."

But perhaps there was more of fact than of vanity in the proposition, when dispassionately considered. A celebrated executant scarcely has *rivals*, for the very solution of the question why A succeeds when Z fails is this: A does something unlike his predecessors, while Z may repeat and even improve upon them, only what he does has been heard before. The world does not want to hear what it has heard before. It wants something new. It has a laurel wreath in reserve for individuality. It does not particularly care *what* individuality, being ready to accept grave, gay, deep, superficial, in turn; but individuality alone holds the ticket of admission to the dais where "the World," enthroned, dispenses the prizes.

Cast even a cursory glance at the list of the names the world has adopted as "rulers of their kind," and it will be found that scarcely two among them were couples in theory and thought, or in feeling and expression.

For example, take the feminine pianoforte-players who have "made their names." They are by no means fair blooms upon a common stalk. Their individuality is as various as the countries which gave them birth. Yet each is as entitled to admiring respect as she is open to criticism. As it is human to err, so the very charm of a human gift is closely connected with its imperfection. It is the imperfections as well as the gifts of a few feminine leaders of the pianoforte-executants that I propose to enumerate.

First and foremost, *Clara Schumann*. First, because the root of her talent lies undeniably the deepest. A humorist has said, "that before you can understand a German, you must dig him up by the roots." Although this scarcely applies to executants, there are cases where the hearer will not rightly judge certain celebrated German *virtuosi* unless in a thoughtful mood; especially *Mme. Schumann*, with whom accuracy of detail holds a secondary rank. Intensely subjective, her thoughts, her fingers, are to her merely the medium between the composer she interprets and the minds of her listeners. She forgets herself, her abstraction even leading to unconscious mannerisms, and her listeners follow her, and think more of the composition than of its exponent. As the composer's ideas are so forcibly impressed upon her audience, their attention is riveted upon these, and the slight technical failures of the pianist—blurred *minutiae*, slurred passages—appeal to dulled ears. The power present is subjective, self-abnegatory; as it is a strong power it rules so as to make the audience subjective and self-abnegatory also, in a fainter degree,—subjective, because they are thinking of *what* they are hearing rather than *how* they are hearing; self-abnegatory, because all *Mme. Schumann's* admirers seem with common consent to waive individual tastes and predilections, to which her somewhat unenthused and rugged execution can seldom appeal. This ruling power belongs to leaders only. *Clara Wieck-Schumann* is the leader of a school. She has, and will have, followers and imitators; but she cannot have a successor.

The leader of another (the directly opposite)

school is *Mme. Arabella Goddard*. To deny the great English pianist her rank is impossible in the teeth of her Continental reputation among European artists, by whom, as travelled artists well know, she is unanimously acknowledged. As *Mme. Schumann* is absolutely subjective, so is *Mme. Goddard* entirely objective. Like *Holman Hunt* among painters, she is the apostle of detail. She approaches her composer and his ideas from without, and laboriously interprets in a series of finished and exquisite touches, each perfect in itself. If the succession of atomic impressions leaves a quantity of minute memories rather than a sound, if incomplete, general notion, this is the fault of the objective school rather than of its faithful, if unimpassioned, priestess. The roughest grumblers against the "Goddard" school of pianoforte-playing admit that while hearing the English pianist they have experienced certain sensations so intricate and subtle that for the moment they were enslaved. They admit that each effect was produced at the exact instant, that no *pianissimo* nor *sforzando* was wanting, the *diminuendi* and *crescendi* being wrought with an enthralling nicety; "yet, after all, it was but an effigy hammered out by rule," is the final growl of the Subjectives—the "rough-and-ready" clamorers for the Ideal. If it is an untidy, even ugly, ideal, no matter. They would accept the most grotesque "living thing" rather than the polished symmetry of the most smilingly beautiful statue. . . . Yet there are those whose love of Order keeps them content at the feet of Beauty, even if that Beauty be petrified, changeless; and at the head of these, so far as pianoforte-playing is concerned, *Arabella Goddard* sits upon a throne which can never be usurped. As there can never be another *Clara Schumann*, so there can never be another *Arabella Goddard*.

In all of the supplementary life humanity calls "art" there are two legitimate schools, the *subjective* and *objective*; the *subjective* sacrificing the actual to the ideal, the *objective* claiming to reach the ideal through the actual. I have alluded to these natural laws as exemplified in the heads of feminine pianoforte-players; but there are certain wandering spirits who are essentially democratic and subversive, and who, pretending to be bound by no rules, enlist themselves under those which are most cruel, most inconsiderate, because they are outside known law.

In all time, in all species of art, there are these erratic beings. We generally see a full crop appear when art has become more than usually arbitrary, didactic, and consequently empty. In the annals of pianoforte-playing, the smooth alliteration of a *Hummel* and a *Cramer* was followed by the sudden appearance on the stage of—a *Liszt*.

This is not the time nor the place (nor do I, your humble correspondent, possess the power) to discuss the position in the musical universe of this glittering meteor. But it is undeniable that he became a leader (of negation?) and that he had myriads of followers. In pianoforte-playing he has his women emulators. Among these stands pre-eminent the Austrian, *Sophie Menter*.

Such a perfect specimen of a feminine follower of the *Liszt* school we have not as yet seen. *Mme. Menter* is eminently fitted for her vocation physically—being large and loosely made—and mentally, her interpretations being also large and loose and without the concentrated tenderness which is generally to be traced in a woman's doings. Wherever the music she undertakes to interpret vouchsafes a subject, that subject is disjointed and vague, ill suited to feminine feeling. *Mme. Menter*, however, by reason of her peculiar temperament, augments these subjects with her singularly similar individuality; therefore we hear *Liszt* emphasized, a boon to *Liszt*-lovers. A large tone, a large delivery, large executive

skill—what more can be wanted to interpret that ambitious clamor for more than music chooses to give? The gentle *Liszt* has yet to show whether her powers are sufficiently expanded for the legitimate to edge its way within the broad embrace with which she has evidently clasped its reverse.

In Germany they say, "all good things go in threes." As lady pianists are essentially good things, let me stay my pen after alluding to these—three heads of schools—and not weary your readers nor trespass upon your space by alluding to a crowd, which could only be classified below them. I am, sir, your obedient servant, A. L.

### A MODEL THEATRE.

The company of the Court Theatre at *Saxe-Meiningen* has acquired a remarkable and peculiar reputation in Germany. This is due not merely to the excellence of the performances in their own theatre, but to those which they have given in *Berlin*, *Dresden*, *Vienna* and other cities. It is a common custom in Germany for single actors to be invited to join other companies for a few weeks, when they are called "guests," in order that they may play the parts in which they have acquired the greatest distinction at home. In the case of the *Meiningen* theatre, however, it is not single actors who make these friendly expeditions to other places, but the entire company, so that "Die Meininger" have come to be spoken of collectively, as a body of persons governed by a particular system and animated by a common purpose. In fact, their visits to German towns are regarded, both by themselves and others, as missionary enterprises, the object of which is the improvement of the stage. Reformers, especially those who wear their badges openly on their sleeves, are usually regarded with suspicion, if not with dislike. The *Meiningers*, on the contrary, have become extraordinarily popular. Wherever they go the theatre is crowded: not once merely, but night after night, so long as they can be prevailed upon to stay; and they are usually pressed to repeat their visit at the earliest opportunity possible. Up to this time they have never played out of Germany. Now, however, they are about to give a series of performances at *Drury Lane Theatre*. When the present grand duke succeeded his father, in 1866, he found a company at the *Hof Theatre* neither better nor worse than in other German towns of the same importance. It was, as is customary, a double company, giving operas and plays on alternate evenings. The duke, however, actuated by a laudable desire of doing one thing well, soon made up his mind to abandon opera and to devote his energies to the representation of plays as completely as the resources and limits of the stage would allow. The condition of the German theatre, so he thought, was not satisfactory. Modern pieces, such as translations of popular French novelties, light comedies and farces, might be put on the boards as well as they deserved to be; but the higher forms of the modern drama, the classical masterpieces of Germany, and the plays of *Shakespeare*, whom, as is well known, the Germans have adopted and made their own, were performed in a very slovenly fashion. It needed a very critical eye to perceive this. Englishmen who have had the good fortune to see *Faust* or *Hamlet* at one of the great German theatres have rejoiced that there was still a stage on which poetical plays could be represented with respect to the author's own intention, without curtailment from deference to the habits of the audience or some stupid tradition of the stage, and, as it appeared to them, with far greater attention to details and to the adequate presentation of the minor characters than is possible in



England. The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, however, thought otherwise. It appeared to him that, while one or two parts were intrusted to actors of talent, the rest were neglected; that the scenery was too often inappropriate; and that the costumes and accessories lacked historical accuracy. He therefore set to work to correct these defects in his own theatre. In every play produced there the same pains were to be bestowed on the small parts as on the great ones. Self-assertion on the part of any member of the company was not to be thought of. It is one of his principles that there should be no "supers" in his theatre: only actors and actresses, any of whom must expect, if need be, to be called upon to take the smallest parts. When a piece has been selected for performance, the principal parts are first studied under his own direction, and often in his own presence, until he is satisfied; after which the different scenes are gradually put together and rehearsed over and over again, always with the scenery and all the persons, whether speaking or silent, who are to appear in them, so that complete harmony may be produced, and everybody, small as well as great, may feel their responsibility in the perfect realization of the picture. By this means carelessness and listlessness on the part of the lookers-on are avoided. They are made to understand that gestures may be as eloquent as words, and that each member of a crowd ought to possess a distinct and definite individuality while taking part in a common action. In consequence, the throngs that fill the stage in such plays as *Julius Caesar*, *Fiesco*, and *Wallenstein's Camp* (all of which are to be given in London) are said to be quite wonderful in their reality, and in the way in which varieties of nationality and motive are indicated. "Work," says the duke, "is the secret of the Meiningers' success;" and the verdict of German audiences is wholly in his favor. Wherever the Meiningers perform they leave their mark behind them by stimulating audiences to demand, and managers to attempt, increased efficiency in these really important matters, which are often regarded as accessories upon which neither time nor thought need be expended. It must not, however, be supposed that the abolition of the detestable star system has rendered the performance of any great work inadequate. If no performer be pre-eminent, on the other hand no one is admitted who is inadequate. The average is remarkably high. — *Boston Herald*.

#### READING FROM FIGURED BASS.

It is now some eighteen months ago that the leader of the *Musical Standard* was devoted to the subject of Reading from Score,—that branch so necessary, yet so neglected in the studies of the young musician of to-day. Already a change for the better has taken place since the University of Cambridge has included it in their examination for the degree of Bachelor in Music. Hand-in-hand with the study of score reading—in fact one might almost call it the *preparatory* study—is that of reading from figured bass. If one could take the average opinions of the musical profession on this branch, it would probably be that it is only useful to the cathedral organist in playing from old scores. Even those professors who teach harmony to their pupils rarely extend their labors to the rightful end by making their scholars apply their theory to their playing, thus watching the chord formations and analyzing them as they go by.

Harmony, it is commonly supposed, is necessary to any one wishing to be a composer, wishing to pass some examination, or wishing for the honor of adding some letters to the flourish after his name. It may truly be said that the history

of most things may be compared to the swing of the pendulum; so in regard to reading from figured bass. There was a time when one might almost say there was no other way of playing. From the epoch of Peri, Viadama, and Monteverde (who first used this method), down almost to the beginning of the present century, including Bach and Handel, it was the custom to write for the organ part simply a figured bass line. But the pendulum has now swung to the other side, and all music, whether for organ or piano, is written out in full. The player of a hundred years ago used his *mind* as he filled up from the simple figured bass elaborate and artistic accompaniments. The player of to-day, as compared with his predecessor, a mere machine, uses only his fingers to play the notes already printed for him. A barrel-organ can play (and often far more correctly) the usual work of a modern player; but no machine, however skilfully constructed, could fill up the chords of a figured bass. So far, however, only one side of the subject has been treated. It remains now to show that this branch of the art is *useful* to the performer of to-day, as well as interesting to the student of the past.

Firstly, it enables him to read at sight with far greater ease. The man who is accustomed to play from a figured bass has no need to read carefully every note. He glances at the *chord*, not as four, five or six individual *notes*, but as a concrete mass, and plays it, while the poor performer, who studies alone the practical side, reads up each note one after another, and at last, after far greater labor and expenditure of time, arrives at the same result. To the organist, where the masses of notes in chords are often huge, it becomes doubly helpful. Take such a piece, for instance, as Guilman's celebrated Chœur in D. What labor for the performer to read up often the eight or even nine notes that sometimes make up the chords contained in the piece! Yet how easy for the theoretical student to cast his eye on the mass—a simple chord, not nine separate notes, but the major common chord of D. It is of course true that harmony must be carefully and, as the old Puritans would have said, "painfully" studied, before every chord can be told at a glance; but when once this has been achieved the ease obtained in performance is immense. How is it obtainable? A most simple plan presents itself. When studying harmony, before writing down exercises let them be *played* through first, *then written*, and when the chapter or section, say on chords of the seventh or on suspensions, is ended, let the pupil play over his corrected exercises and then play the figured basses from the text-book. Were this plan adopted by professors of harmony, far more practical results would attend their labors. In yet another form this study is useful to the organist. Extensive playing is of two kinds,—that which flows without mental effort and that of which each chord and phrase has to be carefully thought out. How is it possible that this latter can be well done without a practical knowledge of harmony? To the harpist, who so often has to "vamp" an accompaniment to a song, it is again of use.

Lastly, it is scarcely possible properly to play the piano without some understanding of it. Professors tell their pupils that the "sustaining" pedal is never to be used beyond the limit of one chord. How often arise cases in which, to one ignorant of the practical side of harmony, it is an impossibility to know when the chord has really ended; or again, when one discordant note foreign to the sustained chord appears and is carefully prolonged by the pupil to the agony of the master. But enough has been said as to the use of reading from figured bass. The attention of young *organists* has been directed to the sub-

ject, since it is included in the tests at the examinations for members of their profession; but its *universal* value has unfortunately during the past few decades been sadly overlooked. Now, however, in this period of musical awakening in which we find ourselves, it is to be hoped that the excellent study of reading from figured bass may once more be revived. — FRANK J. SAWYER (*Lond. Mus. Standard*).

### Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1881.

#### MUSIC IN THE SCHOOLS.

We have recently enjoyed several opportunities of witnessing the method and results of teaching vocal music in our public schools. We copy elsewhere an account of one of these illustrations in the Hancock Grammar School for girls. It was simply an ordinary specimen of the lesson given once in two weeks to the three younger classes by Mr. Holt. Perhaps, owing to Mr. Holt's remarkable tact and individual faculty, the example was above the average; yet essentially the same method is pursued in all the schools, by other excellent teachers, and this method is the result of the experience and thought of all of them. It first took root, however, in the primary schools, when a man possessed with the genius of love and patience for such work in such a humble sphere, Mr. Luther W. Mason (now doing the same work in Japan), began to teach the smallest children how to sing naturally and sweetly, first by ear and then by note. That was in 1864. For simple songs he used the first part of "Hohmann's Practical Course." He taught them to sing the scale to a single syllable (*la*), with the *Do, Re, Mi*, with the letters *C, A, B*, etc., and with the numerals denoting the tonic relations 1, 2, 3, etc. In one year he had established his system in one hundred and eighty-five of the two hundred and fifty primary schools. It was not long before they began to sing by note in parts of simple harmony. This method was adopted and developed further in the grammar schools by Mr. Sharland and others, and in the Girls' High and Normal School by Mr. Eichberg, who for some years has held the position of superintendent of the musical instruction in all the public schools.

Yet even now it is only ideally that the system can be called complete. As practically embodied it is like the old maps in which large regions, unexplored, are only vaguely outlined. Since Mr. Mason's departure the primary schools have been left to the regular teachers of the schools, who had imbibed something of the art from the originator, and the Boys' Latin and English High Schools have been almost wholly neglected. Questions have arisen and wavering policies pursued. The fit of municipal economy has interfered destructively. Then the whole method is in controversy still. Some would abolish staff notation, and have children taught upon the "Tonic Sol-Fa" system. Others cry out against the absurdity, as they think, of what they call the "movable *Do*," instead of always associating *Do, Re, Mi*, etc., with one and the same absolute pitch.

Mr. Holt's lesson fully proved the *Tonic Sol-Fa* system to be quite unnecessary; while as to the "movable *Do*," or the making *Do* stand for the key-note of whatever scale, it was manifest to all present that the children made the transpositions with unerring certainty, and, as it seemed, instinctively, without conscious intellectual effort. In this way the scholar learns not only to strike the given tone, but he unconsciously learns at the same time the relations of the tones to one another and to the fundamental or key-tone of

whatever scale. Does this prevent the recognition of "absolute pitch" with those who may be capable of that anyway? Not in the least. So there is something gained, and nothing lost.

Mr. Holt's teaching is objective. The children are made to feel and recognize the tones as mental objects; while whatever of theory, or grammar, or arbitrary conventional signs and devices may be involved in the process, they get it all unconsciously, as one learns to know the streets, with the shop signs, by often passing through them. He does not make the great mistake of puzzling them with theory before they know music, which is like the old absurdity of teaching English grammar, the most abstract of studies, to young children.

The reading and singing in parts, the training of the ear to harmony, was very beautiful. And the power of sustaining a tone while other voices moved into a neighbor tone, producing passing dissonance resolving into harmony, was finely illustrated when the teacher used two pointers, thereby extemporizing what was literally *count-erpoint!* But more hereafter.

### BERLIOZ'S REQUIEM.

(Concluded.)

No. 6. (*Lacrymosa*.) The longest movement in the whole *Requiem*. The rhythm of the orchestra is peculiar, and can best be shown by quotation:—

WOODEN WIND.

HORNS.

VIOLINS & VIOLAS.

TENORS.

'CELLI & BASSES.

*f* La - - - cry-mo - sa

di - es il - - - la.

This theme is worked out at great length, and with a very firm hand, the orchestra gradually growing stronger and stronger, until all the vast army of instruments lend their voices to the billowing tide of harmony. There is but little variety: the music rolls on and on with the terrible persistency of Fate. Formally, it is the simplest movement in the *Requiem*; it is one continuous wail. Yet it is not by any means easy to sing

well. Unless the chorus sing with something of nobility of style, and great breadth in phrasing, there is much danger of the music reminding one of some of the slow ensemble pieces in modern Italian opera; things from which it differs widely in spirit, although it resembles them somewhat in the method of its development and the pertinacious swing of its rhythm.

No. 7. (*Offertorium*.) A long fugued movement in *D*-minor, for orchestra without trumpets, trombones or drums, two ophicleides being used at times, very like contrafagotti, to strengthen the basses. The general character of the music is that of the slow fugued marches which Berlioz was fond of writing (the one in the *Enfance du Christ*, for example); marches more by their steady, onward progression than by their rhythm. Of all the things of this sort Berlioz has written, this one seems to me to be the most thoroughly beautiful. It is a gem in its way. While the orchestra is thus engaged, the chorus repeat at intervals, *sotto voce* (in unison and octaves), the text of the *Offertorium*; "*Domine Jesu Christe, Rex glorie, libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum*," etc. The choral phrase to which this text is sung bears no rhythmic relation to the music of the orchestra, and consists of only two notes, *A* and *B-flat*, repeated over and over again. The monotony of this psalmody contrasts finely with the rich variety of figures and instrumental tiffs in the orchestra. The effect of the whole is singularly impressive. Near the end the orchestra becomes silent, while the chorus still repeats its droning murmur: "*Quam olim Abraham, et semini ejus*," when at the word "*promisisti*," the harmony gets fuller and fuller, until a beautiful cadence in *D*-major (twice repeated) brings the movement to a close.

No. 8. (*Hostias et Preces*.) A four-part chant for male chorus, containing some exquisitely beautiful harmony. The orchestra is, for the most part, silent, playing a long-sustained and swelled chord after every sentence sung by the chorus. These chords in the orchestra may be ranked among the most original "effects" in the whole work. Here Berlioz has made an orchestral experiment which no one has ever attempted to reproduce, in spite of the striking and almost unearthly beauty of the effect he has succeeded in obtaining. Indeed, any reproduction would be the sheerest plagiarism. These chords are in four-part harmony, written for three flutes and eight tenor trombones, the flutes playing the three upper notes of each chord high above the staff, while all the trombones play the bass note in unison, and in their very lowest register. Thus there is a gap of three, and sometimes four, octaves between the bass and the part next above it. The effect is wonderfully beautiful; Berlioz has best described it himself, in his "*Traité d'Instrumentation*," as follows:—

"The sound of the flutes, separated from that of the trombones by an immense interval, seems to thus be the very high harmonic resonance of the latter." One would naturally think that the eight trombones, playing in unison, would largely over-balance the three flutes, but such is not the case; the dynamic equilibrium is perfect.

No. 9. (*Sanctus*.) Surely few things in sacred music can be called more divinely beautiful than this tenor solo, each phrase of which is answered in turn by the three-part female chorus. This solo would of itself suffice to show that Berlioz's exhaustive knowledge of all the resources of the orchestra, and his exceptionally skilful treatment of the same, were fully equalled by his skill in treating the human voice. Although the solo is written almost exclusively in the highest register of the tenor voice, it is as easily mastered by the singer as hosts of other songs which run on less ambitious notes. The very high pas-

sages almost sing themselves, and require no effort on the part of the performer. The music is full of striking enharmonic modulations, yet the general sense of the tonality (*D-flat-major*) is securely preserved. The orchestral accompaniment consists of violas playing a four-part *tremolo*, while a flute and four solo violins *con sordini* play long-sustained notes in *altissimo*. The effect is of the most luminous; the music is white with a heavenly radiance. This wonderful *Andante* is followed by a short, spirited three-part tonal fugue, almost without accompaniment, to the words: "*Hosanna in excelsis!*" The second violins double the soprani, the 'celli double the tenors, and the double-basses double the basses. The rest of the orchestra is silent. Then the "*Sanctus*" is repeated note for note, the 'celli now playing a low bass under the *tremolo* of the violas, while every now and then a *pianissimo* note is struck by the big drum and cymbals. Then the fugue is repeated in turn, now accompanied by the full orchestra (cornets and ophicleides being substituted for the more usual trombones), while the first violins, divided into four parts, continue their long *altissimo* notes.

No. 10. (*Agnus Dei* and *Requiem*.) The wooden wind instruments play a series of simple triads, separated by long rests, each chord being re-echoed in turn by the violas. The succession of chords is peculiar: *A*-major, *B-flat*-major, *A*-minor, *C*-major, *A*-minor, *D*-major, *G*-major. It seems like harmonies from the other world, the mysterious effect being enhanced by the wonderful way in which Berlioz has combined the instruments. I have never heard such a hollow, almost ghastly, tone proceed from instruments. It sounds as if the chords were played by the ghosts of flutes and reeds. The *Agnus* itself is but a repetition of the music of the *Hostias* in a different rhythm.

The closing *Requiem* is also a repetition, note for note, of the first number of the work, to which is now added a most beautiful *Amen* in *G*-major. In this *Amen*, all the sixteen trombones (playing in four-parts), and all the drums, are added to the original orchestra. Musically speaking, it consists of a series of six distinct cadences, all of which close on the chord of *G*-major. (I quote only the chorus-parts.) W. F. A.

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

### LOCAL ITEMS.

The readers of the *Evening Transcript* are to be congratulated on the fact that Mr. William F. Apthorp has undertaken the duties of musical critic in that bright and independent, no longer "little" paper, succeeding Mr. Clement, who assumes the chair of editor-in-chief. Mr. F. H. Jenks looks after the theatres, etc.

—THE HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will give orchestral concerts at the Boston Museum on Thursday afternoons, December 8, 1881, January 5, January 26,

February 16 and March 9, 1882. The orchestra will number sixty players, with Carl Zerrahn as conductor and Bernard Listemann as leading first violin. Season tickets (to be procured only through members of the Association), \$5.00 each; single tickets, \$1.50.

—At a meeting of the Apollo Club, June 7, the following-named officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, John Phelps Putnam; Vice-President, Robert M. Morse, Jr.; Clerk, Arthur Reed; Treasurer, Charles T. Howard; Librarian, John N. Danforth; Musical Director, B. J. Lang; Committee on Music, Allen A. Brown, for three years; Committee on Voices, John H. Stickney, William P. Blake, Edward C. Moseley, Henry M. Aiken.

—At the annual meeting of the Cecilia, held June 9, the following were elected officers: President, S. Lothrop Thorndike; Vice-President, S. W. Langmaid; Secretary, George O. G. Conle; Treasurer, Arthur Reed; Librarian, Henry G. Carey; Directors, A. Parker Browne; George E. Foster, I. F. Kingsbury, W. J. Windram.

—A concert by some of the pupils of the Peter-silea Academy was given Thursday night in the Union Hall, before a large audience. The programme was a varied one, and included, besides piano-playing, two readings and two songs by young ladies, and a cornet solo. Above the general excellence of the piano-playing, that of Master Milo Benedict at once impressed itself as being remarkable, both in execution and intelligent interpretation. He is an exceedingly interesting boy of about fourteen, whose talent for the piano is particularly wonderful, in that he gives to his playing very much more refined and delicate expression than could be expected from one of his years. The playing of Miss Lottie Du Vernet and the reading of Miss Susie Porter were also especially enjoyable. —*Advertiser*.

—At the closing concert by the Schubert Club of Salem, last evening, there were presented the cantata of *The Crusaders*, by Niels W. Gade, Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen singing the part of Armida, Dr. S. W. Langmaid that of Rinaldo, and Mr. A. F. Arnold that of Peter the Hermit; selections from the *Ancient Mariner*, Dr. Langmaid singing the tenor solos and Mr. Arnold the bass. The performances were under the direction of Mr. W. J. Winch, and gave great satisfaction. —*Transcript*, June 4.

—The Philharmonic Society will give eight concerts for the benefit of its associate members next season, the dates being the following: Thursday evenings, November 10, December 1, December 22, January 12, February 2, February 23, March 16, and April 13. The details of the scheme of programmes will not be acted upon until action is taken in regard to a conductor for the season, a question likely to be decided during the coming week.

—Gustave Albert Lortzing's opera, *The Czar and Zimmerman*, is to be included in the repertoire of the "Ideal" opera company next season being given the title, *The Czar and Carpenter*. Mr. Oscar Weil, who has for four years been engaged at the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, in operatic translation and adaptation, has prepared the libretto, and the opera will be brought out under his direction. The cast is to be: Burgomaster, M. H. Whitney; Peter Ivanow, W. H. Fessenden; the Czar, W. H. MacDonald; Marquis, Tom Karl; Lord Lyndham, G. Kammerlee; Lefort, George Frothingham; Widow Brown, Lizzie Burton; Marie, Marie Stone. The opera was written in 1837, and immediately became popular all over Germany, where it is still a standard work. It was brought out at the Gaiety Theatre, London, 1871, and made a great success. The music and the book are both bright and attractive, and one of the notable numbers is a quartet for male voices, which will be sung by Messrs. Whitney, MacDonald, Karl and Fessenden. Lortzing was his own librettist, and, having been educated for the stage, subsequently studied music, and sang with success the tenor roles in this and other operas. The membership of the "Ideals" will be exactly the same as last year, and the dates of the company are practically filled for the entire season of 1881 and '82.

—MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. A number of well-known musical men and prominent educators were present in the large hall of the Hancock School yesterday afternoon to witness Mr. H. E. Holt's method of teaching singing. Among those present were General Henry K. Oliver, J. W. Dickinson, Secretary of the State Board of Education, Professor David B. Hagar of Salem, William Cogswell of Bradford, B. J. Lang, J. W. Tufts, S. B. Whitney, J. B. Sharland, H. M. Mason, several of the school supervisors, and members of the school committee. Mr. Holt, who is one of the music instructors in the public schools, is a firm believer in the system now taught in the public schools, and believes that the ear of his pupil should be trained before

the attempt is made to teach the eye; and he showed conclusively how practical results can be achieved by the staff notation. He showed that there is no need of the tonic sol-fa notation, which dispenses with notes and staff, and which is slowly creeping into the public schools of this country, after the English custom. Mr. Holt's method consists in teaching sounds as mental objects, the notes being sounded in numerical order, thereby impressing themselves indelibly on the minds of the young scholars. The objective teaching is caught instantly by the pupils, and the exhibition given yesterday by the scholars in the third, fourth, fifth and sixth classes was conclusive proof that Mr. Theodore Thomas erred somewhat in his statement that "it would be better to abolish music entirely from our schools than retain it under the present method." The young pupils evinced remarkable skill in reading at sight, and that it was sight-reading was demonstrated when one of the audience wrote a simple exercise on the blackboard, the same being correctly interpreted and readily rendered by the class. The exercises greatly pleased the spectators, who congratulated Mr. Holt on his successful demonstration of the simplicity and utility of his method. —*Advertiser*, June 7.

—MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE. *The Advertiser* (June 6) discourses at length, and with hearty praise, of the opening Sunday afternoon free band concert provided by the city fathers. The crowd was very great and showed itself truly an audience, perfectly orderly, attentive, and apparently delighted. We quote:—

The concert was entirely worthy of the occasion. The suspicion of sham, which has justly attached to some of the public concerts in former years, could find no warrant on this occasion. The promises were all fulfilled. The band of fifty musicians which played to Mr. J. T. Baldwin's baton contained, it is safe to say, no "dummies;" there was certainly no suggestion of such to the observant spectator or listener. . . . The music, while having enough character to demand careful attention for its proper appreciation, and to serve as a real means of education for the masses, yet abounded in melodies and striking effects that constantly arrested the attention of even the careless listener and effectually escaped tediousness. Too much can hardly be said in praise of the introduction in popular programmes of such sterling music as Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*, the Hungarian march from Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*, and the Hallelujah chorus of Handel arranged for instruments. It may be remembered that Mr. Baldwin was the first to bring out Mr. Carney's effective military band arrangement of the Berlioz march, producing it at some of his concerts last winter. It is a fine band selection, and should become a standard favorite among programme-makers for popular concerts of the better sort. Yesterday's concert was particularly notable for the first production in America of the *Revue Turane*, by Sellnick director of the French Garde Republicaine. It was spoken of on the programme as a companion to the "Turkish Patrol," which had such a rage, and it has many of the same elements of fascination for the popular ear; yet it is anything but a copy of the other piece. The piece belongs to that limited class that appeals at once to the popular fancy, and is heard with pleasure, also, one or twice at least, by the educated ear. Of the concert as a whole it may be said it was an occasion where the tutored and untutored listener could meet on a common ground of sympathy, where the one could find entertainment and the other both entertainment and instruction.

In our future oratorio performances we shall miss one of the most conspicuous and venerable figures in the choral, that of Mr. Thomas D. Morris, one of the most faithful in the ranks of the Handel and Haydn basses. We remember with what real feeling, and with moist eyes, he used to speak of Bach's *Passion Music*, after the Society had been rehearsing it. The *Transcript* of June 8 says of him:

Mr. Thomas D. Morris, a well-known citizen of the West End, whose death is announced, was an old Free Soiler, an anti-slavery man, and of late years a staunch Republican. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature from Ward 9 in 1859 and 1860, one of the oldest members of the Massachusetts Charitable Association, and has been a member of the Handel and Haydn Society for over twenty-five years, and an active member of the Church of the Advent ever since its formation. Mr. Morris was born in South Carolina, but in early life went to Nantucket, where he resided for some time, but had been a resident of this city for nearly forty years, where he has been engaged in the manufacture of tinued paints, of which he was the inventor, and he was also the inventor of the plan of showing paints on cards. He was a man of sterling integrity and had strong convictions of right and duty.

#### NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS. A collection of original musical manuscripts and autographs, belonging to Johann Kofka of Vienna, was sold by auction in Paris, May 14, Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, Weber and many other great masters of the last and the present century were represented in the

catalogue. But one work by Bach was offered, a suite, which was sold for 150 fr. There were eleven manuscripts by Beethoven, which brought from 100 fr. to 975 fr., the latter being a collection of fourteen sketches of *motifs* used in some of the master's work of his last period: the autographs of the "Bagatelles" brought 500 fr.; ten of his letters were sold at from 30 fr. to 340 fr. A canon by Cherubini brought 45 fr., and three of his letters 50 fr., 60 fr. and 80 fr., respectively. A mass by Haydn found a purchaser at 600 fr., other compositions being disposed of at 150 fr., and 245 fr.; five letters were knocked down at 39 fr. to 185 fr. Three compositions by Michael Haydn, brother of the author of *The Creation*, were bid off for 50 fr., 100 fr., and 125 fr. A canon by Mendelssohn was sold for 90 fr., and an unpublished symphony, composed at the age of fourteen, for 685 fr.; two letters were sold for 75 fr. and 80 fr. Mozart's works and letters excited the liveliest competition. There were realized for four manuscripts the following prices: Cadenza of a symphonic concertante, with a letter by Aloys Fuchs, the Austrian composer, referring to the manuscript, one page, 290 fr.; two songs, written in the composer's youth, two pages, 300 fr.; song, one page 340 fr.; two pages of a quintet for piano and wind instruments, 420 fr. A lock of his hair sold for 115 fr., a letter of two pages for 1,750 fr., and another of four pages for 2,050 fr. In the Mozart department were also found letters of his father and wife, and the diary of the professional trips made by the young Mozart, kept by his sister, which brought 975 fr. Seven of Schubert's manuscripts were sold at prices from 50 fr. to 200 fr., and a manuscript and two letters by Von Weber for 185 fr., 145 fr. and 210 fr., respectively. The miscellaneous department included twenty-six titles. A programme in Hector Berlioz's writing brought 11 fr., a letter by Gounod 88 fr., a manuscript by Meyerbeer 43 fr., a letter by Schumann 43 fr., one by Wagner 30 fr., and a collection of thirty-six signatures of distinguished musicians 275 fr.

CHICAGO. Mr. Theodore Thomas will give a festival in Chicago in 1882, immediately after those which he will give in New York and Cincinnati, using the same soloists. He has signed a contract with the lessee of the Central Music Hall, to give a series of forty-two concerts in the Exposition building, beginning July 11. For this purpose he will have an orchestra of fifty pieces, twenty-five of which he will bring from New York. These concerts will be made popular in character. After the close of the series here he will give a week's concerts in Milwaukee, and close the season, probably, in Cincinnati.

Hans Balatka, who has done more for Chicago, musically, than any other man, and who is to conduct the June Sängerbund in that city, was a musical director at seventeen, having been elected at that age leader of the Academic Choir at Vienna, where he gave very acceptable concerts.

The programme for the Festival of the North-American Sängerbund (June 29 to July 3), Hans Balatka, Conductor, is before us. The first (Wednesday) evening offers Max Bruch's *Odyseus*, the solos by Mme. Peschka-Leutner, Miss Annie Cary, and Messrs. Candidus and Remmert. Thursday afternoon a miscellaneous concert, as follows:—

Overture to Oberon	Weber
"O lieb' so lang du lieben kannst," chorus	Weber
Cleveland Gesangverein. W. Mahne, Director.	
Bravura-Variations for soprano with flute obbligato	Adam
Mme. Peschka-Leutner. Flute, Mr. Oesterle.	
Siegmund's Love Song from "Die Walkyre"	Wagner
Mr. W. Candidus.	
Tasso (Lamento e Trionfo), symphonic poem	Liszt
Aria from "Semiramide"	Rossini
Miss Hannah McCarthy, of Chicago.	
Te Deum, chorus	Haydn
Cincinnati Orpheus. C. Barus, Director.	
Robert toi que j'aime from "Robert"	Meyerbeer
Mme. E. Donaldi.	
Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream"	Mendelssohn
Prayer and aria from "Rienzi"	Wagner
Mr. H. Lindau, of Cincinnati.	
"Why do the Nations" from "Messiah"	Handel
Mr. J. Benzing, of Cincinnati.	
Overture to "William Tell"	Rossini
Thursday evening. First part of <i>Elijah</i> , by the Beethoven and the Bach and Handel Societies of Chicago, and the Musical Society of Milwaukee, under the direction of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn; soloists: Mme. Leutner, Miss Cary, Mr. Candidus and Mr. M. W. Whitney. This to be preceded by:—	
Kaisermarsch with the final chorus	Wagner
By the North-American Sängerbund, 1,500 voices.	
Masonic Cantata	Mozart
Mr. W. Candidus.	



Prayer before Battle, chorus . . . . . Moehring  
North-American Sängerbund.  
Aria of the Queen of Night, from "Magic Flute" . . . . . Mozart  
Mme. Peschka-Leutner.  
"Che farò" from "Orpheus" . . . . . Gluck  
Miss Annie Louise Cary.  
Salamis. Triumphal hymn of the Greeks after  
the naval victory at Salamis . . . . . Bruch  
North-American Sängerbund. Solo chorus by the Junger  
Männerchor of Philadelphia.

## FOURTH CONCERT, FRIDAY, AT 2 P. M.

Symphony in C (No. 2, Op. 61) . . . . . Schumann  
"Vorbei" chorus . . . . . Moehring  
Columbus Männerchor. Director, Carl Schoppelrei.  
Aria from "Stradella" . . . . . Flotow  
Mr. Ed. Schultze, of Chicago.  
Bolero from "Sicilian Vespers" . . . . . Verdi  
Mme. Peschka-Leutner.  
Fantasia from "Moses in Egypt," for the  
harp . . . . . Parish-Alvars  
Mr. H. Breytschuck, of New York.  
Qui sdegno (In diesen heiligen Hallen) . . . . . Mozart  
Mr. M. W. Whitney.  
"Das Mädchen von Sorrent" . . . . . Schrader  
Männerchor des Milwaukee Musik-Vereins. Eugen Luen-  
ing, Director.  
"Awake, Saturnia!" from "Semele" . . . . . Handel  
Miss Annie Louise Cary.  
Spring's Foreboding, chorus . . . . . Kreutzer  
Junger Männerchor, of Philadelphia. C. Gaertner,  
Director.  
Grand Trio from "William Tell" . . . . . Rossini  
Mr. W. Candidus, Mr. F. Remmert, Mr. M. W. Whitney.

## FIFTH CONCERT, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 1.

"Brunnen Wunderbar," chorus with solos . . . . . Aht  
N. A. Sängerbund. Baritone solo, Mr. F. Remmert.  
Solo chorus by the Germania Männerchor of Cincin-  
nati.  
Aria from "Euryanthe" . . . . . Weher  
Mr. W. Candidus.  
The Consecration of Solomon's Temple, chorus  
with solos . . . . . Titi  
N. A. Sängerbund. Bass solo, Mr. F. Remmert.  
Theme and Variations . . . . . Proch  
Mme. Peschka-Leutner.  
Scene from "Fritjof" . . . . . Bruch  
Apollo Club, of Chicago. Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins, Director.  
Walther's Prize Song, from "Die Meistersinger" . . . . . Wagner  
Mr. W. Candidus.  
"All alone," chorus . . . . . Braun  
N. A. Sängerbund.  
"O mio Fernando," from "La Favorita" . . . . . Donizetti  
Mme. E. Donaldi.  
"I am a Roamer" . . . . . Mendelssohn  
Mr. M. W. Whitney.  
Drusus's Death. Dramatic scene . . . . . Reissmann  
N. A. Sängerbund. Soloists: Velda, Mme. Peschka-  
Leutner; Drusus, Mr. W. Candidus; Priest of Wotan,  
Mr. F. Remmert.

## SIXTH CONCERT, SATURDAY, JULY 2, AT 2 P. M. MR. ADOLPH ROSENBECKER, CONDUCTOR.

Overture to "Robespierre" . . . . . Litolf  
"Normannenzug," chorus . . . . . Moehring  
Germania Männerchor, Cincinnati. W. Ekert, Director.  
La Captive . . . . . Berlioz  
Miss Annie Louise Cary.  
"Les Preludes," symphonic poem . . . . . Liszt  
Aria from "Don Giovanni," "Il mio tesoro" . . . . . Mozart  
Herr Hugo Lindau von Cincinnati.  
"Rolling on foaming billows" from the  
"Creation," aria . . . . . Haydn  
Mr. M. W. Whitney.  
Air, arranged by Rosenbecker . . . . . Bach  
a. Brude faerden, Kjerulf.  
b. Hör oss Svea Werneberg.  
Freja, of Chicago. Mr. Moo, Director.  
"Pace o mio Dio" from "Forza del Destino" . . . . . Verdi  
Mme. Donaldi.  
Indian March from "L'Africaine" . . . . . Meyerbeer

## SEVENTH CONCERT, SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 2.

Festmarsch, Op. 6 . . . . . Lassen  
"Tremate, Empj," Trio . . . . . Beethoven  
Mme. Peschka-Leutner, Mr. Candidus, Mr. F. Remmert.  
Introduction and Third Scene from "Lohen-  
griu" . . . . . Wagner

## Part II.

Ninth Symphony, Op. 125 . . . . . Beethoven  
Solos: Mme. Peschka-Leutner, soprano; Miss Annie  
Louise Cary, alto; Mr. W. Candidus, tenor; Mr. F. Rem-  
mert, baritone. Festival Chorus of the N. A. Sängerbund.

Mauricio Dengremont, the young Brazilian violinist, who arrived in New York from New Orleans Thursday, was on Friday evening presented with the gold medal subscribed for by the Brazilian residents of New York. A large audience assembled in one of the parlors of Delmonico's, prominent Brazilians and a number of the officers of the Brazilian man-of-war, Guanabara, now lying in New York harbor, forming a large proportion of the visitors. The obverse of the medal rep-

resents at the base the entrance of the bay of Rio de Janeiro, with its wonderful girdle of mountains. Above these the youth is represented being borne heavenward upon the wings of a condor or Brazilian eagle, and bearing in one hand a lyre, representing his art, while with his outstretched right hand he points to the stars. At the top is the legend, "Sic itur ad astra." The likeness of Dengremont is excellent, and even without the aid of a magnifying glass the features are at once recognized. On the reverse there is a wreath, around which is the dedication: "A Mauricio Dengremont" (in the middle), "Os Brasileiros residentes nos Estados Unidos" (around), and the date, "MDCCCLXXXI." The loop is set with emeralds and diamonds, which, with the yellow gold, are the national colors of Brazil. Altogether, the medal is one of the finest ever struck in this country. Its actual cost was \$625.

In 1849, when Meyerbeer brought out his *Prophet*, his most intimate friend, his *alter-ego* as it were, was an individual answering to the highly poetical name of August. Who was this August, that on the following day could celebrate the immense success of that opera, with his boon friends and companions, and dare to say to them, "I made a capital hit last night, didn't I?" Well, August was the leader of a well-organized *claque*—a perfect Hercules, and thrice badly would have fared whoever incurred the giant's displeasure. His hands were of a dimension which plainly indicated that Providence had predestined him to the highest dignities in the service of his profession; his technical training in manifesting his approbation was such as to produce the impression of a *crescendo* applause of a whole audience. At the rehearsals for the *Prophet*, Meyerbeer always stood near him, and listened to August's suggestions with an almost child-like simplicity, just as if August were a Delphian oracle. One day the great August said to the maestro, "Strike out the overture—it is too tiresome, too insipid." And the overture to the *Prophet* was never played! Meyerbeer was frequently heard to say, "August has been of more use to me in my theatrical practice than all the critics in the world!"

## MUSIC ABROAD.

BERLIN. A Wagnerian zealot writes to the Leipzig *Signale*:—

The *Nibelungenring*, on its first performance here, has been extraordinarily successful at the Victoria Theatre. The approbation of the audience, who filled every nook and corner of the spacious house, took the form even on the first night, when *Rheingold* was given, of mild enthusiasm, but it rose to enthusiasm in the wildest acceptance of the term, on the *Walküre* evening, and, were the word capable of still more comprehensive significance, such significance must be considered as having belonged to it after the performance of the *Götterdämmerung*, when the flickering fire of excitement attained a fabulous height. Every night Wagner was the object of the most fervent ovations. Received with great applause and greeted with a flourish by the orchestra, so soon as he made his appearance on the *Rheingold* night, he was obliged at the conclusion of the piece to appear repeatedly on the stage with the artists, in their name and in his own addressing the public in the following terms:—

"If what you are expressing is intended as thanks, I do not take them for myself, but for the artists who have come together from far and near for the purpose of embodying my work. They have so identified themselves with its spirit and peculiar style that I, too, can thank them. And I do so with the wish that a work which has begun so well to-day may continue as prosperously. If it has made any impression, it has done so without the aid of display" ("Ohne Pracht")—"it has done so by the power of art alone!"

The musical success of the four performances far surpassed expectation. Everything connected with this part of the undertaking went off admirably, and even the Berlin Sinfoniecapelle, often run down as it is, accomplished, under Herr Seidl, the Leipzig kapellmeister, perfect miracles. We cannot award such high praise to the scenic arrangements or the decorative department; in both of these there were frequent shortcomings, justifying only too well Wagner's words: "without the aid of display," pronounced on the first evening. In *Rheingold*, the artist who, in a measure owing to the part he sus-

tained, most excited interest, was Vogl, the master singer of Munich, as Loge. Alberich found an uncommonly clever representative in Herr Schelper, as did Mime in Herr Liebau. The Three Daughters of the Rhine were characteristically embodied by Mmes. Monhaupt, Klafsky, and Löwy; Mme. Reicher-Kindermann was highly commendable as Fricka; Mme. Schreiber looked pretty as Freia; Mdle. Riegler gave an appropriate rendering of Erda; and the two Giants, represented by Herr Ass and von Reichenberg, were in the best possible hands. With the exception of Herr von Reichenberg, who belongs to Hanover, all the singers last named come from the Stadttheater, Leipzig. Wotan, in this piece as well as in *Die Walküre*, was represented by Herr Scaria, of the Imperial Opera-House, Vienna, who is admirably fitted for his task. The *Walküre* performance obtained for Herr and Mme. Vogl, who gave a most touching embodiment of the two lovers, Siegmund and Sieglinde, the most flattering marks of delight and appreciation. Herr Röss made an excellent Hunding; Mme. Reicher-Kindermann was again an effective Fricka, and the concerted *Walküre* music was executed with the greatest precision and received with loud applause. Brünnhilde—as in *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*—was confided to Mme. Friedrich-Materna, of the Imperial Opera-House, Vienna, and this renowned Wagnerian singer found ample scope both for her vocal and histrionic capabilities. Her powerful voice and impassioned acting impressed the public and obtained for her complete success. On the third and fourth night, Herr Jäger, as Siegfried, afforded only partial satisfaction. It is a remarkable fact that a man of such colossal stature should have so comparatively small, and at the same time, so harsh a voice; he sings, moreover, out of tune. Even in his acting, more warmth and earnestness would have been welcome. As the Forest Bird, Mme. Monhaupt was simply perfection. In *Siegfried*, too, Herr Liebau was very successful as Mime, and Herr Schelper as Alberich, while the Wanderer of Herr Scaria was not less excellent than Mdle. Riegler's Erda. Of the artists in the *Götterdämmerung*, we must place in the first line Herr Schelper as Hagen, and the Rhine Daughters' Triad, represented by Mmes. Monhaupt, Klafsky, and Löwy. Vocally good, Mme. Schreiber as Gutrune was histrionically somewhat monotonous. Herr Wiegand, also of the Leipzig Stadttheater, was quite satisfactory as Gunther, in so far as his voice was concerned. Waltraute afforded Mme. Reicher-Kindermann an opportunity for displaying her magnificent organ to the greatest possible advantage. The choruses went off with certainty and precision. In conclusion, a word of recognition is due to the artistic director of the whole, Herr Angelo Neumann, who may now look back with no small satisfaction on the undertaking suggested and happily carried out by himself. It is to be hoped the public will take the same interest in the ensuing three "cycles."

PARIS. A despatch announces the death of Henri Vieuxtemps, the celebrated Belgian violinist and composer. He was born in Verviers, February 20, 1820, and was the son of a tuner of instruments. He played the violin at the age of eight years, and was a pupil of De Bériot for months. He studied composition under Reicha, appeared with success in Paris and Vienna in 1830, and spent several years in professional journeys through Europe, becoming a public favorite, especially at St. Petersburg and Moscow. He made three visits to America, in the years 1843, 1855 and 1870, respectively, on the last occasion being associated with Madame Nilsson in concerts. His playing was distinguished by great energy and breadth, with remarkable elegance and correctness. His compositions have many of the qualities of classical and modern music.

—The conclusion of the 20th season of the concerts which M. Pasdeloup inaugurated and has conducted during that long period with such indefatigable perseverance in Paris was triumphantly celebrated by a festival given in his honor in the great hall of the Trocadéro Palace. In sympathy with his continual efforts, his friends rallied round him in such numbers that the immense hall, which is all that remains of the exhibition of 1878, was literally crammed.

LONDON. Speaking of the début of Mme. Menter, pianist, the *Telegraph* says: "She sought no occult meaning where the thought lay on the surface, and never assumed to show what the master might, could, would or should have done had she been at his side. In a blatant and presumptuous age of 'pianism,' this is quite refreshing, and checks the expression of a wish, often provoked, that some supernatural power would demolish every piano in a single night, even as the first-born of Egypt perished."

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# MICHAEL KELLY IN VIENNA. (1784.)

I had the pleasure, about this time, to be introduced to Monsieur Martini. He was a very old man. His sister, nearly his own age, kept his house for him. She was reckoned a deep blue, and very well versed in all the arts and sciences. The great poet Metastasio had lived *sixty years* in her brother's house, upon the most friendly terms, and died in it. The Colleges of Bologna and Pavia gave her the title of Dottoressa, and deputations came from both those places, with her diploma. When I was admitted to her conversazioni, and musical parties, she was in the vale of years, yet still possessed the gayety and vivacity of a girl, and was polite and affable to all. Mozart was an almost constant attendant at her parties, and I have heard him play duets on the pianoforte with her, of his own composition. She was a great favorite of his.

At one of her parties I had the pleasure to be introduced to Mrs. Piozzi, who, with her husband, was travelling on the Continent; there appeared to me a great similarity in the manners of these two gifted women, who conversed with all around them without pedantry or affectation. It was certainly an epoch, not to be forgotten, to have had the good fortune, on the same evening, to be in company with the favorites of Metastasio and Dr. Johnson, and last, not least, with Mozart himself.

There was a very excellent company of German singers at the Canatore [Kärnthner Thor?] Theatre; it was more spacious than the Imperial Court Theatre. The first female singer was Madame Lange, wife to the excellent comedian of that name, and sister to Madame Mozart. She was a wonderful favorite, and deservedly so; she had a greater extent of high notes than any other singer I ever heard. The songs which Mozart composed for her in *L'Enlèvement du Sérail* show what a compass of voice she had; her execution was most brilliant. Stephen Storace told me it was far beyond that of Bastardini, who was engaged to sing at the Pantheon in London, and who, for each night of her performance, of two songs, received one hundred guineas, an enormous sum at that time; and (comparatively speaking) more than two hundred at the present day.

A number of foreign princes, among whom were the Duc de Deux Ponts, the Elector of Bavaria, etc., with great retinues, came to visit the emperor, who, upon this occasion, signified his wish to have two grand serious

operas, both the composition of Chevalier Gluck, — *L'Iphigenia in Tauride* and *L'Alceste*, — produced under the direction of the composer; and gave orders that no expense should be spared to give them every effect.

Gluck was then living at Vienna, where he had retired, crowned with professional honors, and a splendid fortune, courted and caressed by all ranks, and in his seventy-fourth year.

*L'Iphigenia* was the first opera to be produced, and Gluck was to make his choice of the performers in it. Madame Bernasconi was one of the first serious singers of the day, — to her was appropriated the part of Iphigenia. The celebrated tenor, Ademberger, performed the part of Orestes, finely. To me was allotted the character of Pylades, which created no small envy among those performers who thought themselves better entitled to the part than myself, and perhaps they were right; however, I had it, and also the high gratification of being instructed in the part by the composer himself.

One morning, after I had been singing with him, he said, "Follow me up stairs, sir, and I will introduce you to one, whom, all my life, I have made my study, and endeavored to imitate." I followed him into his bedroom, and opposite to the head of the bed saw a full-length picture of Handel, in a rich frame. "There, sir," said he, "is the portrait of the inspired master of our art; when I open my eyes in the morning, I look upon him with reverential awe, and acknowledge him as such, and the highest praise is due to your country for having distinguished and cherished his gigantic genius."

*L'Iphigenia* was soon put into rehearsal, and a corps de ballet engaged for the incidental dances belonging to the piece. The ballet master was Monsieur De Camp, the uncle of that excellent actress, and accomplished and deserving woman, Mrs. Charles Kemble. Gluck superintended the rehearsals, with his powdered wig and gold-headed cane; the orchestra and choruses were augmented, and all the parts were well filled.

The second opera was *Alceste*, which was got up with magnificence and splendor, worthy an imperial court.

For describing the strongest passions in music, and proving grand dramatic effect, in my opinion no man ever equalled Gluck, — he was a great painter of music; perhaps the expression is far-fetched, and may not be allowable, but I speak from my own feelings, and the sensation his descriptive music always produced on me. For example, I never could hear, without tears, the dream of Orestes, in *Iphigenia*: when in sleep, he prays the gods to give a ray of peace to the parricide Orestes. What can be more expressive of deep and dark despair? And the fine chorus of the demons who surround his couch, with the ghost of his mother, produced in me a feeling of horror, mixed with delight.

Dr. Burney (no mean authority) said, Gluck was the Michael Angelo of living composers, and called him the simplifying musician. Salieri told me that, a comic opera of Gluck's being performed at the Elector Palatine's theatre, at Schwetzingen, his Electoral

Highness was struck with the music, and inquired who had composed it; on being informed that he was an honest German who loved *old wine*, his Highness immediately ordered him a tun of Hock.

Paesello's *Barbiere di Siviglia*, which he composed in Russia, and brought with him to Vienna, was got up; Signor Mandini and I played the part of Count Almaviva alternately; Storace was the Rosina. There were three operas now on the tapis, one by Rhigini, another by Salieri (the *Grotto of Trophonius*), and one by Mozart, by special command of the emperor. Mozart chose to have Beaumarchais's French comedy, *Le Mariage de Figaro* made into an Italian opera, which was done with great ability, by Da Ponte. These three pieces were nearly ready for representation at the same time, and each composer claimed the right of producing his opera for the first. The contest raised much discord, and parties were formed. The characters of the three men were all very different. Mozart was as touchy as gunpowder, and swore he would put the score of his opera into the fire if it was not produced first; his claim was backed by a strong party: on the contrary, Rhigini was working like a mole in the dark to get precedence.

The third candidate was Maestro di Capella to the court, a clever, shrewd man, possessed of what Bacon called crooked wisdom, and his claims were backed by three of the principal performers, who formed a cabal not easily put down. Every one of the opera company took part in the contest. I alone was a stickler for Mozart, and naturally enough, for he had a claim on my warmest wishes, from my adoration of his powerful genius, and the debt of gratitude I owed him for many personal favors.

The mighty contest was put an end to by his Majesty issuing a mandate for Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, to be instantly put into rehearsal; and none more than Michael O'Kelly enjoyed the little great man's triumph over his rivals.

Of all the performers in this opera at that time, but one survives — myself. It was allowed that never was opera stronger cast. I have seen it performed at different periods in other countries, and well too, but no more to compare with its original performance than light is to darkness. All the original performers had the advantage of the instruction of the composer, who transfused into their minds his inspired meaning. I never shall forget his little animated countenance, when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius; it is as impossible to describe it as it would be to paint snubeams.

I called on him one evening; he said to me, "I have just finished a little duet for my opera; you shall hear it." He sat down to the piano, and we sang it. I was delighted with it, and the musical world will give me credit for being so when I mention the duet sung by Count Almaviva and Susan, "Crudel perchè finora farmi languire così." A more delicious morceau never was penned by man, and it has often been a source of pleasure to me to have been the first who heard it, and



to have sung it with its greatly gifted composer. I remember at the first rehearsal of the full band, Mozart was on the stage with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, "Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso," Bennuci gave with the greatest animation and power of voice.

I was standing close to Mozart, who, *sotto voce*, was repeating, "Bravo! Bravo! Bennuci;" and when Bennuci came to the fine passage, "Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar," which he gave out with stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated "Bravo! Bravo! Maestro. Viva, viva, grande Mozart!" Those in the orchestra I thought would never have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of their violins against the music desks. The little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him.

The same meed of approbation was given to the finale at the end of the first act; that piece of music alone, in my humble opinion, if he had never composed anything else good, would have stamped him as the greatest master of his art. In the sestet, in the second act (which was Mozart's favorite piece of the whole opera), I had a very conspicuous part as the Stuttering Judge. All through the piece I was to stutter; but in the sestet, Mozart requested I would not, for if I did, I should spoil his music. I told him, that although it might appear very presumptuous in a lad like me to differ with him on this point, I did, and was sure the way in which I intended to introduce the stuttering would not interfere with the other parts, but produce an effect; besides, it certainly was not in nature that I should stutter all through the part, and when I came to the sestet to speak plain, and after that piece of music was over, return to stuttering; and, I added (apologizing at the same time for my apparent want of deference and respect in placing my opinion in opposition to that of the great Mozart), that unless I was allowed to perform the part as I wished, I would not perform it at all.

Mozart at last consented that I should have my own way, but doubted the success of the experiment. Crowded houses proved that nothing ever on the stage produced a more powerful effect: the audience were convulsed with laughter, in which Mozart himself joined. The emperor repeatedly cried out "Bravo!" and the piece was loudly applauded and encored. When the opera was over, Mozart came on the stage to me, and shaking me by both hands, said, "Bravo! young man, I feel obliged to you; and acknowledge you to have been in the right, and myself in the wrong." There was certainly a risk run, but I felt within myself I could give the effect I wished, and the event proved that I was not mistaken.

I have seen the opera in London, and elsewhere, and never saw the judge portrayed as a stutterer, and the scene was often totally omitted. I played it as a stupid old man,

though at the time I was a beardless strippling. At the end of the opera, I thought the audience would never have done applauding and calling for Mozart. Almost every piece was encored, which prolonged it nearly to the length of two operas, and induced the emperor to issue an order, on the second representation, that no piece of music should be encored. Never was anything more complete than the triumph of Mozart, and his *Nozze di Figaro*, to which numerous overflowing audiences bore witness.<sup>1</sup>

One morning while we were rehearsing in the grand saloon of the palace, his Majesty, accompanied by Prince Rosenburg, entered the saloon, and addressing himself to Storace, Mandini, and Bennuci, said, "I dare say you are all pleased that I have desired there shall be no more encores; to have your songs so often repeated must be a great fatigue, and very distressing to you." Storace replied, "It is, indeed, sir, very distressing, very much so;" the other two bowed, as if they were of the same opinion. I was close to his Majesty, and said boldly to him, "Do not believe them, sire; they all like to be encored, at least I am sure I always do." His Majesty laughed, and I believe he thought there was more truth in my assertion than in theirs. I am sure there was.

#### THE BACH CHOIR IN LONDON.

The above society gave a performance of Bach's Mass in B-minor, at St. James's Hall, on the evening of June 1. This fine composition, usually known as *Die hohe Messe*, is undoubtedly one of the greatest works of the grand old Leipzig Cantor. If the Bach Choir had done no more than to bring this Mass to a hearing, it would have an enduring claim on our gratitude. Every one knows that the society has done more than this: as their prospectus states, "The society is formed for the practice and performance of choral works of excellence, of various schools." The past achievements of the society have been noteworthy, not only as to the works produced, but in respect of the excellence of the performances. That there is need of such a society in London, to lift us out of what may be termed the rut of ordinary oratorio concerts, is patent. Much as one loves and reverences the masterpieces of Handel, Mendelssohn and other great masters, musicians at least desire to make acquaintance with a wider circle of works than the managers of our oratorio societies usually vouchsafe to us. The Bach Choir, therefore, with its fresh enthusiasm and powerful supporters, has an excellent *raison d'être*. If eclecticism be persevered in, all schools being allowed a hearing, and the past be taken as an earnest of the future course, musical students may have to thank the Bach Choir for making them acquainted with works ranging from Carissimi's *Judgment of Solomon* down to Berlioz's *Requiem* mass. There is, indeed, a rich and large field to select from.

Thanks chiefly to the discernment and efforts of Mendelssohn, Bach's High Mass is pretty well known abroad; and, as this performance was the sixth that has taken place here, one may say that it is fairly well known to our London audiences, and that it has now taken a settled place

<sup>1</sup> I was not aware at that time of what I have since found to be the fact, that those who labor under the defect of stuttering while speaking articulate distinctly in singing. That excellent bass, Sedgwick, was an instance of it; and the beautiful Mrs. Inebald, the authoress, another.

among our standard musical works. It is interesting to remark that a portion of the mass was first performed in 1851, at St. Martin's Hall, by Mr. J. Hullah, a cultured musician, who has done much for the art in this country. Of the work itself one need now say but little, save perhaps to those who imagine that Bach only wrote "fugues;" to them may be said, Go and hear this noble composition. Fugues there certainly are, written in four, six, and eight parts — written with bold freedom, florid intricacy, masterly counterpoint, and bearing the inimitable *cachet* of the greatest contrapuntist that the world has seen. But there is here something more than this. Bach, when he chose, could be placid, tender, emotional. The *Et incarnatus* is an expressive chorus, touching, despite its simplicity; and in the *Crucifixus* there is a sad, remorseful tone, very different from that which the advocates of modern German music are pleased to term "the machine-made music" style generally associated with the name of Bach. Again, the *Benedictus* is a lovely air, the violin obligato adding to it an additional charm. The solo air, *Et in Spiritum Sanctum*, is likewise remarkable for its strong affirmative tone, and the decisive ring it has about it. As one listens to the imposing masses of sound, the splendid, vivid harmonic coloring, and the wonderful interlacing of moving parts, which are to be found in this work, it seems as if music of this majestic, solemn, but yet bright and tender, character was far better suited to display in sounds the many-sided truths of the Christian religion than are the masses of even the great composers, who too frequently build upon a semi-operative basis.

The performance of this difficult and intricate work was indeed excellent. So even and good was it, that it is not easy to single out for commendation one part more than another. The admirable training of the choir was well displayed in the boldness of the attack and the *justesse* of the intonation in the rendering of the elaborate texture of the fugal *Gratias agimus*; while the six-part *Sanctus*, and *Pleni sunt*, with its feeling harmonies and florid passages, came out magnificently. The soloists were Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mme. Isabel Fassett, and Messrs. Shakespeare, Burdon and Kempton, who sang their several parts with the care and taste of finished artists. With the exception of a faulty horn, the band is entitled to praise. Special commendation is due to Mr. Svendsen for his playing of the flute obligato in the duet *Domine Deus*; and also to Mr. Horton, for the beautiful oboe obligato part in the air *Qui sedes*. Too much praise can hardly be awarded to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the conductor, for the perseverance and ability he has shown in obtaining so admirable a performance. — T. L. SOUTHGATE (*Mus. Standard*).

#### DEATH OF HENRI VIEUXTEMPS.

At last death has ended poor Vieuxtemps's sufferings. It will be recollected that in the height of his prosperity and his powers the violinist was some years ago stricken with paralysis of the right arm, and was compelled to quit a profession by the members of which he was so greatly esteemed. He quitted Brussels and went to Paris, where he has since occupied himself by composing. Among the more important works he has recently issued is a violoncello concerto. Henri Vieuxtemps was born at Verviers, on February 20, 1820, his father being an old soldier, who had on his retirement from the army become a cheap violin maker and a repairer of musical instruments. He studied, as a child, under one Lecloux, but after his precocious talent had been

brought under the notice of De Beriot, that distinguished professor undertook to give him lessons gratuitously. At the age of ten he came with De Beriot to Paris, where in 1830 he made a sort of premature début at a concert hall in the Rue de Cléry. He afterwards returned to his studies at Verviers, and in 1835 he made his real début in a tour through Germany directed by his father. Henceforward, for thirty years, Vieuxtemps was a violin player celebrated in the two hemispheres. His first Russian tour was undertaken in 1838, and he remained in Russia one year. In 1844, he went to America, and in the autumn of the following year he married Josephine Eder, a celebrated pianist who died in 1868. In 1846, Vieuxtemps entered into an arrangement with the Czar Nicholas that he would come annually to Russia for ten years, and would, in consideration of a handsome annuity, teach Russian pupils; but as the northern climate injured his health, he resigned the duties after a few years. In 1857, Vieuxtemps undertook a second tour in America, and in 1858, he returned to found a series of chamber concerts in Paris. He afterwards became principal of the Brussels Conservatoire, but two years ago he was compelled by ill health to resign. He then went to Paris, where he died on June 6. Of his school, Henri Vieuxtemps was undoubtedly a great player; but whether that school would be accepted now is a question. His compositions include violin concertos, five of which are published, and a great quantity of fantasias, arrangements, and other pieces, mostly for the violin. One of Vieuxtemps's brothers, Jules Joseph Ernest, is a violoncello player, well known in London orchestras; while another brother, Jean Joseph Lucien, is a professor of the piano at Brussels.—*London Figaro, June 11.*

#### CONCERNING MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

A certain periodicity of action seems to be inherent in the nature of things. In the physical world we find no lack of examples of this: the regular, periodic changes from day to night, from summer to winter, from low tide to high tide, and *vice versa*. Our social, political or artistic life seems to follow a very similar law. No body of men can long act together for a common purpose without feeling the necessity of fixing certain times at which they can unite to do something more, and accomplish higher and vaster results than are to be looked for every day. Every association has its periodic high tides; seasons at which all their habitual, easy-going activity is brought to a focus, as it were, and the extent of their power is tested by condensed and unusual exertion. No matter how fine the results accomplished by the routine work of every day, bodies of men feel now and then impelled to do something still better, to put forth all their united energy, if only for the sake of seeing what they can accomplish when they do their very best. With musical associations, in all musical communities in fact, these high tides of activity tend to assume the shape of festivals. The annual, triennial, or other periodic musical festival bespeaks the healthy desire of a community to put forth all its energy once in a while, and do things which it cannot do every day; to make up for habitual shortcomings by a grand, united effort to do, for a time at least, something higher and better than usual. Without some such desire, a musical festival has no real reason of being. Indeed, it could hardly exist; for although festivals may sometimes be organized for the mere purpose of adding to the renown or putting money into the pockets of single individuals, no one would dare to set such an enterprise on foot in the midst of a community in which there existed

none of this normal and healthy desire for a periodical intensification and concentration of habitual musical enjoyment. Upon the whole, we may say that if a musical festival does not offer or at the very least aim at, higher and better things than the public are in the habit of listening to, such festival had far better not be than be. Above all, the festival which merely aims at doing the *biggest* thing possible has no artistic right to exist. To leave generalities and come down to particular cases, a great deal has been said and written about the recent May Festival in New York. It seems to be agreed pretty generally that the occasion was artistically a failure, inasmuch as the results obtained were wholly disproportionate to the vast means employed. Yet in all the criticism that this festival has called forth, one would fain think that the true gist of the matter has been missed. To be sure, we have been told that the hall of the Seventh Regiment Armory was too large for good musical effect; that both chorus and orchestra were too large to be manageable, and that the arrangement of both singers and players on the stage was faulty. Now, too many reasons why a thing is bad are no better than too few. The superfluous ones weaken the more valid and important ones. The real cause of the musical failure of the New York festival was *the inordinate size of the hall*; this and nothing else. All other reasons go for naught in face of this one. No doubt the orchestra might have been more advantageously placed on the platform; no doubt also that if they had been better placed they would have played better. But this point is, comparatively, of no importance at all. It would have made no great difference in the general effect if the orchestra had played to perfection. The hall was so immense that good singing and bad singing, good playing and bad playing came to pretty much the same thing in the end. Those selections which were well done sounded but very little (if at all) better than the things which were badly done. The hall was too large for *any* music to be effective in.

Let us look into this matter carefully, for upon it depends the first element in the success of a musical festival. The wish to have as large a hall as is consistent with musical effect is natural. It is desirable that as large a number of people as possible should be able to listen to the performances; that the audiences should be as large as possible. Large halls are necessary for large audiences. The question is, What are the natural limits of the size of music halls, which cannot be overstepped without prejudice to musical effect?

It has generally been accepted as a rule for adapting the size of a body of performers (chorus and orchestra) to the size of a hall, that, the proper proportion between chorus and hall being once given on a small scale, this proportion can be maintained in larger and larger halls simply by following the mathematical law that *the volume of tone produced must increase in the direct ratio of the cubic contents of the hall*. The only feasible means of doing this is to increase the number of performers in the above-mentioned ratio. This has been the theory. It has never been put in practice beyond certain limits; indeed, it is not possible (humanly speaking) to put it in practice. The figures increase with such frightful rapidity that there is no keeping pace with them. Say that an orchestra of seventy-five and a chorus of five hundred are sufficient for the Boston Music Hall (these are the figures of the Handel and Haydn festival of 1880; the orchestra is too small for the best effect, but let us take it as an example). The cubic contents of the Music Hall is about 659,100 cubic feet. Take a hall twice as long, twice as broad, and of the same height as the Music Hall: its cubic con-

tents would be 2,636,400 cubic feet. Such a hall would require an orchestra of three hundred and a chorus of two thousand, yet such a hall is by no means so large as the Seventh Regiment Armory.

But even these figures would not be sufficient to keep pace with the increased size of the hall. The mathematical rule we have stated above is not so simple of application as it seems to be at first sight. Doubling and trebling the number of performers *does not* increase the volume of tone in a corresponding ratio, in so far as that volume is appreciable by the listener. Although the actual amount of tone is duly increased, the penetrating quality of the tone is proportionately decreased. The real way to counteract the increased size of halls would be to have each performer sing or play two or three times as loud. This, however, is impossible. It can only be done with one instrument, and this is the organ. Every organ builder knows that he cannot make an organ fill an exceedingly large hall simply by giving it a vast number of pipes. He does it by increasing the bellows power of the instrument: not by increasing the *mass* of tone, but by increasing the *intensity* of tone.

Now the intensity of tone produced by a chorus and orchestra made up of the instruments usually employed by composers cannot be increased at all except in a hall of limited size. It can be increased to a certain extent by doubling or trebling the number of performers; but this increase of intensity is so slight that it is entirely swallowed up by any increase in the size of the hall. On the other hand, it can be vastly increased by making the hall smaller.

It may fairly be answered that any musical festival given in a hall much larger than our Boston Music Hall will of necessity be a musical failure when tried by a high standard of criticism. It may very likely happen that some of the music will sound very well *for the place it is given in*, but this is not the question. The music should not only sound very well absolutely, without relying upon extraneous extenuating circumstances to excuse its shortcomings, but it should sound *better* than the usual daily, weekly, or monthly performances of similar music to which the public is in the habit of listening. For a festival at which the music does not sound, at the very worst, as well as at ordinary concerts is no festival at all, but merely a show. It is high time for the American musical public to appreciate this fact at its full value; that a festival should be a concentration of musical forces, not a dilution; above all, that the larger the hall, the poorer will be the musical effect.—*Transcript.*

#### JULIUS EICHBERG.

... The place of the musician is a noble one. His art, more universally than any other, ministers to our daily happiness; it is blended with our deepest religious feelings; it is associated with pride of country, with great events and imposing ceremonies; it gives zest to festivity, and a tender pathos to grief. Music is the most facile of our ethereal servitors, lending itself to every mood, adapting itself to every occasion.

Observations like these, trite though they may be, seem necessary when we would fairly estimate the works and the influence of a composer, or of a great teacher who is forming and inspiring the musicians of the coming time. We propose to give some account of a musician, composer and teacher of very eminent ability, well known in Boston—Julius Eichberg. He is a person of marked originality of character, strong in reason and understanding, endowed also with rapid and keen perceptions, a lively sense of the beautiful, a tenacious memory, and resolute, firm will. He

would have been eminent in any profession. His reading has been extensive, and nothing of use or beauty has come amiss; and such is the fertility of his mind, and such his power of illustration, that he is one of the most delightful of companions,—a man with whom one can talk until two in the morning.

He was born at Düsseldorf, in Germany, in 1824. His early associations are with the castled hill and the lovely valley of that beautiful old city. Naturally he came from a musical family. He hardly remembers when he first began to handle his "pony" violin. His father was a violin-player and composer. Like most geniuses, the boy was precocious, and at the age of seven he was able to play acceptably. At one time, being confined to his bed by illness, the father came with a sheet of music, the ink being still wet, and asked him to sing it. Singing at sight was thought to be as natural as breathing. Being unable to read the melody properly, the father playfully struck him with the sheet, saying, "You will never be a musician; you are more fit for a cobbler." When he was eight he was sent to Mayence and took lessons of F. W. Eichler, a celebrated virtuoso, who enchanted the world by his variations upon a Swiss air. But after a time Eichler departed upon a concert tour, and our young artist received instruction from another master, who was the reverse of a good teacher, and was, besides, a selfish man. Under the ridiculous pretext that the best part of a musical education was to be able to make good notes, he kept him all day long copying music, which the astute preceptor sold to military bands.

While the boy was in Mayence there came a certain Dr. Langenschwartz, who claimed to be an improvisatore, and professed to make rhymes off-hand upon any theme, ending the couplet with any pair of words given by the audience. The young Eichberg played the seventh concerto of Rode between the parts of the performance, and was besides unconsciously made to fill a part in the improvisatore's plot; for an accomplice of the doctor, standing near the innocent boy when the rhyme words were called for, told him to shout "Hartz and Schwartz," which he did lustily in a childish treble. Of course the doctor succeeded! From Mayence our young artist went back to Düsseldorf, and was once more under the care of his father, a cultivated and studious man, whose influence was apparent in the judicious training of his son. He studied harmony under Julius Rietz, afterward famous as director of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig, and kapellmeister to the King of Saxony at Dresden.

As a reminiscence, it may be mentioned that some years ago Mr. B. J. Lang, the eminent pianist of this city, called upon Rietz, and in the course of the conversation the maestro told him that he had one pupil in America of whom he was proud. The young Eichberg's general education was also attended to. The whole family was distinguished for excellence in languages, and the subject of our memoir reads and writes with facility in the leading tongues of Europe. Through the favor of Rietz he came to know Mendelssohn. After the great man had heard the boy play he wrote a commendation, to which was attached the well-known tiny seal of red wax: "At so early an age, young E. joins to a remarkable firmness and certainty in bowing, and use of his left hand, a great deal of true expression, which will lead him, I doubt not, to become a great artist, to be an honor to his art, and to render it important service, and to fulfil all the expectations which his remarkably precocious talents have awakened concerning him."

At this period in Düsseldorf, Eichberg played in the orchestra the last, and least, of the second violins. On one occasion Mendelssohn appeared

as conductor, and Eichberg's violin teacher was leader. The performance did not please Mendelssohn, and he made a series of sarcastic observations to the leader,—observations so severe that all the men within hearing packed up their horns and fiddles and left the conductor alone. Mendelssohn was usually amiable, and his pictures have a very sweet and lovely expression; but his conduct appears to have been anything but angelic at that time.

Among other musical acquaintances of this period was Robert Schumann. Norbert Burgmüller was also a frequent guest in Eichberg's family. [It will be remembered that Mr. Perabo has played a concerto by this composer.] Burgmüller died early, having been drowned in his bathing-tub while in an epileptic fit.

He next studied two years at Brussels in the royal conservatory, under the instruction of M. Fétis, the eminent theorist and historian of music, and of the world-renowned De Beriot. Upon his graduation he gained the first prize for violin-playing and for composition. This was the finishing of his pupilage, and as his studies were now so far advanced that he had acquired some confidence, Eichberg went to Geneva as director of an opera troupe. His ability was so conspicuous that he was soon made professor in the Conservatory, and director of sacred music in a prominent church. He remained in Geneva eleven years.

He came to this country with a view of benefiting his health, and landed in New York in 1857. He played and taught in that city, but gained no permanent position. In 1859 he came to Boston and found a home. He was first engaged as director of music at the Museum. The means at his disposal were limited, but he made the most of them, and gradually won the regard of all lovers of music. While engaged in this theatre, he conceived the idea of writing an operetta or musical play for a regular stock company, and the result was the production of *The Doctor of Alcantara*, on the 7th of April, 1862. All theatre-goers remember the success of this charming work. It was greeted with continuous applause from crowded houses, and, after nearly twenty years, it is now played throughout the country more frequently than even at the beginning. The editor of Grove's Dictionary, under the title "Opera," says of it: "*The Doctor of Alcantara* may be cited as the most successful work, of any pretensions, with an exclusively American reputation." This was followed by *The Rose of Tyrol*, *Two Cadis*, and *A Night in Rome*, all of which were well received. Mr. Eichberg remained at the Museum seven years. After a year of rest he established the Boston Conservatory of Music, an institution which still exists, with increasing reputation and ever-widening influence. Not far from the same time he was appointed general supervisor and director of music in all the high schools of the city. To the schools and to the conservatory he has now devoted the best years of his manhood, and with the grandest results. Aided by able and enthusiastic teachers in the schools of lower grades, he has had the satisfaction of seeing successive classes grow up as accomplished in music as in the ordinary useful branches. When the choirs were combined, as they used to be annually in the days of the liberal school committee of former days, the effect of the vast body of tone was thrilling. The writer has seen scores of people at these annual concerts—old and young, men and women—dissolved in tears when the multitudinous silvery voices first swelled over the accompaniment of organ and orchestra. The musical festival, with its glorious melody and harmony, and with its superb scenic effect, was something for Boston to exult in. It is otherwise

now, under the supervision of later days. For one of these occasions Mr. Eichberg wrote the now famous chorus, "To Thee, O Country, Great and Free!" If this is not our national hymn, it is certainly the only one that is generally sung and always welcome.

In the Boston Conservatory Mr. Eichberg has established the leading violin school in America. The children of genius all over the Union are attracted to him as by magnetism. In his classes are bright and modest boys, still in short breeches, tender and sweet girls, of an age to adore dolls and kittens, together with some maturer, but still young and fresh, children. Scores of these precocious creatures we have seen, alive with sensibility, throbbing with gifts and graces, and have marvelled at the evidences of their musical power. We remember several whose tones were as pure, clear, penetrating and steady as those of the great performers; and we have followed them through the scholarly *Chaconne* of Bach and concertos of Spohr, wondering at the sure touch and keen musical intelligence. Year by year these ambitious youths of both sexes, well grounded in the art, are going forth, each to become in time a new centre of musical knowledge and taste. The influence thus diffused is widespread and almost incalculable. If a digression may be pardoned, we would here say that no nation can be called musical because it pays extravagant prices to hear Rubinstein or Dengremont; no city is musical because it supports the opera. A musical people is one with whom music is domesticated—not an exotic. In a musical village there are native singers capable of taking part in important works; and no one knows the real grandeur of a *Messiah* until he has sung in it. In larger musical places string-quartets are played at home by families for their own pleasure. It is very well to be able to appreciate the great works of the masters as played by the old Mendelssohn or by the newer Beethoven Quintet Club; but no one ever knows the true force and significance of such music until he has borne a part in it,—until he has felt the harmony from the strings under his own fingers thrilling through all his nerves and answering and challenging again the notes of his neighbor. In many German families the father and sons or nephews, and the priest, perhaps, are accustomed to meet for such delightful pastimes. With a people so educated, music is not a pretence; it is a passion. Such people form the audiences which a great artist loves to captivate. Much has to be done before we can call this or any city in America truly musical; but the conscientious and patient labors of musicians like Mr. Eichberg are doing much for the future. We have mentioned some of Mr. Eichberg's compositions, and should add that he has published sets of string-quartets: also books of violin studies, which are adopted in European conservatories. — *Sunday Herald*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1881.

### MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.—BRASS BANDS.

Any musical person who has listened for a half hour to bands in the Music Hall, on the Common, or in the squares, must have been forced to make in his own mind one criticism.—these instruments are continually attempting what it is not in their nature properly to do. Think for instance of an overture, by Rossini or by Anber, played by a mere military brass band! all the tones brass, all of one kith and kin, consins, uncles, aunts, and what not of the Sax-horn family, and all sophis-



tifications by means of keys, valves and pistons of old-fashioned genuine trumpets, trombones, etc., born for plainer, sterner work,—all to enable them to imitate and put on the flexible graces of violins, reeds, human voices! An overture is essentially an orchestral composition; without an orchestra it would not be: and the very essence of the kind orchestral is that there be contrast and variety of color and of quality of tone, pastoral reeds and flutes in pleasant contrast answering to harsh and thrilling brass, and both in still more striking opposition (as also in ingenious commingling, reconciliation, mutual support) with the violins and other strings, which constitute the intellectual, refined and soul-like nucleus or “quartet” of the whole. Now what a coarse, monotonous and awkwardly ambitious effect is produced when instruments all brass attempt to do all this! No doubt they do it often very skilfully; there is surprising virtuosity and smoothness in the execution of some of these cornet-players; you would not suppose they could do so much: but what do you care for it when done? We had occasion one night to admire the ease, precision, fluency and generally good tune with which one of these brass bands went through a lively overture by Rossini. To be sure there was one clarinet among them,—and that, as if to justify its place there, made of metal! Yet was it necessarily but a dull caricature of the overture, as any one would feel who heard it, just before or after, executed by a proper orchestra.

The overtures, however, are comparatively rare and exceptional in these band concerts. It is still worse in the far more frequent case of “operatic arrangements,” where throats of brass are made to do the work at once of orchestra, chorus, and dramatic solo voices. In this way are served up the Trio from *Lucrezia Borgia*, the “Miserere” from *Il Trovatore*, and endless pot-pourris from fashionable operas, movements from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, songs by Schubert, two-part songs by Mendelssohn, etc., etc. Here cornets, sax-horns, valve trumpets, trombones, monster ophicleides, assume the personality of courtly and refined gentlemen and ladies, the heroes and heroines of history, beings of poetry and pride and pathos,—and is not the effect somewhat ludicrous? Does it not recall the fable of the ass who climbed into his master's lap because he saw the dog do it? In these tragic solo impersonations one cannot but remark a peculiarly vulgar and clownish quality of tone in these brass instruments. There is something in their singing which we can describe only by comparing it to the broad Yankee country-fied sound of the vowel in syllables like *how* and *now*. Our sense of hearing is affected by it somewhat as our sense of touch and smell are by the handling of copper cents. Tubas and cornets may go through all the figures, scales and cadences of voices and of violins or flutes, but they cannot deny or change their nature. That nature is a useful and an honorable one, and why do they not stick to it manfully and be content to do their proper work and not affect to fill the sphere of others? These instruments are excellent, as lions, in their place, but they were never meant to “roar you as it were a nightingale.” We might allude too to another staple article in these “light” programmes: to those inexpressibly tedious Variation pieces, in which your cornet man, red in the face, tortures a poor melody to death, warbling and twiddling through an endless superfluity of runs and roulades, destitute of sense or beauty, and degrading music to a mere mountebank display of difficult achievements.

But we hasten to the conclusion of the whole matter, which is: that every combination of musical instruments sounds best and gives most

satisfaction when it performs that kind of music which was originally written and designed for it. Leave overtures to the orchestra. Leave operatic trios and ensembles to the opera singers; leave Fides to Lagrange, and Lucrezia to Grisi, and Edgardo to Mario, and let him not die perpetually in brass bands and hand organs until we all grow sick of him. The brass band was the creation of military wants; let it discourse martial music. Those swelling and heroic marches, with rich, crackling, startling harmony, and proud, buoyant rhythm,—they are genuine, and your brass band never sounds so nobly as when it plays them; yet even these, many of them, would make finer and less cloying music were the band composed of reeds as well as brass, and were some of the brass instruments suffered to retain their old legitimate forms, instead of being emasculated into clumsy imitation of soft reeds and flutes, to sound like a man who sings *falsetto*. We like *truth* of tone; would have a trumpet be true trumpet, piercing, shrill, defiant, jubilant, and not subdued to sing a sentimental maiden's part, or warble variations like a flute. Besides marches, doubtless there may be other forms of composition suited to the peculiar genius of brass bands: rich and solemn strains of harmony, dirges, hunting pieces, etc. Religious chorals, well arranged and harmonized, have admirable effect sometimes so rendered. Then again the brass portion of an orchestra, alone or with the rest, contributes wonderful effects in special passages where the composer needs them; but all their spell is broken if they occur too often. Remember the trombones where the statue speaks in *Don Giovanni*, and how Mozart has made them terrible by keeping them to that point in the background.

The bands themselves know very well the need of alternating and relieving the monotonous impression of brass music, by something of a finer and subtler sort; and accordingly most of them have the faculty of transforming themselves into a small orchestra, with a few violins, clarinets, etc., suitable for dances, or accompaniment to solos. And we must say that now and then a set of Strauss or Labitzky waltzes, which we have heard them play in this way, used to seem to us decidedly the best selections of the Promenade Concerts; they are light, graceful, enlivening and refined, and without true, and without false pretence or affectation, compared with operas re-coined into brass, showy variations, and the like. We do believe the general audience enjoy them more. There is much beautiful music in the waltz form; it is at least genuine; and, if rendered by a decent orchestra, not by a brass band, it is most appropriate for such pleasant, free-and-easy gatherings.

So far our suggestions and criticisms have had in view only the actual state of bands and little orchestras which minister to the public demand for amusement. Of course, so long as we have only brass bands, programmes must be very limited, or must continue to be made up in great part of such questionable and unedifying selections as we have been describing. For ourselves we would rather listen only to the marches and the waltzes; but these give hardly sphere enough to the musicians, and would keep the public out of the fashions of the day in music, which might cause some murmuring; they know that *Trovatore*, *Pinafore*, *Mascotte*, *Faust* are fashionable, and they must have a taste of them even from a cornet band. But now suppose we had a band of more complete and more composite character, with contrast of reeds and brass; and still better an orchestra of forty, instead of a dozen or sixteen, instruments: then how much richer we might make our programmes!

#### CHANGE OF KEY.

It is always regarded as important, not merely in the matter of convenience, but in the matter of expression, in what key a piece of music, whether vocal or instrumental, is written. Change the key of a composition and you change the expression, the effect, although the same key has been made to serve for different expressions. But turn the first movement of the C-minor Symphony, for instance, into B-minor; can you imagine it remaining the same thing? Has it not suffered a “sea change,” as it were? We still have all the relations of the tones, all the form of the work, all the ideas, periods, and phrases, but does it seem entirely natural and like itself? Has not a new atmosphere come over it? Certainly, whatever certain mathematical theorists may say, we do sacrifice something by no means unessential when we transpose a characteristic piece of music out of its own native key.

We have often been asked for a reason for the faith that is in us, that is in nearly all musicians, with regard to this. “Give us something like an analysis of the probable causes of these wonderful peculiarities (of expression) ascribed to the various keys in which music is written.” “Give us, if mathematical theory must be set aside, some other kind of theory, scientific or imaginative even, that shall serve as a foundation for belief in this case.”

To answer this question as fully as it deserves would cost an elaborate argument, and even the institution of some new and patient studies in a field not yet effectually explored and reclaimed to science, we suspect, by any one. We can only indicate the answer here, confessing our full share in the common ignorance and vagueness.

1. We have no wish to “set mathematical theory aside.” On the contrary, we hold mathematics accountable for every known effect of music. But it is safe to say, that in a thousand cases (of which this may be one), we *do* know the effect, where we do *not* know the mathematics. Our knowledge of phenomena is greater than our knowledge of causes; our experience is not yet all reduced to science. Now the contrasted coloring, effect, expression of the different keys in music is an experience, to which all persons blessed with musical perception always have borne witness, whether the theory thereof has been assigned or not. The theory is latent in the fact, waiting for man's recognition. And since it is the mathematical ratio of vibrations that determines the relative pitch or gravity of sounds, that theory must be a mathematical theory. All we contend for here is the experience; if any mathematical theorists contradict it, it is because their theory falls short of the full mathematics of the case; it is that Nature's mathematics are too cunning for their science.

Of course, we shall be understood as alluding to a purely æsthetic, and not a scientific, experience. It is the experience of the composers, the creative artists, the enjoyers and appreciators of music as an expressive art; the experience of all who are sensitively impressible by music. Their unanimous verdict will be, that a tune, a melody, a piece of harmony, derives a peculiar expression from the key in which it is written, independently of all other circumstances; that it is not without good reason that men talk of the religious key of A-flat, brilliant martial key of D, the warm, spring-like key of E-natural, etc., etc. And this experience stands good, not by reason of, but in spite of, the vagueness which there is about these things; not by reason of, but in spite of, the accidents of tuning, the unequal distribution of temperament, and other ambiguities and imperfections. The difference felt may vary in degree with all these accidents, may flicker to

and fro in almost as puzzling a way as the aurora borealis, or the nervous play of human features; yet through all this changeable ambiguity the difference is felt and accredited; it is one of the prominent facts of musical experience.

It is scarcely necessary to say that in thus resting on experience, we are not empirics, like the learned Godfrey Weber, who in accrediting the facts scouts all attempts at theory, and ridicules all faith in a science. We have full faith in science, the most mathematically rigid, that it shall be found to explain those very obstinate facts which our more practical science attempts to reject. Nay, the finest shades of your æsthetic pleasures and emotions, under this magical, transporting influence of melody and harmony, shall all be found pre-calculated, graduated to a hair's breadth in the mathematic scale. Doubt it not, for poetry and science, warmest will and coolest mathematics, are still one.

2. There is one obvious ground for this experience, apart from any imagination of the hearer, apart from all accidental lengthening or shortening of intervals by imperfect tuning, — a ground so obvious as to have been commonly overlooked. It is said, "there cannot possibly be any characteristic difference in keys in music, or upon a perfect instrument, except in pitch." Now, this difference in pitch is a characteristic difference; what difference could be more characteristic? Let us suppose here (what we know well enough is not the fact), that in pure music, every key or octave series corresponds precisely, in respect to the length of the intervals between its sounds, with every other; that the same mathematically perfect, and therefore equal, fifths, thirds, etc., should of right be found in every key; let us suppose no temperament, no imperfections, and no compromises, but one equal measurement for all. Even then, there is, above doubt, ground of difference in the æsthetic characteristics of the key. Science has arranged in an ascending and descending series, by graduated intervals, the sounds from which every piece of music must draw all its elements, if it takes a single one of them. This series, from grave to acute, is like the graduated scale from dark to light; a new expression is conveyed, a new emotion is excited, with each new step in the series. A high note has a different character from a low note, as one color differs from another. G is a different sound from C, and absolutely considered, without any relations to other sounds, conveys its peculiar expression. And if G differs from C, for the same reason does not G with its attendant system or complement of sounds pivoting upon it as a centre key-note differ from the system pivoting on C? If you take the pivot, tune, or key-note of your series or system a little higher or lower in the scale, will it not materially change the whole complexion of the system? Solar systems have their differences, as single planets differ. Change the key, and you make a whole new tone-group or system; and one tone-system differs from another as essentially as the single tones in one scale differ.

We once heard an ingenious test proposed, — a sort of *experimentum crucis*, yet quite fallacious. It was this: First, pitch two instruments half a tone apart, then tune both perfectly, then play upon one in the key of C, and upon the other in the key of D-flat, which is half a tone higher throughout, and then see if the effect be not identical. This is arguing in a circle. If there is a difference of pitch between the keys, it is a difference to be measured on an absolute and natural scale, and not one arbitrarily created by the tuner for the purpose of experiment. The pitch is not a fact of the instrument, but a fact in the very nature of sound. The instrument is simply a mechanical array of artificial fingers

pointing to and touching the degree of pitch upon this absolute vibratory scale; all that our experimenter has done has been to slide the mechanism along, until the corresponding fingers in the two instruments no longer point to the same pitch, so that they have to be fingered differently (but not played in different keys) in order to produce sounds of the same key or series.

#### HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from the unpublished annual report of the President, Charles C. Perkins, Esq., at the end of the sixty-sixth season of our ancient oratorio society, May 2, 1881: —

The task of recording the history of the sixty-sixth season of our society's existence is a pleasant one, as we have passed through it successfully and find our affairs at its close in a prosperous condition. With a well-invested trust fund of about \$21,800; with all expenses paid; with a large number of members who take a lively interest in the welfare of the society; and still in the enjoyment of that public confidence which has attended us from the beginning, — we have every reason to regard the present with satisfaction, and can look forward with well-grounded hope to the future.

During the past season we have held thirty rehearsals, with an average attendance of three hundred and thirty members, and have given six concerts; namely, two in the Tremont Temple, on the 11th and 13th of October, at which the *Messiah* and the *Elijah* were performed, and four in the Music Hall, where we gave the *Messiah* at Christmas; the *Requiem* of Mozart and the *Mourning of Olives* of Beethoven on January 30; the *Passion Music* of Bach on Good Friday, April 15; and the *St. Paul* of Mendelssohn on Easter Sunday, April 17. To conclude these items of information let me say that, as the report of the treasurer shows, our expenses for the season, including private and public rehearsals, concerts, printing, etc., have amounted to \$8,917.34, and our receipts to \$9,311.64, leaving a balance of \$394.30 on hand. This is not the way to grow rich; but in an ordinary season, if we fairly meet our expenses and are not obliged to touch the trust fund, we ought to rest content, and hope for better things in the future. During the past year seventeen new members out of twenty elected have joined the society; four members have resigned, and twenty-three have been discharged. Thirty-two ladies have been admitted to the chorus, eight have resigned, and nine have been discharged. Happily since the last annual meeting we have lost but one member by death; namely, Mr. Anselm Lothrop, who joined the society on the 4th of November, 1852, and died on the 21st of July, 1880.<sup>1</sup> In this connection I cannot omit to record the death of one who, although not a member, has a claim to be remembered here, inasmuch as he assisted us, with marked success, on two occasions. I refer to Mr. Tower, a tenor singer of great promise, the son-in-law of one of the members of our society, to whom we offer our sympathy and regret.

In speaking of the concerts of the past season, I cannot but refer in terms of high admiration to Mr. Henschel's singing, especially in the *Passion Music*. All will, I am sure, agree with me that the solemnity of his manner, the deep feeling with which he sang the part assigned to him, and the noble style of his delivery, made even those who were familiar with the music comprehend its power as never before. . . .

The questions which always come up for answer in the Annual Report are: Has our chorus-singing been this year better than before, and in what respects? In some I think it has, and notably in the more close attention given to the nicer rendering of marks of expression and shading. In the oratorios sung I have heard more perfect pianissimos, more gradual and better sustained crescendos and diminuendos, — if my ears have not deceived me, — than

<sup>1</sup> Since then, Mr. Curtis Brown, who joined in 1856, and was a director in 1871-2-3, has died.

ever before. Progress in these respects must be gradual, and any sudden advance of marked magnitude is not to be expected. It is enough, if in each year a slight amelioration is noticeable. To become aware of a really great improvement in our chorus-singing, we should compare its present condition with that in which it was at some comparatively remote period. Could we listen to a concert, or, as it was then called, an oratorio, as given by the Handel and Haydn Society in the year 1817, we should indeed be amazed at the advance made in little more than half a century. Having been much occupied of late with the history of the early years of our society, I have been impressed with the small beginnings which have in our time grown to such excellent ends. In the records of those early years I have looked with especial interest at the rare comments of a more critical nature than those usually highly laudatory notices of the performances of the society in which the writers of the time habitually indulged. It was not until I came to the year 1817 that I found a writer who, under the signature of "O," expressed himself in a way which showed that his standard was higher than that of the world in which he lived. "The high gratification" which he professes to have received from four successive concerts, forming a sort of festival given in the month of April of the year in question, arose, he says, "not so much from their positive merit as from the promise given of a more mature and chaste style of execution at some future period. Defects have been great, and it is surprising that they have not been greater. More than once the chorus was totally thrown out by the violins, and completely in 'Surely He hath borne our griefs.' There was much confusion in the last chorus of the *Creation*, and some examples of such excessive loudness and stress of voice as to destroy all musical tone."

At these April concerts of the year 1817, the *Messiah* and the *Creation* were performed for the first time in America, from beginning to end, not, however, in turn, as might have been expected, but in alternated divisions, for the reason given in the following announcement: "As there is a diversity of opinion about the comparative merits of these compositions, the Handel and Haydn Society will give the public an opportunity of comparison. They will perform one of the three sections into which each oratorio is divided upon each evening, which will give a specimen of both, before the other is forgotten." This singular device, which indicates a somewhat infantile mode of conducting musical matters in Boston, is calculated to provoke a smile, but if we cannot refrain from it let us beware how we think lightly of anything connected with the noble efforts made by our founders to advance the cause of music and cultivate the public taste — efforts made and successes achieved despite surroundings of whose antagonisms we can form no adequate idea. All honor is due to those who sowed that good seed, which has yielded an abundant harvest, and who at the very outset manifested that spirit of devotion to the interests of the society which saved it from a premature end. In this they set an example to us, their descendants, which we may emulate, but cannot surpass. Like them, let us cherish the society and take pride in it, always realizing, however, that what we have done is little in comparison with what remains to be done. Much as we may rejoice in the present, let us labor, with ample recognition of our increased responsibilities, to make our future condition still worthier of the names under which our society has been known from the beginning. The time will come when the honored names of Handel and Haydn will be carved in stone over the door of a stately music-hall erected by the society for its own purposes. Few of us, if any, may live to see it, but each and all of us can hasten the day of its erection by striving meanwhile to make the society more and more worthy of its reputation.

#### PERKINS INSTITUTION AND MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

We copy from the *Transcript* of Tuesday (June 28) the following account of the annual exhibition and graduation exercises of one of the

most admirable schools in this country, even for seeing pupils. We wish to add our testimony, with which all musical persons present at this touching and beautiful occasion must agree, that the musical portion of the exercises was worthy of the high character for music which this institution has long held. The band played in excellent tune, and with expression, pieces of considerable difficulty. The chorus-singing showed nice training, with good voices and true feeling; indeed, a certain heartiness and truth of feeling characterized all the exercises, as well as the music. The organ fugue of Bach was played as by a master; the grand musical thought seemed to mould itself out plastically under the sightless player's hands. The Chromatic Fantasia of Bach was played with singularly fine and vital touch, with great precision and good taste; and the difficulties of the Hungarian Rhapsodie by Liszt were mastered with signal success. The cornet solo was capital. The whole did credit to the very valuable instruction of Mr. Thomas Reeves and his whole corps of teachers. It may be added that the pianos in the public schools of Boston, one hundred and thirty in all, have for four years been kept in tune by pupils and graduates of the Perkins Institution, under the intelligent direction of Mr. J. W. Smith.

A strong and peculiar interest attaches to anything and everything connected with this beneficent institution, and it was not surprising that so large and notable a gathering should have been present at the graduation exercises at South Boston yesterday afternoon. Among the distinguished visitors were Hon. J. W. Dickinson, Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, Collector Beard, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, B. B. Hutton of the Kentucky Institution for the Blind, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., E. N. Perkins, John S. Dwight, President W. H. Baldwin of the Christian Union, Oliver Ditson and the editors of various Boston papers. Governor Long, who was unable to attend, was represented by Colonel Thomas W. Higginson. The organ was tastefully decorated with flowers, and the raised platform was occupied by the boys and girls of the house. The programme of exercises consisted of the following: Selections by the band; salutatory and essay, "Gratitude," Lenna D. Swinerton; piano solo, "Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6," Liszt, Orville C. Cadwell; essay, "Newspapers," written by Edward E. Ware, delivered by William B. Hammond; cornet solo, "Aibuckleinian Polka," Charles H. Prescott; anatomy of hand and arm, Cornelia C. Roeske; glee, "Farewell," Mendelssohn, by the boys; mathematical exercise, Jenny M. Colby; recitation, "Duty of Literary Men to their Country," Harry C. Boesch; organ solo, "Fugue in C-minor," Bach, F. H. Hauran; kindergarten exercise, three little girls; exercise with objects, by two little boys; piano solo, chromatic fugue, Bach, Constance Heine; essay, "Steam Engine," William C. Bolles; valedictory, Orville C. Cadwell; "Fidelin," barcarole for female voices, by the girls of the school. The demonstrations in anatomy, mathematics and mechanics were simply wonderful. In the first the young girl, by means of a model, dissected the hand and arm, giving the names to the different bones, muscles, and tendons, explaining the mechanism in a concise and vivid manner, showing thorough understanding of the subject, and after she had finished she put the model together with a celerity and accurateness which would have shamed many a person with good eyesight. The mathematical demonstrations were given by means of raised figures on a flat surface and the figures in solid form. The mechanical exhibition was shown by the model of a steam engine in which the steam was generated by gas. Every part of the machine was fully explained, and it was worked to the great delight of the visitors. The essays were good, and showed both research and strong imaginative powers. It was difficult to believe that Miss Swinerton's essay could have been written by a blind person, it was so full of description of natural scenery, flowers and buds. She must have got a most clear and correct idea of them, so accurate were her descriptions. In the essay on "Newspapers," the writer showed that he had made a thorough study of the subject, and the paper was clever, bright and full of information. One thing is specially noticeable about the manner in which these blind pupils express themselves, whether in recitation or in essay. It has a simple directness about it, and a purity of diction that is quite to be commended. They come directly to the point, and with all this directness there is a dignity which is especially pleasing. A most charming diversion to the exercises of the elder pupils was made by the little boys and girls of the kindergarten and primary classes. The little girls modelled in clay, and their work was wonderfully accurate. The clay was

given them with the boards and simple modelling tools which the kindergarten furnishes, and they set to work in full sight of the audience. One little girl made a sphere, which she described in childish fashion, and then to illustrate it made an acorn; another made a square as her figure, and to illustrate made a travelling-bag, which was complete to its handles; the third made a cylinder, and illustrated it by modelling a jug.

The little boys had an object lesson in birds, and their quaint descriptions caused a deal of merriment. At the close the president, Dr. Samuel Eliot, delivered the diplomas to the graduates, Edward E. Ware, of Worcester, and Orville C. Cadwell, of Minnesota, and added with them a few timely and touching words. He assured the pupils that though their immediate friendship centred in the institution, yet there is a large circle of sympathy outside. There is a cloud of unseen witnesses around the school, sympathizing with its objects and its inmates. The valedictorian has spoken of the cold and hard world, but it is not a cold or a hard world except to those who are cold and hard themselves. All who have warmth and earnest aspirations will find sympathy and encouragement. Mr. M. Anagnos, the director of the institution, followed President Eliot with a brief speech, in which he thanked the friends of the institution for their solicitude, and said that \$25,000 of the fund for providing reading for the blind (\$100,000) had been contributed. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was warmly welcomed, said it was forty years ago that she was first with Dr. Howe at this institution, and she was therefore reminded of the fact that this work for the blind had been going on for nearly half a century. She pointed to the beautiful organ as an evidence of the liberal spirit which had been displayed in providing for the blind pupils, and closed by speaking encouraging and sympathetic words for the pupils, and bespeaking a continuance of kind consideration for the work. Collector Beard, in a few well-chosen words, expressed his pleasure at being present; Colonel Higginson spoke of the great results coming from the training and steadfast efforts of the pupils to fit themselves for lives of usefulness; Rev. Phillips Brooks testified to his interest in the institution, and its important work of opening up the way for obstructed faculties; and Mr. Baldwin also spoke a few words of encouragement to the pupils.

#### MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

VASSAR COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 13. On this day week occurs the annual closing concert of the school of music under Dr. Ritter's direction here. Two days after, the usual commencement exercises of the college take place, and the collegiate year comes to an end. This year closes with great honor to the school of music artistically and financially, as you may see by the accompanying statistics. Dr. Ritter's present corps of instructors includes the following ladies: Misses Bliss, Chapin, Finch, Hartmann, Hubbard, Kirby, Whitney and Wilay; Herr Grube, violin teacher. Miss Finch, a former graduate of Vassar, will this year take a second degree (B. A.), on the strength of her continual progress as a music student, as well as teacher. Last season she received a year's leave of absence, in order to perfect herself as an organ player, under Haupt and other Berlin masters. Miss Hartmann, singing teacher, was four years under Dr. Ritter's instruction at Vassar. Miss Bliss was also a Vassar student. The branches of music now taught are singing; piano, violin and organ playing; harmony, etc. More than one hundred collegiate students were this year students in the school of music also; in addition to these, thirty special students of musical art entered, ladies who also study two or more collegiate branches; of these latter, some were former graduates of the college, and re-entered the school of music in order to perfect themselves as teachers or performers. Misses Andrews, Foster, Littlefield, Nagai, Nichols and Palm, are the musical graduates of the class of '81. Miss Shige Nagai, a Japanese lady, voluntarily selected the course of study required by the school of music, in order to take her degree in that rather than as a graduate of the college. As she is musically gifted, and of a highly refined and intelligent nature, she will certainly exert a most happy influence on the social progress of the youngest of the fine arts, when she returns to Japan. Previous to a recent student concert, Dr. Ritter requested several of the students of composition to write songs for his examination and comparison, and found four of these fully worthy of a public hearing. They were therefore placed on the concert programme, and sung, not by their composers, but by four sister students, with enthusiasm, and kindly, unenvying *esprit de corps*. No dishonest, fraudulent, lying "touching

up" was made use of by the masterhand that had enabled these students to do so well. Dr. Ritter pointed out the defects in the songs, of course, but they were sung as they were written, good and bad qualities together; and the former far predominated over the latter. Dr. Ritter considers that Miss Nagai possesses a quaint and characteristic vein of melody; here is a proof of it in the air of her song, written to Longfellow's admired verses:—

SONG.

SHIGE NAGAI.

*Andantino.*

I shot an ar-row in -  
- to the air, It fell to  
earth, I know not where; For so  
swift - ly it flew, the sight  
Could not fol - low in its flight.

*Cela va sans dire*, the students also wrote the accompaniments to their songs. This occasion may perhaps be signalized as historical in the history of art; it was the first on which a Japanese appeared publicly as a composer of music according to the European system. Miss Nagai had already appeared publicly as a pianist at Vassar by playing the pianoforte part in Mozart's B-flat trio, at a previous concert.

Five concerts have been given during this year, by students and artists from New York, at which the selection of pieces has been of the usual high tone. Dr. Ritter has given weekly lectures, in addition to that famous illustrated one on antique chamber music; by his recommendation, too, the students have had an opportunity of listening to the fine singing of Miss Drasdil and Mrs. Humphrey-Allen at college-gatherings. The social musical life of the school of music has been enlivened by the formation of a class organization within it, which has held regular meetings in Society Hall throughout the year, winding up with a merry kettledrum that would have been a lawn party had the weather permitted, at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Ritter. This week the month's public examinations close. Prepared papers or programmes are not permitted by Dr. Ritter at these examinations. The results are genuine, for there is no "cramming." When a student goes up for examination she does not know what she will be called on to play or sing, and her answers to questions in history, harmony, etc., must be written or spoken at once, without preparation.

The Frenchman says: "Nothing succeeds in France but success;" the American says: "Nothing is good for anything unless it pays." Though Dr. Ritter was told, on assuming the directorship of the musical department at Vassar, that it was not desirable that he should waste any force in attempting to make it "pay," but rather reserve that force in order to inculcate at Vassar the same noble, artistic standard, and ideal integrity of aim and action, which he had always maintained, he was too honest a man, as well as too true an artist, not to determine that music at Vassar *should* pay; and his department has once more, this year as usual, presented a large profit over its internal expenses to the college: a remarkable success, considering that this art has never met with much sympathy in the college faculty: considering the immense increase, too, in the number of colleges, conservatories, and schools of art throughout the land, whose courses of study are in many cases directly based on that established by Dr. Ritter.

The friendly feeling among the music students at Vassar is remarkable, as is the harmony that reigns among its corps of instructors, and, as might be expected, the ablest musicians are also the most intellectual among the students, the most graceful, and the least self-asserting in manner and tone of conduct.

A series of letters has recently appeared in a local paper, on Vassar's present prospects and past record, written by a brother of one of the most influential



trustees. From these I extract the accompanying statistics of attendance at Vassar since its establishment.

The number of students, as given in the catalogues, from the opening of the college to the present year was in

1865-66	353	Seniors	4
1866-67	386	"	25
1867-68	339	"	33
1868-69	362	"	33
1869-70	382	"	22
1870-71	381	"	28
1871-72	415	"	47
1872-73	411	"	43
1873-74	411	"	42
1874-75	384	"	47
1875-76	370	"	45
1876-77	338	"	42
1877-78	347	"	26
1878-79	306	"	46
1879-80	303	"	

Total, 5,448

Total, 493

Average attendance for the fifteen years, 381. The year 1880-81 is not completed yet, but up to this time, it being the sixteenth year, 281 are enrolled in the catalogue for 1881, with 36 seniors.

As the number of students at Vassar, according to this undoubtedly correct estimate, is now 281, the students of musical art comprise nearly half the entire body. The school of music looks forward to another successful year, with a new, much-needed organ, ampler accommodations for study, and a greater number of artist-concerts. These advantages will doubtless be accorded to them, in consideration of the solid success of this department.

JUNE 23. The following programme was performed at the annual commencement concert on Monday evening last, before an immense audience, many guests being unable to find seats in the chapel, although the aisles were closely packed with camp-chairs.

Rondo, Op. 1,	Chopin
Miss Littlefield.	
"On Wings of Song,"	Mendelssohn
Miss Curtiss.	
Valse brillante, A-flat major, Op. 34,	Chopin
Miss Nagai.	
"Son vergin vezzosa," "I Puritani,"	Bellini
Miss Nichols.	
Concerto, G-minor, Op. 25,	Mendelssohn
First movement, Miss Andrews, first piano.	
Second and third movements, Miss Pahn, first piano.	
"A little mountain lull,"	Roedel
Miss Rollinson.	
Concerto, No. 7, for violin,	De Beriot
Miss Webster.	
"Anch'io provai le tenere smanie," "Lucrezia Borgia,"	Donizetti
Miss Van Benschoten.	
Concerto, D-minor, Op. 40, second and third movements,	Mendelssohn
Miss Foster.	
Second piano, Miss Vallean.	
"Nel lasciar la Normandia," "Robert le Diable,"	Meyerbeer
Miss Wallath.	
Concerto, C-minor, Op. 37, first movement,	Beethoven
Miss Fridenberg.	
Second piano, Miss Bliss.	
Romanza, "Com'è bella," "Lucrezia Borgia,"	Donizetti
Miss Hubbell.	
Concerto, F-sharp minor, Op. 69,	Hiller
Miss Shaw.	
Second piano, Miss Hubbard.	

Every piece on the programme was well performed; some numbers were played with an execution and finish that astonished even those who are familiar with the usual high standard of our concerts. On Wednesday (commencement) six graduates from the school of music received their diplomas, and one of the music teachers took a degree as M. A. The number of music students this year is considered remarkable (136), as the attendance in the college proper is not so large as it was in former years, and also on account of the singular discouragement of music, and even opposition to the musical department, which certain members of the faculty have continually displayed. It is needless to say, that those who entertain this extraordinary and unreasonable dislike to music must have long had it in their power to lessen its influence at Vassar; therefore, and also considering that this department has, as yet, no music-hall of its own, no rooms with deadened walls for study, no outward advantages or decorations whatever, its great success reflects the more credit on the patience, enthusiasm and ability of Dr. Ritter, and the good sense of American girls. One of the trustees remarked, a few days ago, in the presence of several visitors, myself among them, that music was the only department at Vassar that not merely paid its own large expenses, but also presented an annual profit to the college. The highest number of students in the school of music in any year, at a time when the average of college attendance was much larger than now, was only 145 to 149; therefore the present percentage is

really an increase in the list of musical students, comparing them with the general body of students. The very first gift ever made to St. Cecilia at Vassar was announced last Wednesday by President Caldwell, and, as seems most fit, the first donor is a lady, who, for the present, prefers to withhold her name. She offers to present a fine organ, in place of the bad one now standing in the college chapel, and this new instrument is to be erected in time for the opening of the college in September. It looks as though a new page were turning for the sweet young Cinderella of Vassar (the music department), that its days of persecution were at an end, and the efforts of her faithful knight were beginning to be appreciated there as well as in the world outside. Who knows? Some other ladies of generous and musical spirit may yet donate to our Cinderella advantages as great as the other art department has for years enjoyed in its fine gallery, noble collection of works on art, autotypes, etc., its art fund (all due to the generosity of Matthew Vassar and others) and the continual encouragement of the faculty. I am told that this year's class in drawing and painting numbered in all thirty-two. Of these, ten were special students, and one took a diploma at commencement. This department has never yet employed more than one professor, the average attendance in his class not having been too large, at any time, for the attention of a single teacher. President Raymond was a great lover of the arts, personally preferring music, however; but he jocularly told Dr. Ritter, that, notwithstanding, he often advised students to enter the painting rather than the musical classes. "I am afraid your influence will turn us all into musicians, if I don't discourage you too!" he would laughingly say. Dr. Caldwell frankly owns his ignorance of music, as well as his taste for painting; but his strong sense of justice will prevent him from lending an undue weight of influence in favor of the art he knows most about.

Dr. Ritter is to give his lecture on Church Music before the Teachers' Convention at Albany next month, and promises to finish the first volume of his book on "Music in America" in time for publication next fall.

WELLS COLLEGE, AURORA, N. Y.—The forty-sixth and forty-seventh concerts took place on June 13 and 14. In the first, only students of the Department of Music took part, performing concertos by Mozart, Hummel, Mendelssohn, and other pieces by Bach, Rheinberger, Raff and Moszkowski. The vocal numbers consisted of songs by Taubert, Franz and Rubinstein.

At the second concert, under the auspices of the Castalia, a college art society, Mr. George Werrenrath, of Brooklyn, sang songs by Handel, Schubert, Schumann, Rubinstein, Franz, Piatti, Jensen, Vyerull and Grieg. Dr. Schultze, well known in Boston, played violin solos by Molique, Bazzini and Sarasate. Both concerts were under the direction of Mr. Max Piatti, and successfully closed a large number of concerts which were given during the past twelve months as a part of instruction at Wells College.

CHICAGO, June 25. Musical matters have been somewhat dull for the past few weeks, and but very few concerts have taken place. Next week the Sängersfest will claim our attention. For this festival every preparation has been made that could add to the art side of the undertaking. Our American societies have been invited to join the Festival chorals, and will be allowed to sing in works of their own selection, with the aid of the full orchestra, and solo talent of the highest order. In this respect, our societies have never had so full an opportunity to show their powers. It is pleasing to notice that our German friends have endeavored to put down the idea of national differences, and with frankness admitted, as we share a common art, and love the same land that makes for us our home, that our object and aim in musical matters should be in harmony. It is only possible to do great things in development of an art when all the lovers of its beauty unite with a grand purpose. I think that the outcome of this festival will be a groundwork for more active efforts in the future. There is some doubt about the feasibility of these large musical gatherings. What is best in music does not admit of a multiplication beyond a certain point. It is often unwise to attempt the colossal in music, when by so doing you destroy the very effect you would seek to produce. The Sängersfest is to be held in a large building, which was erected for our yearly exposition, and although only a portion of it is to be used, it is still to be determined if it is pleasant, or even passable, for musical effects. A building that is large enough to hold ten thousand people may be too vast in extent for a chorus, or an orchestra, to produce their best endeavors in, while solo performers may have to struggle most heroically for a hearing. Such forebodings cannot but present themselves to every one who has had experiences in this direction before. It seems to me that there is a limit

at which music must stop. Music depends upon delicate and most artistic causes for its very manifestations. A chorus larger than six or eight hundred persons is often the cause of its own wreck, for it becomes impossible for it to move with one impulse. Music should have such a building provided for it as will insure for it an adequate hearing. To try to enjoy a symphony in a vast space is like looking at a lovely painting from a great distance. You have doubts as to its beauty, for its form is indistinct. I hope that before many years each of our large cities that give musical festivals will have a hall that is built for that purpose, and thus befitting for the true interpretation of great music.

Since my last note to the JOURNAL, there have been one or two concerts worthy of mention. First of these was a performance of eight numbers of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and Massenet's *Eve*. These works were given with orchestra, chorus and solo talent, under the directions of Mr. Tetedoux. They had the assistance of Miss Wallace of Pittsburgh, and Miss Leggett of Cleveland, as soprano soloists, while Mrs. Davis, Dr. Martin, Mr. Knorr and Mr. James Martin were of this city. Massenet's *Eve* contains some very pleasing music, particularly the orchestral introduction, descriptive of the serenity of nature. One or two of the choruses are also interesting, but the solo music seems to me to be too much drawn out to be very effective. The listener becomes tired of the monotony of sweetness.

The Apollo Club gave a Männerchor Concert, which was very pleasing, and drew out a large audience. Mr. Tomlins is at work forming a festival chorus, which is to number a thousand voices. It is the intention of the committee who have this great undertaking in charge to bring it to a successful termination, and thus next spring we may expect a festival worthy of the name. We have plenty of fine voices, which may make a splendid chorus, if they only concentrate with a unity of purpose to accomplish the good work. Mr. Tomlins has been very successful in gaining control of his forces and I think that he will be able to do a greater work than ever before in our city. Every lover of music wishes the undertaking its full measure of success. There will be no lack of money to carry out the arrangements, and all that we want is the hearty co-operation of the singers of our city. Mr. Thomas will shortly be here, to begin a season of *forty orchestral concerts*. These concerts will be given in the Exposition Building, which will be turned into a summer garden for the time being.

Among the students of music who have gone to Europe to study I make mention of Miss Maud Powell, a pupil of Mr. Lewis. This little girl has been playing the violin under this gentleman's instruction for some few years. She has made most rapid progress, and manifests remarkable ability. If her talent is carefully developed she will make a name for herself in the world of art. Also a pupil of Mr. Emil Liebling, Miss Adele Geiser, goes to perfect herself in pianoforte playing. This young girl has a more than ordinary technique, and attempts very difficult music with much success. These two young ladies will do honor to our city, in the future, if these gifts are developed with that thoughtful care that is necessary to gain maturity in art.

C. H. BRITTON.

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Milan	1808
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The Conservatory of Liege	1827
Madrid	1831
Brussels	1832
Leipzig	1843
Royal Irish Academy of Music, Dublin	1848
Berlin	1850
Cologne	1850
Stuttgart	1857
The Institute of Florence	1860
The London Academy of Music	1861
Petersburg	1862
College of Organists, London	1864
Turin	1866
Moscow	1866
Trinity College, London	1872
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## HENRI VIEUXTEMPS.

(Died at Mustapha-lez-Alger, June 6, 1881.)

I was born at Verviers, Belgium, on the 17th February,<sup>2</sup> 1820. My father was something of a musician, played the violin, and carried on the business of a manufacturer of musical instruments. It was thus that, as far as I remember, I first saw and heard any one perform on the violin. When I was four years old, my father, simply to amuse me, put into my hands a little violin, gave me the first notions of music, and taught me what he knew. As that was not a great deal, I soon knew as much as he. Perceiving his incompetence, he determined I should have lessons of a friend of his, but the friend, not possessing a father's belief in me, did assiduously nothing, alleging, perhaps with reason, that a child of four could not comprehend what was taught him. M. Genin, however, an amateur in our little town, and a rich and generous man, interested himself in the young prodigy he had heard, and got M. Lecloux, a real master of solid attainments, to give me lessons. Under his intelligent guidance, my progress was so rapid that in two years I was able to play for the first time in public Rode's Fifth Concerto, and an Air with Variations for soloist and orchestra by Fontaine. I was six years old and the effect was surprising. People brought me out on various occasions, busied themselves about me, helped my father, and eventually advised him to let me make a little trip. He resolved to do so in the winter of 1827, and, accompanied by my master, M. Lecloux, we visited successively Liège,<sup>3</sup> Brussels, Antwerp, Breda, The Hague, Rotterdam, Utrecht, and Amsterdam. It was thus that my life militant began. Charles de Bériot, then in all the freshness and charm of his talent, heard me at Amsterdam. Struck by the qualities of which I gave promise, he offered my father to undertake my education as a musician and a virtuoso, an offer which was gratefully accepted. To take advantage of it, my father left Verviers and settled with all his family in Brussels. Bériot proved a second father and was continually thinking about me. He endeavored more especially to inspire me with respect and liking for the old masters, initiating me into the beauties of Corelli, Tartini, Viotti, Rode, Krentzer, etc.

<sup>1</sup> This autobiography was given by Vieuxtemps to an old friend who sent it to the *Guide Musical*, from which it is now translated.

<sup>2</sup> All the biographers, beginning with Fétis, have made a mistake and given the 20th as the date.—Ed. of the *Guide Musical*.

<sup>3</sup> Where, at the rooms of the Emulation Society, he gave his first concert on the 23th November.—Ed. of the *Guide Musical*.

He taught me to admire and consider them as models. I take pleasure in here paying the homage of unbounded gratitude to the man and master who knew how to awaken in a child sentiments which became so incrustated and developed in me as to convince me that without them no one can be a genuine, conscientious, and enlightened artist. Towards the end of 1828, Bériot took me to Paris and brought me out at his concerts. Through his influence I obtained from the King of the Netherlands a pension which was to be increased in proportion to my progress. But then came the Revolution of 1830, and materially changed the aspect of affairs. In 1831 Bériot married Mme. Malibran and went off to Italy. My father was in despair. "To whom can I confide the youngster," he said to Bériot, "when he leaves you?" "To nobody," replied the master. "Let him work by himself; let him seek his own path—clear his own road—only keep an eye on him." And thus it happened, that from the time I was eleven (1831), I never had a violin lesson. I continued to work, meditating on the old composers, comparing the moderns with them; bringing them together and combining them in whatever appeared beautiful and grand about them. I remained in Brussels till 1833, trying my powers at concerts, giving lessons, and taking part more especially in a great deal of concerted music. My father then started with me on an artistic tour in Germany. Our first resting-place was Frankfort-on-the-Maine. I there made the acquaintance of Guhr, an excellent conductor, and so-called rival of Paganini for his pretended discoveries of flageolet tones and pizzicati. I met, also, at a Russian nobleman's, Spohr, then in all the plenitude of his talent. What tone! What style! What charm! He was extremely kind to me, and from that moment our friendly intercourse ceased only with his death. But the great event for me was a performance of *Fidelio*, which I heard for the first time. The impression produced by the work upon my young soul of thirteen was such that I could not eat, drink, or sleep. I gave a concert at the Weidenbusch, when I played Rode's Seventh Concerto, and Airs with Variations by De Bériot and Mayseder. People remarked the correctness and clearness of my tone, as well as my simple and natural phrasing.

From Frankfort we went to Darmstadt, Mannheim, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, Baden, and Munich. My nascent qualities were duly acknowledged, for, under the influence of the musical sensations which were being revealed in me, I did not, despite our constantly changing about from place to place, neglect my studies for a single instant, and I was really progressing. At Carlsruhe I made the acquaintance of Pechatschek and Strauss, the conductor; at Stuttgart, that of Molique and Lindpaintner. They all appreciated me, and prophesied for me a brilliant future. At Stuttgart, I gave a concert with a fair young Viennese pianist, who did wonders, and was destined, eventually, to become Mme. Vieuxtemps. I met her again at Munich, where I achieved what was, for my

age, very remarkable success, the prelude to the really extraordinary triumphs I obtained afterwards in Vienna, where I spent the winter of 1833-34. Without being dazzled by the praise of a kind and enthusiastic public, I devoted myself, body and soul, to the study of my instrument and of composition under the enlightened direction of Simon Sechter, the learned theoretician and court organist. Under his auspices, and amid initiatory artistic society, my progress was astonishing, and the infant prodigy made way for the precocious adolescent, already dreaming of the unknown and the new. I was introduced to Mayseder, for whom I entertained a feeling of deep veneration. His kindness towards me was extreme, but he obstinately refused my father to give me lessons in his own compositions. "He does not play them in my style," he said to my father, "but his own style is so good and so original that it would be a pity to change anything in it; let him go his own way." He thus confirmed the opinion previously pronounced by Bériot. At the house of the venerable patriarch, Dominic Artaria, the contemporary of Beethoven and publisher of most of his works, I became acquainted with Holz, Linke, Merk, Borzaga, Czerny, Boquelette, Gyrowetz, Weigl, and Baron Lannoy, all of whom had known the great man intimately. It was with them and, so to speak, under the influence of his mighty genius, which still inspired them, that I learned to know his gigantic works, that I penetrated their mystery, that I imbibed their essence, and collected, with scrupulous care, the slightest tradition of movement and execution. Under this select patronage, Baron Lannoy asked me to play Beethoven's Violin Concerto at one of the three sacred concerts given annually under his direction. They were, at that time, the only fashionable concerts, and the only ones where grand works were produced. I did not know the Concerto and had only a fortnight to learn it. I immediately, however, set about the task, and, despite the difficulties of conception and execution with which it bristles, was ready in time and played the work in a satisfactory manner, for my age. People applauded my boldness and the vigor of my youthful efforts.

My performance (in March, 1834) of this Concerto (Concerto in D-major, Op. 61, Lenz, II, p. 97), the first performance since Beethoven's death, made a sensation by its daring, and invested me with a certain importance, the good effects of which did not fail to make themselves felt at Prague, where I gave several concerts either in the usual locality or at the Stadttheater. As the season was advancing, we pushed on rapidly to Dresden and Leipzig, at which latter place Robert Schumann was kind enough to devote especial attention to me (see his Notes of that time). Lastly, we went to Berlin and Hamburg. With the exception of Schumann, however, no one in the towns of Saxony nor the capital of Prussia took any notice of me, and it was only in Hamburg that I met with some slight sympathy and encouragement.

We then proceeded to London, where we



arrived in the height of the season, that is to say, too late. However, thanks to Moscheles, I was granted a hearing at the Philharmonic Society (the only one then) in Bériot's fifth Air with Variations, my performance being favorably received (July, 1834). But what now marked an epoch in my life was the happiness of approaching and hearing Paganini. One morning, my father came home looking quite scared, and exclaiming: "He is here; we shall hear him to-night at a concert!" Great emotion! Sensation! Absence of hunger and thirst! And with good reason! I recollect it all still! I see him! I hear him! His fantastic, cadaverous, and theatrical appearance was of itself a poem, and impressed me profoundly. The applause which greeted him seemed as though it would never end. For some time it appeared to amuse him; then, when he had had enough of it, looking at the public with an eagle-like and diabolical glance, he dashed off a run, a dazzling rocket, from the lowest to the highest note on the violin, with such rapidity, power of tone, and clearness, with so extraordinary, so astounding, and so diamond-like a sparkle, that every one felt subjugated and spell-bound. There was another outburst of frantic applause. This occurred twice, thrice, and several times more, till Paganini had had sufficient and condescended to begin. His appearance alone was, I repeat, a poem in itself. I will not attempt to go into the details of his gigantic and unique performance. I heard the Concerto in B-minor, called *La Clochette*; the variations on *Il Cor non più mi sento*; the *Moto Perpetuo*, and *Le Streghe*. The impression on me was profound and immense, but I could not then exactly understand the means employed to obtain the effects produced. The impression remained, however, intact, and subsequently, when I had grown older and possessed a more profound knowledge of the art of the violin, a great many things stood clearly revealed to me. Nevertheless, my reminiscence of what I felt has remained the same and my admiration has extended to the limits of the improbable. After the concert, I had the good fortune to be introduced to Paganini, at the house of Dr. Bealing, then the artists' doctor in London. Every one defiled past at these large parties. I played and Paganini himself could not escape the obligation. He gave a quartet for solo (on the four strings of the viola), only relatively interesting; I should have preferred something for the violin, but he reserved that instrument exclusively for his public performances. He was exceedingly kind and encouraging, and particularly requested me to sit next him at supper, which was served at four in the morning. I was dying with sleep, but just managed to keep sufficiently awake to recollect the many times he filled my glass with wine, the way he himself drank, and his large hands.

(To be continued.)

#### RUBINSTEIN AGAIN IN LONDON.

History is now repeating itself as regards the presence amongst us of one who, after Richard Wagner, is the most conspicuous musical figure of the age. In 1877 Anton Rubinstein visited

this country, played his way through the provinces, came to London, crammed St. James's Hall over and over again, gave a concert of his own chamber-music in the same building, and conducted a performance of orchestral works from his pen at the Crystal Palace. All this is being repeated, with the variations which a considerate "order of things" usually employs to guard against slavish imitation and monotony. Mr. Rubinstein has already flashed like a meteor through the length and breadth of England, not forgetting to cross the border and rouse the fervid Scots to worship; and on Thursday last he began shining steadily in the firmament of London. Here he is "reciting" on the pianoforte, looking forward to a Rubinstein day at Sydenham, and contemplating, instead of a chamber-concert, an opera at Covent Garden. Wherefore the present is to be a Rubinstein season; and Herr Hans Richter takes a second place, while Dr. Hans von Bülow prudently keeps at a distance, knowing the inexorable law which ordains that before a blaze of solar light a lamp must "pale its ineffectual fire."

Time was when Mr. Rubinstein appealed almost in vain to English amateurs. He piped unto them, but they would not dance. To some he was incomprehensible, to others strange, and, therefore, offensive. So for years he gave us up. England was Philistia—the Alsatia of the Gentiles, wherein no writ from the court of Art could run. At last he resolved to try again, because news of Dr. von Bülow's successful British progress had reached him. Mr. Rubinstein may then have said to himself: "If those islanders find warmth in stony coldness, much more will they in real passion. If they bask in the rays of a painted sun, much more will they in those of an orb of fire." Anyhow, he came, and the people almost worshipped him, doubting no longer that what they heard was great, and finding in their inevitable amazement not so much cause of offence as provocation to that blind faith which is ready to trust far beyond the limits of its power to trace. In due course the artist left us, but his hold did not relax or his charm abate when the exercise of it became a thing of the past. It is not too much to say that Mr. Rubinstein has been consciously waited for since 1877. Every amateur, therefore, who went to St. James's Hall did so with full assurance of being one of a crowd rejoicing with a common joy in the fact that hope had ripened into substance. No one is silly enough to believe that all this enthusiasm arises from the merits of its object. Perfection was never generally admired in our world. We crucify it, crying out, "Not this man, but Barabbas." Let us not fail to see and frankly acknowledge the probability that Mr. Rubinstein's combination of striking faults with remarkable excellences accounts for the universality of the interest he excites. Some people love the faults; others the merits. It may be wrong, however, to speak of Mr. Rubinstein's artistic personality as having only two aspects. In effect, he is many-sided, and shows himself in a different light on each. Two knights quarrelled over the shield; half-a-dozen might be provoked to put lance in rest over the Russian pianist. Hence every amateur sees something to approve in him, and only when the audience begin to compare notes do they raise their voices angrily because they fail to see alike. It must be owned that on Thursday our distinguished visitor did his best to be at once universally agreeable and the origin of general contention.

We said, four years ago, that there were two Rubinsteins, having nothing in common one with other. Is it a growing capacity of discernment that now prompts belief in as many Rubinsteins as, according to King Richard, there were

Richmonds on Bosworth Field? Three were obvious in St. James's Hall. First came a kind of pedantic Rubinstein, in periwig and powder, who played Bach's *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue*. When your modern interpreter of Bach is an eminent pianist, he generally tries to make the old master express what he never thought, or, at least, to invest him with the airs and graces of our own time. It is no longer a question of periwig and powder, but of hair with a "middle parting;" no longer of the formal movements of a precise age, but of such *abandon* as becomes an era devoted to the cultivation of nerves. Mr. Rubinstein refused, on Thursday, to dress up old Bach in clothes of the present fashion; that is to say, he hammered out the *Fantasia and Fugue* with the precision and passionless formality of a machine. He saw no authority for what is now called a "reading," and he made none; but careful only to show the structural lines of the music, put forward Bach's work in its integrity, to be admired or not, as the audience pleased. There was something impressive in the play of those iron fingers over the keys without the smallest evidence that they were moved by a will as susceptible to the dictates of feeling as an Æolian harp to a breath of air. Mr. Rubinstein seemed less happy with Mozart's *Fantasia* in C-minor and Beethoven's *Waldstein* Sonata. He was not in his best mood for such works, or, at any rate, his attitude towards them was less definite than on some former occasions. It appeared as though, having entered the region of feeling, he had to put upon himself a restraint strong enough to make him uncomfortable, while not more strong than proper respect for the traditions of his subject demanded. There were moments in the first part of the Sonata when the passionate Rubinstein blazed up, and watchers for a conflagration looked at each other with smiles; but generally the master kept himself under, warring successfully against his own affections as well as "the huge army of the world's desires." In Schumann's *Fantasiestücke*, and, subsequently, in the course of selections from Chopin, Mr. Rubinstein threw aside all bonds. He was himself again, or, rather, since he is himself in many ways, he turned towards us his Boanergian side and roared as became a "son of Thunder." Surely the passionate Rubinstein is a phenomenon—a volcanic eruption attended by noises, fire and smoke. The thing is heroic in character and proportions. We may not recognize here a pianist in the act of performing pianoforte music, but we are in presence of an amazing display of musical impulse and inspiration which fascinates even those who do not approve. That artist with knitted brows and resolute eye, flinging back his long hair as, with ten fingers doing the work of twenty, he makes the instrument vibrate to the core of its biggest timbers, and causes wood and iron to plead, each in its way, for mercy, is simply stupendous. One thinks of the war-horse in the grandest of Eastern poems: "He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength . . . he mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted . . . he swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage." It must be said that this Rubinstein overrides his subject. He may be playing anything, for aught we know or care. An overwhelming personality fills the whole scope of vision, shutting out the composer, who, indeed, has often little to do with the result. It is, therefore, well that we have only one passionate Rubinstein. Were there more, stern duty to art might compel the world to chain them up. Even in this case a corrective is ever close at hand in Rubinstein the tender, who speaks—let the Laureate say how he speaks,—

"An accent very low

In blandishment . . .  
Right to the heart and brain, though undescried,  
Winning its way with extreme gentleness."

Here is the shepherd's pipe after the storm in the Pastoral Symphony; the song of the thrush when the thunder has rolled away; the ripple of the mountain brook where erst the torrent roared,—and it is very refreshing and delightful. How refreshing and delightful let those say who heard Mr. Rubinstein perform Chopin's Barcarolle and his own Romance, not to speak of other things. But there is something uncanny about the contrast. Can this loving painter of delicate fancies be the thunderer of a moment ago? Clearly he is, and we watch him with anxiety as we might a flower-decked lion trained to walk in a festive procession.

It may be said that the foregoing are words of rhapsody rather than criticism. No doubt they are, and necessarily so. Mr. Rubinstein is one of those pianists who evade criticism by the very splendor of their faults not less than by the glory of their excellences. In other words, his powers, whether well or ill directed, are strong enough to fascinate, and the most resolute manipulator of critical apparatus soon shuts it up and puts it in his pocket. Why should he not? Comets are generally regarded as erratic members of the solar system, but one need not look askance at their fiery magnificence because they refuse to perform a sober and orderly evolution along with the planets. — D. T. Lond. Mus. World.

### MUSICAL INSULT.

We have heard much of the irritating effect of street music upon the nerves of those who are compelled to be unwilling listeners; and latterly many complaints have been made by railway passengers of the intrusion of itinerant instrumentalists into carriages where, to the misery of the other occupants, they continue to perform at short intervals during the journey. But music, being an indefinite language, however much it may annoy, cannot insult; so that to effect this result it is necessary to ally it with words, and with what success a recent case will prove. It appears that a correspondent of the *Globe* unfortunately found himself in a railway carriage surrounded by a detachment of the "Salvation Army." Of course this pious body, having a mission, could not let the opportunity pass of letting all the passengers know, by means of a hideous chorus, to what a happy frame of mind they had brought themselves; but as the person who relates this incident did not see why this ecstatic choral burst of joy should be forced upon those not concerned in the welfare of the "Army," he ventured gently to remonstrate, whereupon the vocalists instantly changed both tune and words to the following very personal chorus:—

Oh, he's going to the devil  
As fast as ever he can.

The helpless victim of this attack writes to ask whether the law allows him any redress for this grievance. We should assuredly think that it does; and feel convinced that if he had called any officer on duty at the first station he arrived at, he could have had his cowardly assailants at once turned out of the carriage. Persons intoxicated with religion have no more right to insult their fellow-passengers than those intoxicated with ardent spirits; and if the usual regulations for the protection of travellers do not meet the case, railway companies will have to add something to their by-laws especially for the "Salvation Army."—Lond. Mus. Times.

### "O SWEET OLIVER."

There is evidence in plenty of the close correspondence subsisting in the seventeenth century between the musicians of England and the Netherlands. Dr. John Bull, the hero eponymos of something more than our national anthem, left

England in 1617 to become organist at Antwerp. Matthew Lock, whose music to the *Tempest* and *Macbeth* is still remembered, travelled abroad during the Rebellion and brought back books full of foreign music. I have seen two of the volumes that made his little library; one he heads "A Collection of Songs when I was in the Low Countries, 1648," the other is a printed book of motets bound up with a Dutch manuscript music-book, to which, in the blank spaces, Lock has added a variety of Dutch and German dances. In the same way it was an Amsterdam publisher who brought out in 1664 the "Twelve Sonatas" of John Jenkins, a pleasant writer of "consorts" and "fancies," whose name, however, is now hardly known beyond the circle of musical antiquaries.

It is, therefore, not surprising that light should be thrown from Holland on the history of English music, but it is a rare chance that we are able to recover a veritable song sung in a play of Shakespeare's. That "O sweet Oliver" existed and was popular long before "As You Like It" was written is ascertained from the registers of the Stationers' Company. The first entry is of the date August 6, 1584, and records a license to Ric Jones "To printe A Ballat of 'O swete Olyuer, Leaue me not behind the[e].'" A later notice in the same month gives "the answeare of 'O sweete Olyuer'" (Arber's "Transcripts," ii. 434, 435). It now appears from a book of lute music lately examined at Leyden—a collection of songs and dances made in the first half of the seventeenth century—that "Soet Olivier" (which is nothing else than a Dutch translation of Touchstone's words) was a dance tune, a branle, identical with the air familiar in England to the song "The hunt is up." The Dutch form has only lost the sprightliness of the English by a change into "common" time. I subjoin the English tune with Shakespeare's song, indicating the variations of phrase in the Dutch copy by smaller notes:—



O sweet Oliver! O brave Oliver! Leave me not be-  
hind thee. Wind, a-way! be-gone, I say! I  
will not to wedding with thee.

It is right to add that the discovery of this tune is due to Prof. Land, of Leyden; the identification I owe to the kindness of Mr. Chappell.

REGINALD LANE POOLE. *Athenæum*.

### SOPHIE MENTER IN LONDON.

(From the *Daily Telegraph*.)

This is an age of pianists, and the present season will be remembered as a crowning illustration of the fact. How many may be now upon the way hither we do not know, but already we have amongst us M. Rubinstein, Dr. Hans von Bülow, M. Carl Heymann, M. Lowenburg, and Mme. Sophie Menter, with others less renowned. The quintet of luminaries is surely sufficient for distinction, even though Dr. von Bülow should persist in reserving his light for private circles. Meanwhile, Mme. Sophie Menter has stepped forward on behalf of those whom Dr. von Bülow calls "petticoat pianists." We had heard her under the auspices of Mr. Ganz, the Philharmonic Society, and the Crystal

Palace; but it is one thing to play a single piece, and another to undertake an entire programme with the view of keeping an audience in their seats for two hours. Mme. Menter was bound to emulate her precursors in this respect, and she did so a first time some ten days since at St. James's Hall, whither flocked a crowd of professors and connoisseurs, M. Rubinstein and Dr. von Bülow at their head. The nature of Mme. Menter's task will appear in its true proportions if we indicate the contents of her programme. The list comprised an arrangement by Carl Tausig of Bach's organ fugue in D-minor, Beethoven's sonata (Op. 109), a Pastoral and Capriccio by Scarlatti, Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, three arrangements by Liszt of Schubert's songs, Liszt's Fantasia on themes from *Les Huguenots*, six pieces by Chopin, and Rubinstein's Valse Caprice. All these things Mme. Menter played from memory in two hours and a quarter, not, as may be imagined, resting for more than a few consecutive minutes. In respect of both mind and body, it was a herculean undertaking, from which even the great Moldavian pianist might have shrunk, much more a lady who, in appearance at any rate, is far from robust. Passing from the wonder of the programme and the labor it involved, let us enter a protest against some of the pieces chosen. Having regard to the fact that pianoforte music of a high and unimpeachable class abounds, we see no justification for an artist who brings forward arrangements like that of Tausig, or fantastic perversions like that in which Liszt insults Meyerbeer. These things may show a performer's skill, but a pianist should always be first and foremost an artist, who, as such, cannot, for the sake of mere display, forget the inevitable conditions of service to higher things. We do not hesitate to say that Mme. Menter damaged her claim to consideration by stooping to the level of Liszt's vulgar, though in some respects astonishing, fantasia. Better that she should be suspected of inability to play things like this than that she should demonstrate her power at such a cost. Concerning the Tausig arrangement and the transcribed Schubert songs, more moderate words suffice. Indeed, one of the greatest successes of the afternoon was made in an arrangement of "Hark, the lark." Nevertheless, the general rule excluding all arrangements whatever from the public repertory of a great artist should be strictly enforced.

Mme. Menter's entire performance made a profound impression, and was altogether of a remarkable character. We are disposed to think as a mechanician she is unrivalled. There is no need in her case to plead that certain effects can only be produced from the piano at the expense of accuracy. The argument, everybody knows, has often been advanced, not without reason, seeing that the great "lions" of former seasons have all given forth wrong notes when strenuously roaring. Hence there has grown up amongst us a toleration of such things, if, indeed, wrong notes have not been raised to the dignity of a principle, and preached as a gospel. Mme. Menter demolishes all this at a blow, by proving that there is no real need for inaccuracy. She is a "lionne," and can roar as loudly as any male specimen of the order; but she never makes a mistake on the keyboard. She literally plays what is set down for her, and in the midst of such indescribable turmoil as that of Liszt's Fantasia her whirling fingers are unerring. Let us, then, hear no more apologies for wrong notes. As would-be inevitable attendants upon modern development, Mme. Menter gives them the lie in their teeth. The lady's strength is another remarkable feature. From what store she draws the power to invest a single instrument

with the sonority of half a dozen is, looking at her delicate frame, a mystery, and one made all the more puzzling by a curious absence of effort. She does not agonize with the pianoforte. Her arms do not fly about like mill-sails, nor does she play with her whole body, yet the fingers descend like hammers, and the instrument shakes to its centre. Scarcely less notable is the lady's delicacy of manipulation in music of a soft and tender character. She plays *mezzo-voce* passages, especially rapid ones, with a refinement and equality of touch nothing could surpass, and it is only to be regretted that the gradations of tone between a musical whisper and thunder are not equally at her command. Mme. Menter, however, has been trained in a school which cultivates contrast, so that we can hardly wonder if she tries to better her instruction.

Ascending from the artist's truly prodigious execution to questions of style and expression, we find some strangely conflicting results. It may be doubted, at the outset, whether the passion of her playing is more than a device. When M. Rubinstein storms over the keys, we know that he could not do otherwise if he would. There is a corresponding tempest in the region of his feeling. Mme. Menter, on the other hand, seems to remain in the peaceful centre of the cyclone she calls up, and this appearance of artificiality detracts from her power. Similarly in pieces the poetic sentiment of which is, as in Chopin's music, like the bloom upon a plum for delicacy, she seems to allow their spirit to evade her. Hence the selections from the Polish composer made little effect; the result in this case being as marked as in that of Beethoven's Sonata, though for a very different reason. We may take objection also to the hard, mechanical style in which the artist hammers out themes that should often be quite legato and touched caressingly; but, passing on, we come to the remarkable fact that sometimes she ascends into the highest and purest region of true poetic expression. This was illustrated the other day by her performance of Scarlatti's Caprice, and the transcription of "Hark the lark." Nothing could have been better than her work here. Grace, sentiment, exquisite delicacy,—in fact, all the subtle charms of great playing were obvious, and, while calling forth delight, excited, also, surprise that elsewhere they were not present in equal force. Mme. Menter, however, should be definitely judged on fuller data than has yet been accorded. Enough for the present that we have in her a phenomenon whose astonishing qualities demand the most cordial recognition. She is an artist to be studied when the glamour of her merely mechanical gifts has passed away. But that will not be yet-a-while.

D. T.

#### A WORD TO VOCAL STUDENTS.

Amid the babel of talk about "methods," "voice culture," and the like, of which the air is full nowadays, it is not strange that young men and women, possessed of fine voices and intending to make singing a profession, should be misled into concentrating all their energies upon purely vocal training. There is so much to be learned in the way of formation of tone, husbanding of breath, phrasing, vocal agility, and so forth, that one can scarcely wonder at young singers thinking that to master the technique of singing is a sufficient task for a lifetime. The example of famous singers, great masters of the vocal art who have won laurels in many European capitals, and who, after twenty years of experience on the operatic stage, end by knowing about as much (or as little) about music itself as they did when they began, is ever before the minds of ambitious young singers, and tends still more strongly to favor the notion that

all a singer need know is how to use his (or her) voice well,—to sing after a good method, as the phrase is. Add to this the incomprehensible aversion the majority of singing-teachers have to teaching anything about music that is not immediately connected with vocal technique or vocal style, who can wonder that singers, as a rule, neglect almost everything that does not belong to technical training?

Yet what a sad mistake this neglect is,—this well-nigh utter sacrificing of general to special study! If singers could only be persuaded of the truth,—that the more they know about music, the better they will sing!

Many arguments could be brought to bear upon this point. Let us examine, at least, a few of them.

In the first place, it is not to be denied that most people will do an easy thing much better than they will do a difficult thing. Now, most well-trained singers are more likely to be embarrassed by intrinsically musical difficulties than by purely vocal difficulties. The hazardous intonation, the difficult melodic intervals, the complicated rhythms in a great deal of modern music (in a Schumann cantata or a Wagner opera, for instance), confuse the average singer far more than the brilliant roulades and floriture of a Bellini or Rossini aria. I am speaking of good singers, vocally competent singers, not of beginners.

Now, to a thorough musician, all these musical difficulties are simple enough,—at least, they are simple and easy to him in proportion as he is a musician. While the singer who is merely vocally trained finds these things so perplexing that he has to concentrate his whole attention upon them, and has no thought left for the manner in which he uses his voice or for musical expression, the thorough musician, whether he knows how to use his voice or not, sings them with perfect ease. What artistic impression, think you, can a singer make upon his audience, when his whole mind is given up to coming in in time and keeping his place? The most perfect voice and vocal method in the world will not help him here.

It is not only true that what a singer sings easily he sings well; but it is also true that the more easily he sings a piece of music, the less he tires himself out physically and mentally. This is an important point. I once heard a very high musical authority say of Mr. Georg Henschel, the famous baritone: "It seems to me that his great endurance in singing, his always being in good voice, and never getting tired, comes quite as much from his thorough musicianship, making all music perfectly easy to him, as from the perfection of his vocal method or his physical strength and good health." There is more truth in this than many persons would think.

Another argument, an argument which touches the pocket! Young vocal students would be surprised at the number of truly excellent singers who charm large audiences in the concert room, but who cannot get a position in a really fine church choir, simply because they cannot read well enough at sight to take the responsibility of a part in a quartet wholly upon their own shoulders.

Let all who would become really fine singers think of the power that inevitably comes to them from a sound knowledge of music. It will save them time and strength enough in learning songs, arias, parts in cantatas, oratorios, and operas to make it more than worth their while.

W. F. A. — *Mus. Herald.*

#### MUSIC IN ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

The state of music half a century ago was abundantly shown in the "Index to Musical Events"

published by the *Figaro* last autumn, and possible to be continued at some future and less busy period. Then music was at its darkest. The populace had ceased to be musical, the family circle had dispensed with those glees, catches, and part-songs which, at a period anterior to the year 1831, were the pastime of home, and music had become a mere divertimento of the rich. There was one Italian opera, managed on exclusive principles, with its *corps de ballet*, its "Fops' Alley," and so forth, the opera-house being less a place of music than a rendezvous. Nowadays, although the standard of operatic performances has not greatly increased, we may point to a better state of things. Italian opera, it is true, is still given at exclusive prices, as it must until *entrepreneurs* learn sense; but bad performances at extortionate prices are practically moribund. So, in a striking degree, are the "benefit concerts" which fifty years ago formed the staple musical performances of the season. With a very few exceptions, "benefit" concert givers now hide their diminished heads in hole-and-corner concert-rooms, and it is a gratifying sign of the times that a more or less transparent excuse is deemed necessary before a "benefit" concert is nowadays given at all. Fifty years ago, the orchestral concerts of the season were confined to the Philharmonic Society, which was then so powerful and exclusive that even critics of the public press were obliged to beg permission to pay for seats. To-day, the Philharmonic Society, by a long course of mismanagement, is threatened with dissolution. There is indeed happily a plethora of orchestral concerts. The Crystal Palace directors never had a finer season of Saturday concerts than that which concluded in May, and if by their summer concerts they have lost part of the profit gained during the winter, the result only adds fresh force to the time-honored proverb which tells us to "let well alone." Mr. Ganz has had a satisfactory season. Herr Richter began with a finer subscription than he ever had before, and although the programmes have been very injudiciously selected, and although that injudicious selection has seriously affected the attendance, the fact that the public will cheerfully support high-class orchestral concerts has been sufficiently established. As to miscellaneous concerts, their name is legion. Between a thousand and fifteen hundred concerts and musical performances will have been given between April and July, and in all cases it is satisfactory to find that a higher tone prevails in the programmes than was observable even five years ago. The most conspicuous sign of the times is, however, observable in "recitals." If our forefathers had been told that a pianist like M. Rubinstein could come to England, by sheer force of talent attract £540 to an afternoon piano recital at St. James's Hall, and, after a two months' tour, carry from this country to the Continent twenty thousand good English sovereigns sterling, they would probably have thought their informant daft. Yet it is a fact. Altogether, the state of music in England is such that we have reason to be proud. The alarmists who prophesied that by the ascendancy of the theatres music would suffer have been confounded. The theatres, it is true, have prospered, but the sister arts, Drama and Music, have gone hand in hand, the one assisting, and neither hurting, the other. It indeed remains a fact that, at a time of unexampled public depression, the art of music in its purest state has never been in a more flourishing condition. High-class music is more plentiful than of yore, and there never has been a time in its history in England when more money has been spent upon it. — *Figaro*, June 11.

#### ANOTHER AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

(Paris correspondence of the *Advertiser*.)

PARIS, June 14, 1881. Miss Griswold's debut in *Hamlet*, at the Grand Opera, was one of the most interesting it has been our good fortune to witness, and as her talent is henceforward to be classed among the best, I am glad to be able to give some details of the private life of this courageous girl. Previous to the great Chicago fire her parents were rich, but having lost nearly everything they possessed in that terrible disaster, they listened to their



daughter's earnest entreaties to be allowed to cultivate her voice to gain an honest livelihood, and Mrs. Griswold accompanied her child to Paris. Here she entered the conservatory, where she studied with earnestness for three years, and ten months ago merited the first prize — say *merited*, for she received only the second, as the first was bestowed on a young artist of, as I believe, comparatively insignificant talent, who is glad, to-day, to earn a modest livelihood at the Folies Dramatiques. How true it is that "troubles never come singly." This first disappointment was followed by a second, not less unexpected. M. Vaucorbeil, director of our National Academy of Music, engaged Miss Griswold on a very insignificant salary, promising her a *début* which was to have been immediate, but Miss Daram came like a cloud over his memory, and for ten months Miss Griswold seemed to be forgotten. Happily Ambroise Thomas was not so forgetful. He desired earnestly that Miss Griswold should have the rôle of his Ophelia, and encouraged her justifiable indignation against the unjust manner in which Vaucorbeil broke his promises. Five days before her *début*, Miss Griswold went to her jailer and told him frankly that she had waited long enough, and, determined to seek fortune elsewhere, she gave in her resignation. This was not at all what the impresario wanted, and after a long debate, in which Miss Griswold bravely held her own, he ended by promising she should make her *début* very soon. "At once!" she added: "I will not wait until after the Grand Prix, when every one whose opinion is worth having is out of Paris. I must have my *début* before a full house, and learn whether I am 'to be or not to be.'" So Monday was decided upon, and Monday Miss Griswold acted and sang the part of Ophelia before a crowded house, in so superior a manner as to astonish those who listened to her, and elicited favorable criticism from every musical critic present. Vitu of the *Figaro*, who is usually severe, says amongst other things: "Miss Griswold possesses a clear soprano voice which rises without effort in crystalline sweetness to *re* above the lines, and makes play of difficulties in a manner which nothing but serious study and an excellent musical education can explain. . . . What has particularly served Miss Griswold is the juvenile grace of her whole person. There is a *je ne sais quoi* of chastity and simplicity which becomes this marvellous character of Shakespeare's creation, and which enchanted the select audience. Miss Griswold sang with penetrating sentiment, thoroughly correct, and at the same time *très personnel*, the fine passage *Voilà, doucet Hamlet*, in the trio of the fourth act, which in truth has rarely ever been so well sung as this evening." It must be acknowledged that, for a *débutante*, such an appreciation on the part of a severe musical critic is flattering in the extreme, and I, who was present, affirm she thoroughly deserved it. Miss Griswold had the rare good luck of being well supported. Maurel is an incomparable Hamlet and the most sympathetic artist we have. Mdle. Richards is a contralto of the first order, and an excellent actress. As to Miss Griswold as an actress, she was a surprise to all who saw her, and with experience she will certainly leave nothing to be desired.

On Wednesday Madame Lacombe-Duprez made her *début* in *The Huguenots*, but I must not follow the example of many who were present on that occasion, and make comparison between her and Miss Griswold. Certainly it is unusual for two artists to appear for the first time at the Grand Opera so near together, but those who have listened to them both will never associate the two remembrances. Miss Griswold is but twenty, and has a brilliant career before her. Mme. Lacombe-Duprez is not young; she made a fiasco in the *Diamants de la Couronne* (at the Opéra Comique) some years ago and we wonder Mr. Vaucorbeil inflicted such a setting star upon his audience, when he had such a rising one as Miss Griswold at his service.

—The new opera by Mr. Francis T. S. Darley, of Philadelphia, which is to be added to the repertoire of the "Ideals" the coming season, will probably be given the title of *The Bride of Roncarolle*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1881.

### THE END OF A LONG STORY.

One more number will conclude the publication of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC. It is with great reluctance that we have brought ourselves to the point of making this announcement. When we made the arrangement with the present publishers (Jan. 1, 1879), kind friends willingly and eagerly guaranteed them against loss for two years. There was a considerable loss the first year; but in the second that loss was reduced to so low a figure, while at the same time we received such numerous and warm expressions of appreciation of our work and hope for its continuance, in connection with that generous Testimonial Concert in December last, that we were encouraged to go on another year. It has proved an illusion. Instead of the promised increase, the income from subscribers and from advertisers has fallen off, showing for the first half of the year a serious loss, which falls entirely on the editor himself, who has no heart to ask or to accept further guaranty from friends. Prudence counsels him that it is better to stop now than to risk a double loss by letting the paper run on to the end of the year.

Besides, we are weary of the long work (twenty-nine years), seeing that it has to be carried on under such discouraging conditions, and within such economical and narrow limits that it is impossible to make the Journal what we wish it to be.

Further statement of the motives which have led us to this abrupt pause, with possibly a few reflections proper to the close of a long career of journalism, must be deferred to the concluding number.

Of course our publishers (Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) will see to it that subscribers who have prepaid shall be made good for the remainder of their term; and the same publishers will, on the other hand, be glad for the prompt remittance of all dues on account of advertisements or subscriptions.

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

*The final number of the Journal, owing to long-needed rest and change of air on the part of its Editor, will be issued a week or two later than usual, — seeing that there is little or nothing going on just now to interest the reader.*

### THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The noble movement of Mr. Higginson has found admiring recognition abroad. The July number of the London *Musical Times* (Novello, Ewer & Co.) pays him the just tribute which we print below. At the same time we have received a hearty letter from Mr. Henschel, confirming what is said about the library he has been collecting for the concerts, and also stating that he has engaged a first-rate violoncello-player, highly recommended to him by Joachim Raff, Tausch and others, and that he hopes to bring over with him that great desideratum for our Boston orchestras, a good harpist. — When will a millionaire be found to give America the large,

strong, many-sided, but high-toned Musical Journal which the present development and prospect of the art in this great country calls for? But for the London greeting!

#### A TRUE MUSICAL PATRON.

It has been often said that "example is better than precept;" but then as precepts are so plentiful and examples so scarce, it must not cause surprise that, although we may progress surely, we progress but slowly. Many there are, for instance, who conscientiously assure us that a cause wants but liberal pecuniary support to ensure its permanent success; yet when they are appealed to for the very support they advocate, some special reason strikes them for withholding it. Now, whatever may be said of the advantage of securing social position and influence in furtherance of a movement, there can be no question that the real motive power of the world is money; and the man of fortune, therefore, can accomplish in one day, by a mere stroke of his pen, more real good than thousands of poor men have accomplished by strokes of their pen in many years. Patronage in art — and more especially in music — is good; but the timely help proffered to a struggling genius, however much it may become a valuable personal benefit, is rather the patronage of artists; and he, therefore, who, disregarding individuals, helps to found institutions which shall spread a knowledge of the standard works amongst the people, is the true missionary, for he sets in action, by the magic power of wealth, those grand creations, the beauties of which can alone be revealed by the engagement of a large number of performers at an outlay beyond the means of a private speculator. Disinterested patrons of this kind are rare, but their rarity increases their value; and as it is in the nature of these benefactors of the art to shrink from any demonstrations of gratitude which their actions must necessarily call forth, it is the duty of all who become acquainted with such actions to reveal the name of the actor, not only that justice may be given to whom it is due, but that a worthy pattern may be held up to the world for others to imitate.

Let us then at once say that such a person as we have attempted to describe has recently appeared, not in this country, but at Boston, in the United States. Quietly and unostentatiously — as all earnest workers in a cause they have at heart invariably proceed — he has devoted himself to the task of organizing performances of the greatest compositions in musical art, and admitting the public at a price thoroughly within the reach of all. Our readers will, we are certain, be interested in knowing how this work is to be carried out; and as the facts are in our possession, we will briefly state them. At the last Harvard Concert, Herr Henschel conducted an overture, which went remarkably well. Amongst the audience was Mr. Henry Lee Higginson, son-in-law of Professor Agassiz, and one of the most prominent citizens of Boston, who, struck with the excellence of the performance, immediately resolved, not only to found an orchestra, with the desire of its becoming a permanent institution of the city where he resides, but to place Herr Henschel at the head of it. It appears that Mr. Higginson had for twenty years resolved to carry out this idea, and waited only for the right time and opportunity. Presuming even that he had also put himself forward as chairman of a board to determine how such an undertaking should be directed, and to suggest, if not actually to command, what music should be performed, the Boston public would owe him a deep debt of gratitude. But to prove — for it scarcely would be believed without proof — how, after making himself responsible for the large outlay which must be involved, and intimating his desire that all classes shall be enabled to share the benefits of his generosity, he modestly retires from the scene, we now give the business details of the plan.

Herr Henschel was commissioned to engage an orchestra of from sixty-five to seventy performers, which, as we have already said, is to be permanent, under the title of "The Boston Symphony Orchestra," and at the time of the publication of this article is complete, and ready for the first rehearsal. The sole charge of the orchestra rests with Herr Henschel, who is to be the conductor, and who, without the slightest supervision or control, is to make out the programme of each performance. The concerts are to take place on twenty Saturday nights between October 15, 1881, and March 15, 1882. Three rehearsals are to take place for every concert, each rehearsal of three hours' duration. There are to be no committees, nor any kind of criticism upon the actions of the conductor. Mr. Higginson pays all the artists and every expense connected with the concerts. We may also say that he has bought a splendid library for this orchestra, which already includes fifty symphonies, seventy

overtures, and ninety miscellaneous pieces, all the best editions, in full score, and with the orchestral parts. Herr Henschel has on his programmes all the nine symphonies of Beethoven, two of Mozart, two of Haydn, two of Schumann, one of Mendelssohn, one of Schubert, two of Brahms, and one of Rubinstein, besides a varied selection of overtures and pieces; and it is his intention to produce novelties at not less than fifteen of the concerts. In addition to the orchestral performances—the main feature of the enterprise—the most talented solo vocalists will be engaged at every concert. The entrance fee for the performances are twenty-five and fifty cents (1s. and 2s.). Season tickets, with reserved seats, will also be issued for all the twenty concerts, for five and ten dollars (£1 and £2).

Here, then, are the authentic particulars of a plan which we believe we are safe in saying has no parallel in musical history. We have many instances of wealthy patrons of art helping young composers, not only to make a reputation, but to partially free them from the great battle of existence, so that they can sustain and add to that reputation in maturer years. Help of this kind came to Beethoven, for example, in Germany; and in England we may cite the case of the Duke of Chandos, who appointed Handel to the place of Chapel-master at Cannons, and encouraged him to compose, placing an orchestra and vocalists at his disposal. But all this kindly aid, although indirectly benefiting the art, was mainly directed towards the fostering of a special gift for composition which had already decisively developed itself in the two great artists we have named. The object of our Boston patron is avowedly to further the knowledge of the art itself,—not to draw forth new treasures from rising composers, but to make thousands acquainted with the treasures lying around them. The realization of this object is still in the future; but meantime we cannot withhold the expression of our admiration at the noble manner in which the project has been organized. Let us indulge the earnest hope that wealthy lovers of art on this side of the Atlantic may take this lesson to heart. America has shown us that she can practise as well as preach. Here, the "precept" has long, very long, been set before our artistic capitalists, but we have yet to wait for the "example."

H. C. L.

#### THE SAENGERFEST AT CHICAGO.

The Sängersfest is over, and the mind deals with it only as a remembrance. The closing hours of the festival were darkened by the very sad intelligence that came regarding the President. On every face was a look of great anxiety, and while vast audiences listened to the music, they did so with that quiet watchfulness that accompanies extreme perplexity. It was in the Sängersfest building that General Garfield was nominated for his high office, and this thought alone imposed a self-inflicted calm over the audience, and enthusiasm about the music no longer prevailed, although all listened with a quiet dignity that indicated respect and regard for the suffering family at Washington.

But passing from this sad event, I will give some few important points in regard to the festival. It was the endeavor of Mr. Balatka, the conductor of the Fest, to bring up the musical standard of these gatherings. For over a year, he had a large chorus at work upon the most important works, being determined to have the best performances possible. The programmes would not pass criticism, it is true, for while there were a few important works, there were also a large number of minor things not quite in keeping with the festival idea. The gathering of so many Männerchors had something to do with this. It was quite impossible to have very many full rehearsals, and thus the music had to be of a character that each society might learn of itself. Yet the effect produced by this large chorus was very fine, and indicated that there were greater things possible in such undertakings.

But some mention of the soloists. First in order comes Madame Peschka-Leutner. In the sustained singing, in such works as the *Odysseus* of Bruch, the widow in *Elijah*, the *Lohengrin* music, and in the ninth Symphony of Beethoven, this lady did not appear to her best advantage.

In this class of song her voice is far from pleasant. It has plenty of volume, but is lacking in an agreeable quality. It is penetrating in its carrying power, and she was easily heard over the vast building, but there is a metallic ring to the upper notes that is disagreeable. It sounds as if she had to use great physical force to reach the notes. Her work was rendered with the feeling of an honest artist, however. In her bravura songs, the aria from the *Magic Flute* (the second of the Queen of the Night's numbers), the Variations by Adam, the Variations by Proch, and the Bolero from the *Sicilian Vespers* of Verdi, her voice showed off to much better advantage. She used the half-voice, which is her best, and is still quite flute-like in quality. Her extreme notes, F and G in alt, were made with the ease and purity of a bird. Her trill is very perfect, unless prolonged, and increased too greatly in power, and she makes her runs with grace and ease quite remarkable in so large a voice. It is in this kind of song that her voice appears to its best advantage. She was greatly admired in these songs, and provoked most hearty applause, and was obliged to repeat them. In her sustained song she created no enthusiasm, but was rather disappointing. She is a very fine-looking and commanding lady, and possesses that agreeable quality called good nature, which puts her at ease with her audience at once. Persons who only heard her in the choral works would be greatly disappointed. It was a mistake to have her make her first appearance in the *Odysseus*, for many persons came away with the idea that she had lost her powers, and that her voice was but a wreck of its former greatness.

Miss Cary has done the best singing I ever heard from her. Her noble voice was grand in its volume of pure tone; she filled the great building with sound, and delighted the audience beyond bounds. She was in perfect voice all through the festival. Some of her selections were better suited to the large building than others, and in these she created great enthusiasm. Her "Woe unto them," in the *Elijah*, and the favorite "Che farò" of Gluck, and aria of Handel, "Awake, Saturnia," were her best numbers.

Mr. Candidus, the tenor, has a lyric voice of good compass. It is pure in quality and rather powerful. He sings with a good understanding of his music, although some bad habits in phrasing, and in the delivery of tone, are quite evident in much of his work. He contracts his throat on the upper notes, which gives them a forced effect, not always pleasant. This habit is a great drawback to his vocal delivery, for he has naturally a fine voice. His best renderings were, "The Prize song," from Wagner's *Meistersinger*, the "Swan song," *Lohengrin*, a Mozart aria, and *Siegmund's Liebeslied*, Wagner. He was a general favorite, and was presented with a laurel wreath, decorated with the national colors of Germany.

Mr. Whitney was not always in good voice. In the *Elijah* he did some very good work, but a hoarseness prevented his being at ease. In some of his songs, particularly the aria from the *Creation*, "Rolling in foaming billows," and "In this heavenly dwelling," Mozart, he was very successful. For solo work the festival hall was far too large. When music is given in this very enlarged manner, with a building great enough to hold ten thousand people for its place of hearing, it is not to be expected that solo work can sound very well. After a chorus from a thousand voices, accompanied by an orchestra of one hundred and fifty men, the contrast to a single voice is very marked, and it is some moments before the ear can accommodate itself to the change. All the best shades of coloring are lost, and ex-

tremes of expression in any of its different forms of manifestation are nearly impossible. Our hall was too large for the best enjoyment.

Mr. Remmert was not always in his best voice at this festival. His disposition to force his voice upon the high notes, thereby giving them a hard, chest quality, was too often manifest. In the solo with chorus, in the *Frithjof* of Bruch, with the Apollo Club, he did quite well. As *Odysseus* he was always dramatic, and often reached fine climaxes, but at other times his voice would break, and there would be the unpleasant forcing of which I have spoken. He had no solo work other than that in the choral works in which he took part. Mr. Remmert, if he would improve the manner of producing his notes in the higher range of his voice, would take a much higher position as an artist. Such an improvement is possible, and should be considered. Madame Donaldi I simply dismiss with this regretful word: she is no singer, and her powers of voice are given out without any seeming regard for tune or expression. I will not attempt to criticize her performances, but pass them by with kindly silence.

Our home singers deserve some mention. Miss McCarthy sang with good taste, and was able to make her solo work heard. She received the applause of the audience. Mr. Schultze also did very well, although his light sweet voice could not be heard to full advantage in such a large place. Particular mention should be made of Miss Ettie Butler, who sang the part of the youth, in *Elijah*. Such was the purity of her tones that they were heard all over the building, although she has a small voice. It is the purity, and vibratory quality of a tone that makes it penetrate space, and not extreme loudness.

One of the absurd performances of the Fest was that of Mr. Breyschuck of New York, who had the courage to play a harp solo in this great place. He is said to be a very fine player, but the number of persons who heard him on this occasion must have been small. I saw that he was playing, but that is all the benefit I received from the performance.

The principal works, with the chorus, were the *Odysseus*, first part of *Elijah*, Reissmann's *Death of Drusus*, and the Ninth Symphony, Beethoven. There were three different choruses: that called the "Festival Chorus," numbering five hundred voices, the Beethoven Society, augmented to about four hundred voices, and the large Männerchor, of about one thousand more. The Festival Chorus sang in the *Odysseus* and the Ninth Symphony, the Beethoven Society in *Elijah*, while the Männerchor gave Reissmann's work, and other smaller pieces. The Apollo Club of our city only sang in the "Farewell to the North" scene of Bruch's *Frithjof*. The Festival Chorus did some very good work in the *Odysseus* and also produced a body of tone that was quite satisfying, yet for so large a place such a work as this is rather too much drawn out. It contains so many slow movements that a large audience will not sympathize with the progress of the dramatic unfolding. The recitatives are too long, and also too many, and thus the people become tired of waiting for a climax.

In the Ninth Symphony this chorus was not full enough to do justice to this great work. We all know how trying it is upon the singers, and that we have always to consider this fact as we look at the shortcomings of the vocal part of the work. In passing, I may say that even the quartet of soloists were unable to do justice to their parts. The Beethoven Society in the *Elijah* did some very satisfactory work, although the same difficulty, the size of the building, told against them. But this melodious work of Mendelssohn's seemed to please the audience as

much as anything that was produced at this Fest. The Männerchor, numbering one thousand voices, did some very fine work. In the old-time songs — like the Battle Prayer of Möhring — they produced a fulness of tone that was very satisfying. The balance of the parts was good, and there was a light and shade that such a body of voices could only produce. In the *Salamis*, by Max Bruch, and in the "Brunnen Wunderbar" of Abt, this chorus did some very interesting work.

The dramatic scene *The Death of Drusus*, by Reissmann, did not impress me as very important. Some of the orchestral music is very pleasing, and a number of the choruses are quite difficult, but the work lacks that spirit of greatness that would lift it into the higher rank. The march and chorus is perhaps as pleasing a number as any. The soprano part is intended for a very dramatic singer, but it is written in such a manner that it cannot be said to be pleasing. It attempts to be descriptive, and deals with the emotional element as a work of this kind should, but not in a manner that can please. It has some good points, but as a whole is very disappointing. The Festival Chorus appeared with the leading soloists in the third scene from *Lohengrin*. In this there was some very fine work done. Mr. Candidus sang the famous "Song to the Swan" very well, and his rendering "Elsa, ich liebe dich!" was given with splendid power and sentiment. The whole scene was very interesting.

The orchestral numbers of importance were the Ninth Symphony, Schumann's Symphony in C-major, Liszt's Symphonic poems, "The Preludes," and "Tasso." In overtures the programmes only presented modern writers, and those of a popular order. There was some very interesting playing from the orchestra. It did not give performances of as high an order as Mr. Thomas's band, but it was pleasing to know that our home men, when aided by a few musicians from the near cities, could form so good an orchestra.

Mr. Balatka, the conductor, deserves great credit for his hard work in this Fest. He endeavored to do all that was possible to make the affair a musical success. His invitation to the American societies to join them in this festival has made a better feeling among all the musicians in the city. With co-operation it will be possible for us to have great festivals. The financial outcome will not be as large as was expected. Although some of the audiences numbered over eight thousand persons, and the general attendance was good, still the large expenses make great demands upon the cash box. I think, however, there will be no loss. Had the last day of the festival not been darkened by the sad news from Washington there would have been great enthusiasm at the last performances. As it was, the reality of life took possession of the people, and art was passed by with a most respectful forbearance. C. H. BRITTAN.

CHICAGO, July 4.

#### NATIONAL MUSIC TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, AT ALBANY.

The fifth annual meeting of the National Music Teachers' Association was held in High School Hall, Albany, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, July 5, 6 and 7. The attendance was very large and the meetings were well conducted. Feneion B. Rice, of Oberlin, Ohio, was the President and ruling officer. He was ably assisted by Mr. Edgar S. Werner, Secretary, John G. Parkhurst, of Albany, Treasurer, and the Executive Committee.

The first day's proceedings were as follows: —  
FIRST DAY. — JULY 5.

9 A. M.

Organization.  
Prayer . . . . . Rev. Irving Magee, D. D.,  
Pastor First Lutheran Church, Albany.  
Address of Welcome . . . . . Prof. Charles W. Cole,  
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Albany, N. Y.  
Address by the President . . . . . Feneion B. Rice, Mus. Doc.,  
Director Oberlin (O.) Conservatory of Music.

Address: "Sources of Musical Enjoyment," J. C. Fillmore, Milwaukee, Wis., Professor of Music, Milwaukee College.  
Address: "Piano Playing and Technique" . . . . . Louis Maas, Boston, formerly Professor in Leipzig Conservatory of Music.

2 P. M.

Piano Recital . . . . . Louis Maas, Boston, assisted by Mme. Bertha Maas.  
Address: "People's music," Eugene Thayer, Boston, Mass.

8 P. M.

Organ Recital . . . . . Eugene Thayer, Boston, Mass., at First Presbyterian Church, cor. Hudson Avenue and Philip Street.  
Vocal Selections, Mme. Clara M. Brinkerhoff, New York.

At the afternoon piano recital Mr. Louis Maas's programme was as follows: —

1. Concerto (C-minor), Op. 12 (the orchestral part on a second piano) allegro maestoso, intermezzo, presto finale . . . . . Louis Maas
2. Nocturne No. 1, Op. 27 . . . . . Chopin
- Impromptu No. 2, Op. 5 . . . . . Maas
- Etude (C-minor, for left hand) . . . . . Chopin
- Grand Prelude and Organ Fugue (A-minor, for piano, by Liszt) . . . . . Bach
3. Menuetto (B-minor) . . . . . Schubert
- Moment Musicale . . . . . Schubert
- Spinning Song (from "Flying Dutchman") . . . . . Liszt
- Valse d'après Schubert . . . . . Liszt
- Waldestrauchen Etude . . . . . Liszt
- Valse Brilliant . . . . . Rubinstein

The pianoforte playing of Mr. Maas was warmly applauded, and in response to a very enthusiastic encore he played Liszt's "Marche Hongroise."

The programme for the second day was as follows: —

#### SECOND DAY. — JULY 6.

9 A. M.

Prayer . . . . . Rev. William S. Smart, D. D.,  
Pastor First Congregational Church, Albany.

Address: "Song Eloquence vs. Chaos,"  
H. S. Perkins, Chicago, Ill.

Address: "Half truths of Vocal Culture,"  
R. W. Root, Chicago, Ill.

Discussion: "Tonic Sol-fa System,"  
Opened by Theodore Seward, Orange, N. J.

2 P. M.

Piano Recital . . . . . Albert R. Parsons, New York.  
Discussion: "Music in the Public Schools,"  
Opened by N. Coe Stewart, Cleveland, O.,  
Supt. Musical instruction in Cleveland Public Schools.

8 P. M.

Address: "Church Music,"  
Dr. F. L. Ritter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,  
Professor of Music, Vassar College.

The second day's proceedings were quite brisk and excitable, as the discussion of the Tonic Sol-fa question aroused the ire of nearly every member of the Association, and Mr. Seward was very often in the position of the under dog in the fight. In fact, he was completely routed by the efforts of Mr. H. E. Holt, of Boston, whose clear statements of the utter uselessness of this superfluous system of notation were heartily applauded. It was impossible for Mr. Seward to make any converts, though he expressed himself very forcibly, and, at times, very clearly; but the questions of Mr. Arthur Mees, of Cincinnati, and of Mr. Holt frequently nonplussed him, as it did those members of the Association who said that they had adopted the system because it was easier and required less exertion on the part of the teacher and the pupil; a very poor and lamentable excuse, surely.

The discussion on "Music in Public Schools" was good, and Mr. Stewart presented a good case, and Mr. Holt, Mme. Brinkerhoff and others took part in its discussion.

The following was the programme of Mr. Parsons's recital: —

- Fantaisie Brillante, Op. 49 . . . . . Chopin  
Barcarolle Ballade, Op. 12 (Mss.) . . . . . Oscar Weil  
Ballade, Op. 74 . . . . . Raff  
Sonata, Op. 47 . . . . . Ferd. Hiller  
Capriccio, from Op. 5 . . . . . Mendelssohn  
(Liszt's interpretation, as communicated by Bulow.)  
Album Sonata . . . . . R. Wagner  
Tarantelle (Venezia e Napoli) . . . . . Liszt

The following was the programme of the last day's session: —

#### THIRD DAY. — THURSDAY, JULY 7.

9 A. M.

Address: "The Practical Value of Studying Theory to all Students of Music,"  
Arthur Mees, College of Music, Cincinnati, O.

Address: "The Basis and Usages of Harmony,"  
Calvin B. Cady, Ann Arbor, Mich., Professor of Music,  
Michigan University.

11 A. M.

Piano Address and Recital . . . . . Silas G. Pratt, Chicago, Ill.

2 P. M.

A Plea for the Music Teachers' National Association.  
Charles W. Sykes, Chicago, Ill.  
Reports of Committees; Election of Officers; Miscellaneous Business.

Organ Recital . . . . . A. A. Stanley, Providence, R. I.  
6 P. M.

Complimentary Concert in the Park tendered to the Music Teachers' National Association by Austin's Band.

8 P. M.

Piano Recital . . . . . W. H. Sherwood, Boston, Mass.

The address of Mr. Mees was very scholarly and able, and was delivered in a highly intelligent manner, and proved him to be thoroughly conversant with his subject.

The following was the programme of Mr. Sherwood's recital: —

"Les Preludes," Symphonic Poem for two Pianos.

F. Liszt

Mr. H. G. Hanchett of St. Louis and Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood

Vocal — "Oh! That we Two were Maying" . . . . . Gounod  
Miss Daisy Hall.

Gavotte Celebre, G-minor

Loure from third Violoncello Suite . . . . . Bach

Fugue, G-minor, Op. 5 . . . . . Rheinberger

Two Preludes in A, Novelette in C

Mazourka in C-minor, Song without words (Joyful Expectations"), Manuscript; composed in Berlin, 1872-3  
Wm. H. Sherwood

Mr. Sherwood.

Vocal: a. "Die Meere" . . . . . Heinrich Hofmann

b. "The Eyes of Spring" . . . . . Robert Franz

c. "I Love Thee" . . . . . August Wilhelmj

Mr. Carl N. Greig.

Scherzo from Sonata, Op. 35 . . . . . Chopin

Warum? (Why?) Op. 12, No. 3

Romanza, F-sharp, Op. 28, No. 2 . . . . . Schumann

"Spinnerlied" (Spinning Song) from the

"Flying Dutchman" . . . . . Wagner-Liszt

Waltz from "Faust" . . . . . Gounod-Liszt

Mr. Sherwood.

Vocal: a. "C'est mon Ami" . . . . . Queen Marie Antoinette

b. "Es war ein Traum" . . . . . Lassen

c. "Primavera" . . . . . Gounod

Miss Daisy Hall.

"Wanderer Fantaisie," in C, Op. 15 . . . . . Schubert

(Orchestral accompaniment, arranged for second piano by

Liszt, played by Mr. Hanchett.

Mr. Sherwood.

ALBANIAN-TROJAN.

Correspondence American Art Journal.

#### LOCAL ITEMS.

Two "Philharmonics?" or one within another? A few weeks since it was publicly announced that the Boston Philharmonic Society had elected Mr. Louis Maas as the conductor of its orchestral concerts for the coming season. Now we read the following: —

At the annual meeting of the Boston Philharmonic orchestra it was voted unanimously to continue the organization intact, with Mr. Bernhard Listemann as conductor. The Philharmonic orchestra expressed their confidence in and respect for Mr. Listemann's pre-eminent ability as a conductor, believing that to his exertions the public owe the improvement and increased interest in orchestral music in Boston. The Philharmonic orchestra intend to give a limited number of subscription concerts during the coming season, the details of which will soon be made public.

—M. Bellevant, manager for Mme. Patti and M. Nicolini, has concluded arrangements for Mme. Patti's concerts in Boston. Only four will be given, and Music Hall has been secured for the events, which will occur during the first two weeks of December. She stipulates that she shall be announced for only two concerts each week, and that two days of absolute rest shall be afforded her before each appearance. M. Bellevant has not determined upon the price for seats at the concerts during the tour, but says that the rate fixed for New York City will be adhered to throughout the country.

—Manager Peck has concluded his arrangements for the first production in this city of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet*, the dates fixed being Friday evening, Oct. 14, and Saturday afternoon, Oct. 15. The orchestra will number between seventy-five and eighty musicians, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, and the chorus will be that formed last season by Mr. J. B. Sharland. The engagement of Mr. Geo. Henschel to do the rôle of Friar Lawrence has been made, and Julius Jordan will be the Romeo. The cast otherwise will be a strong one, and every effort will be made to make the presentation or the work a notable opening of the season.

—Mr. Higginson's series of concerts promise to be notable for their vocalists, as well as for their orchestral attractions, as Miss Annie Louise Cary and Mr. M. W. Whitney have been engaged as the soloists of the first two concerts.



—Mr. Ernst Perabo sails for Europe on the 21st inst. for a prolonged absence abroad, though he has not definitely settled upon his place of residence.

—The musical critic of the *Gazette*, apropos of the pretty-girl operetta of the Boston Museum, called *Cinderella at School*, has the following pertinent remarks upon the way in which these things are very often made up musically:—

Later reflection upon the musical features of the piece have excited in us some serious thoughts regarding the stage of musical development at which the title of composer may be assumed. We opine that no one may claim that rank in any degree who has not made a study of music. A mere tune-maker, whose invention is exhausted at the end of sixteen bars, who does not know one chord from another, who cannot even write down the melodies he thinks he has originated, and whose ear knows no wider range of harmony than the tonic, the dominant and the diminished seventh, and who has no keener sense of rhythms than such as are conventional to the variety hall, can scarcely be considered a composer in the widest latitude of the word.

The process of evolving what is familiarly known as American comic opera is somewhat complicated. The writer of the music, who generally "plays by ear," sits at a piano and strums away patiently under the inspiring memory of the cheaper melodies that have attained a wide popularity, until he has made a paraphrase of one of them. This he disguises sufficiently to take from it the appearance of literal plagiarism. When he has reached this point, he has "composed" a tune. His next difficulty is to perpetuate it in black and white. As he cannot write it down himself, he calls in to his aid a professional musician, who confides it to paper, licks it into proper shape, endows it with harmonies and provides the accompaniment. This process is repeated over and over again until all the solos are written. The "composer" of this description rarely ventures on a duet; a trio is one of the things he religiously avoids; and concerted music is so far beyond his capabilities, both paraphrastic and plagiaristic, that it has no existence in his imagination. This is easily understood by the fact that anything beyond a mere song calls for a slight amount of musical knowledge, which, small as it may be, is utterly beyond his achievement. He will sometimes venture on a chorus, — that is, he will laboriously produce its tune; but from that point the professional musician has to be called in again to fit in the harmonies and to arrange the voice parts. All of this would not be so bad if these "composers" manifested the slightest originality. Their ignorance of the rules of musical grammar might possibly be condoned in the manifestation of true, though crude, musical genius; but, unfortunately, they are only musical forgers, who change the face of other people's music in the hope to make it pass current for their own. They do not compose, they compound. Without the slightest knowledge of music, vulgar in taste, barren of invention, and dealing in the highest flights of their ambition with no more elevated inspiration than the repetition of conventional commonplaces, unable even to write down the mosaic tunes they piece together, — they are no more entitled to recognition as musicians — to say nothing of the absurdity of calling them composers — than those who manufacture square puzzles and other riddles for the juvenile columns of magazines and newspapers are entitled to the rank of literateurs.

And all of this as an indignant protest against the frequent allusions we see, every now and then, to these tune-makers as American composers.

#### MUSIC ABROAD.

LONDON. The *Athenæum* (June 25) has the following account of the first performance (at the Royal Italian Opera) of Rubinstein's opera, *Il Demonio*:—

It was known that Herr Rubinstein entertained a complete antipathy to the Wagnerian system, and few could have imagined that he would have the temerity — we can employ no other word — to ignore altogether the modern feeling in favor of greater recognition of the dramatic element in opera. To say nothing of Germany, we cannot find in the French school of so-called grand opera a work so innocent of dramatic import, so suggestive of nothing but the mere musical effect of the moment, as *Il Demonio*. True, the poem of Lermontoff, from which the subject is taken, is striking and in a certain degree beautiful; but in the hands of the librettist Wiskowatoff it has become feeble, meaningless and absurd. The book of *Robert le Diable*, to which it bears some slight resemblance, is a

marvel of consistency and dignity by comparison. The leading points of the action are as follows: The Evil Spirit holds a colloquy with an Angel of Light who preaches repentance, and holds out a promise even of forgiveness if he will renounce his designs against heaven and mankind. The Demon rejects the proposal with scorn, and vows destruction to all created things. But immediately afterwards he sees Tamara, the lovely daughter of Prince Gudal, and conceives an ardent passion for her. As Tamara is betrothed to Prince Sinodal, who is now journeying through the Caucasus towards the home of his promised bride, the destruction of his rival is the Demon's first design. This is accomplished through the instrumentality of a band of Tartar cut-throats, who plunder the caravan and effectively despatch its chief. When Tamara hears of her lover's death she seeks refuge in the cloister; but the Demon, who has already sorely perplexed her by sundry appearances at odd times and strange words of love poured into her ear, holdly enters her cell and declares his love, offering even to renounce his evil ways if she will respond to his affection. Thus assailed, Tamara is on the point of giving way, but the Angel of Light interposes and causes her to expire at the right moment; leaving the fiend in despair at her loss. In this bizarre story the feature which will at once arrest attention is the curious and inexplicable nature of the Demon. The defiant words he utters in the opening scene are shown to be mere bravado, as he is ready to renounce his power for the sake of an earthly maiden. The attributes of humanity with which he is endowed effectually banish the element of terror, while the infernal part of him renders sympathy impossible. A compound of Milton's Satan, Byron's Lucifer and Manfred, and Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew, he lacks the finest qualities of each, and becomes thoroughly unsatisfactory, tiresome, and monotonous. The other characters are very shadowy, and it is impossible to follow their movements with any degree of interest.

The only conceivable reason why Herr Rubinstein should select such a libretto is the fact of the scene being laid in the Russian Caucasus, which has enabled him to introduce a noteworthy proportion of local coloring. This is chiefly apparent in the first act, wherein there is little trace indeed of dramatic force. The choruses of good and evil spirits in the opening scene are worked up to a climax more in the style of oratorio than opera. The next episode between Tamara and her maidens by the river serves to introduce several Oriental melodies, of which the first, in five-bar rhythm, is the most characteristic, if not the most pleasing. The vocal accompaniment, which Tamara sings in a species of free florid counterpoint, is very happily contrived, and the whole scene is attractive, though its dramatic import is less than nothing. In the next scene, Prince Sinodal's encampment in the mountains, further national tunes, of a wilder and more rugged type, are added to the previous list, even Sinodal's love-song partaking of the same flavor. This method of procedure is well enough in its way, but the recitatives have already warned us of Herr Rubinstein's failure to grasp the true dramatic style, and his weakness is painfully apparent in the *finale* of the act descriptive of the Tartar attack and victory. In the next act, amid a certain amount that is trivial, may also be found much that is original and powerful. We have reached the wedding festivities of Tamara, and, as a matter of course, pending the arrival of the bridegroom, there are a chorus of rejoicing, *viva ognor*, a drinking chorus, *Nel vin, licor divin*, and a ballet. The last is entirely successful, the music being thoroughly original and full of local color. The news of Prince Sinodal's assassination leads to a lengthy concerted piece, modelled on the Italian style. There is a peculiarly felicitous effect at the close, where the Demon's protestations to Tamara are accorded prominence, all the remaining voices maintaining subdued harmony. Excellent, too, is the subsequent appeal he makes to the stupefied maiden, with its picturesquely orchestrated accompaniment. In order to form an effective climax to the act, according to conventional operatic notion, Gudal, Tamara's father, is hidden to avenge the young prince's death, and forthwith there is a general agreement to depart at once for the battlefield. We can forgive the transparency of this device for the sake of the war chorus, which is barbaric and at the same time very telling.

In the third act there is little to note except an extremely lengthy and, on the whole, very fine duet for Tamara and the Demon. Some of the music is intensely expressive, but the contest is too prolonged, and the cuts made in performance were judicious. The religious music accompanying the apotheosis of the heroine is rather conventional, and was probably written under the influence of the corresponding situ-

ation in Gounod's *Faust*. To sum up, at any rate for the present, the most successful portions of *Il Demonio* are those where dramatic feeling is not required. Perhaps fortunately, very little action takes place on the stage, and, with the exception of the ballet, the music would be almost equally effective in the concert-room. How oddly this sounds as applied to a modern opera only six years old, every one will admit. There is much that is charming in *Il Demonio*, but, in order to enjoy it thoroughly, we must for the time have no sense of the ridiculous, and must also forget the higher results which have been produced by the felicitous union of music, poetry and drama. A few words with regard to the performance are all that can be given at present. The advantage of Herr Rubinstein's personal supervision at rehearsal must have been very great, and we have seldom heard an elaborate opera go so smoothly at a first rendering. The principal singers were in every instance well chosen. Madame Albani invested the colorless Tamara with as much human feeling as possible, and her share in the performance was a complete triumph. The same high praise may be given to M. Lassalle, who sang the frequently beautiful strains allotted to the Demon with perfect expression. Valuable help was rendered by Madame Trebelli, Signor Marini, Signor Silvestri and Signor de Reszke.

—At Covent Garden Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* ("The Abduction from the Seraglio") was revived after a long period of rest. The *Times* says:—

The reception of *Il Seraglio* at Covent Garden proved to be much more favorable than some amateurs anticipated. It was thought, not unreasonably, that an opera written in such a style, having very little action, a plot of no great interest, very few ensembles, and but moderate scenic display, would appeal in vain to a public used to more sensational fare. Mozart, however, was too strong for his drawbacks. The music laid the audience under a spell, helped thereto by a performance which left few or none of its beauties unrevealed. Much credit is due to M. Dupont and those associated with him in producing the opera for the spirit in which their work was so obviously done. They felt that Mozart deserved a practical proof of reverence and honor, and gave it without grudging. As regards the principal artists, they may or may not have cared about Mozart, but if not, the same end was reached by a different road. It is true that the exceptional music was not, in every instance, sung as written, owing to sheer lack of physical means. For instance, M. Gailhard, who played Osmin, is not a Fischer, and when Mozart invited him into the profoundest depths of bass, the artist made a virtue of necessity, and did his best to adapt the text without injuring it. One or two other examples of like change under similar pressure attracted notice, but, on the whole, there was nothing with which fault could reasonably be found, not even the omission of an entire air "Traurigkeit," out of consideration for a singer who had another of the most fatiguing character just later. The artist here referred to was Mme. Sembrich, on account of whose rare powers, it may be, the opera again saw the light. The Polish lady's execution of all the music showed that she knew it perfectly, and suggested that she loved it well, but her delivery of the great song was an achievement to be remembered. For fluent vocalization, brilliant style, and sustained strength, this effort deserved to rank among the best in operatic annals. The house applauded vociferously, and Mme. Sembrich repeated the air with no sign of strain upon her means. As Blonde, Constanze's English maid, Mlle. Valleria again put her mark upon the season. She looked charming in her Eastern dress, sang all her music, especially the beautiful air, "Durch Zärtlichkeit und Schmeicheln," with grace and refinement, and played the part with the full measure of archness and vivacity required. Indeed, the powers of this lady as a *comédienne* never before appeared to greater advantage. As regards the male artists, it was perhaps fortunate that they were all, or at least the three principals, Frenchmen, and therefore willing and able to act as well as sing. We have referred to M. Gailhard in one capacity, and this is the place to add that he impersonated Osmin with much skill, bringing well forward the mingled stupidity and fanaticism of the Bashaw's overseer. A stranger, M. Soulaïroix, played Pedrillo, the lover of Blonde, with even greater success. M. Soulaïroix can sing, but he is more an actor than a vocalist, and his vivacity and point soon commanded favorable regard. This was especially the case in the scene where Pedrillo tempts Osmin with wine, and makes him drunk. The duet had to be repeated, and when Pedrillo, putting his helpless chief on his back, carried him off, there was a special round of applause, followed by a recall. As Belmont, M. Vergnet appeared to distinct advantage.

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(Concluded from page 112.)

My father and I now returned to Brussels and the winter of 1834-35 was devoted to excursions in Belgium and Holland. In that of 1835-36 we went to Paris, where I worked principally at composition under Reicha. I now began trying my hand at something more important in form and idea than the "Air with Variations," then exclusively the fashion. My notion always was to combine the grand Viotti form of concerto with modern mechanism and exigencies, and I set about carrying it out, to the best of my power, in several pieces of different character, comprising some Concertinos, wherein I condensed as much as possible the three styles. These worthless essays were never printed, with the exception of the Concerto in F-sharp major, which a publisher thought fit to publish, without my knowledge, as the Second Concerto. I performed them, however, during my travels in Germany, from 1836 to 1837, on my way to Vienna, and from 1837 to 1838, when shaping my course for the first time towards St. Petersburg, in company with Henselt, whom I met at Warsaw. They were everywhere well received and applauded. This first visit to St. Petersburg encouraged my father to return there the next year (the winter of 1838-39) with François Servais, my countryman and friend. After giving together a series of concerts at Riga, where we became exceedingly well acquainted with a young and amiable chapelmaster, Richard Wagner, we went to Dorpat and Narva. In the latter town I had a very severe illness, which compelled me to remain there three months with my father, and it was there, too, that, during my nights of sleeplessness and fever, I conceived the germ of a piece, the "Fantaisie-Caprice," since become popular. In the winter of 1838-39, which had been lost through my illness, my father resolved that we should go in the spring to St. Petersburg, and wait there for the season of 1839-40. We spent the summer in the country, and it was in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg, on the banks of a thread of a stream called the Tschornoretschka, that I wrote, with Servais, the Duet on *Les Huguenots*, besides composing my Concerto in E (Op. 10), and terminating the "Fantaisie-Caprice" (Op. 11), compositions which I played for the first time at the Grand Theatre, St. Petersburg, on the 16th March, 1840, and which were received with enthusiasm and surprise. The sensation made was extraordinary and almost Eu-

ropean, becoming more and more marked and stronger at Brussels (July, 1840), at Antwerp, on the occasion of Rubens's statue being inaugurated there (August, 1840), and particularly on my re-appearance at the Conservatory Concerts, Paris (12th January, 1840). It was a revelation become legendary, a genuine consecration. I remained in the great capital all the winter of 1841, and in the spring went to London. I visited Belgium and Holland from 1841 to 1842; Germany and Austria, particularly Vienna and Pesth, 1842 to 1843.

Towards the end of 1843 I embarked for New York, where I remained for a considerable part of the winter of 1844. I visited, successively, Boston, Albany, and a large portion of the Northern States, crossed the Gulf of Mexico, and played in Vera Cruz, Mexico, and Havana; then, re-entering the United States at New Orleans, I ascended the rivers Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio; saw Washington and Philadelphia, and, at last, in the month of July, started from New York for Europe. These distant wanderings had not the results which people might imagine. At that period the inhabitants of the United States of America were not smitten with music-mania as at the present day. I went there too soon; I was too classical for them, and, with the exception of a few choice spirits who could appreciate my efforts, the only thing with which I could charm the Yankees and excite their enthusiasm was their national theme, "Yankee Doodle," with which I became popular, and, whether I would or no, made my mark, opening up the road for others. It was on my return from these long and fatiguing travels that I published Op. 6, Variations on a Theme from *Il Pirata*; Op. 7 and 8, Seven Romances without Words; Op. 9, "Homage à Paganini;" Op. 10, Grand Concerto in E-major; Op. 11, "Fantaisie-Caprice;" Op. 12, Sonata for Piano and Violin; Op. 13, Duet on *Oberon*, with Ed. Wolff; Op. 14, Duet on *Le Duc d'Orlone*, with Ed. Wolff; Op. 15, "Les Arpèges;" Op. 16, "Six Etudes de Concert;" Op. 17, "Souvenir d'Amérique sur 'Yankee Doodle,'" Op. 18, "*Norma*, for the Fourth String;" and Op. 19, "Concerto in F-sharp minor." Whether in a railway carriage, or on board a steamer, I never ceased composing. But this over-excitement was destined to be followed by unfortunate results, and the state of my health forced me to go through a long curative process at Cannstadt (August, September, and October, 1844). I composed there my Concerto in A-major (Op. 25), which I played for the first time at Brussels (January, 1845), and afterwards in several other Belgian cities. I performed it, also, a good deal in London during the season, and, the year following, in Germany, at Vienna, Pesth, Berlin, etc.

It was in Berlin that I received, in the spring of 1846 (March, I think), a pressing invitation from Count Mathieu Wielhorski to go to St. Petersburg as Violinist to his Majesty the Emperor Nicolas and the Imperial Theatres, and professor at the School of Music. The terms appeared brilliant, and, somewhat wearied by my long wanderings, I gradually came to look upon the offer as ex-

ceedingly acceptable, the end of the matter being that I consented to go and bury myself for the best years of life in the land of snow and frost. I took up my residence, therefore, in St. Petersburg from September, 1846, to September, 1852, when an attempt was made to introduce into my agreement certain stipulations which were unacceptable to me. I declined consenting to them, and left the country of fraud, with its elegant, refined, and seductive society. I vegetated in Russia, agreeably I grant, but still it was only vegetating, from 26 to 32 years of age, the best years in a man's life. Nevertheless, I was kept up by art, and despite the excessive cold, and the phenomena of northern climates, I composed a great many more or less important things, among them being my Concerto in D-minor, which, in 1853, was of singular use in re-calling me to the memory of the artistic world at Vienna, Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, etc., as well as Paris, Brussels, and London. I spent the winter of 1855 in Belgium, and at the end of that year settled at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in the environs of which city I purchased a little country estate. It was at Drei-Eichenhain, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, that I certainly spent the happiest days of my life. Though the house was a genuine peasant's habitation, it was idyllic; the most perfect calm reigned around, and the air was unusually pure, while before my eyes stretched the chain of the Taunus. In this enchanting retreat it was that I wrote certain things which are decidedly more impregnated with nature than any others from my pen.

From this spot I made excursions in all directions, in the neighborhood, along the Rhine, to Baden, Belgium, France, and England, always returning home with delight. This quiet life was not destined to last long, for, in 1857, a celebrated speculator tracked me out and persuaded me to accept an offer for the United States of America, but with a resuscitated celebrity, Sigismund Thalberg, who was creating a *furor* there. I yielded to the temptation, and once more embarked for those distant shores, accompanied by my wife and "Yankee Doodle." I soon perceived that Ole Bull, Sivori, Henri Herz, Leopold Meyer, Jenny Lind, Damoreau, Alboni, etc., had been there and worked wonders. Ignorance was disappearing, instinct being revealed, and the want of harmony as well as the power of comprehension being awakened. The trip lasted a year, and was full of adventures. I returned to Europe in July, 1858, and hastened to regain my little nest and my flowers at Drei-Eichenhain. I spent the winter of 1858-59 in Paris. I put the last touch to my 5th Concerto in A-minor, composed with an eye to the violin competition, for which I had been asked to write it, at the Brussels Conservatory. Henri Wieniawski attracted attention to it by his really prodigious execution in Russia and in Germany, in England and in France. Quite recently it has been adopted for the violin competitions at the Paris Conservatory (1878).

Towards the end of 1859, I visited several towns in Northern Germany, besides going to

<sup>1</sup>From *Le Gazette Musicale*.



St. Petersburg and Moscow, where I had left a great many acquaintances. Skirting the Gulf of Finland and passing by Hamburg (March, 1860) and through Denmark, I next proceeded to Stockholm (May, 1860), where I had been invited for the coronation festivities of the King, Charles XV. In 1861, still settled with my family at Frankfort-on-the-Maine (Drei-Eichenhain), I made excursions to the right and left, taking part in the tours of artists on exhibition, which were then all the rage, thanks to an American *impresario*, now become as celebrated as Barnum and others such. In this fashion I repeatedly traversed Germany, France, Austria, and England. I will not dilate on these tours, which were more speculative than artistic, though I always strove as much as I could to preserve for them a character of grandeur and dignity. It was an irresistible current, which had its day. This lasted till 1866, when the political situation, big with events, obliged me to leave Germany and settle in Paris, where profound sorrows and painful bereavements awaited me. In July, 1866, I lost my father. I was deeply affected by the sad event. He was my first guide; my initiator by intuition and paternal love.

In 1867, I went, somewhat in the capacity of a packet of music, to Italy, which it had been my dream to visit as an artist, and, in 1868, on the 20th June, after returning from France, I had the indescribable sorrow to lose my wife, the companion of my life for twenty-four years.<sup>1</sup> To divert my thoughts and deaden my despair, I gave myself up more than ever to the most intense hard work, to journeys, and to mad changes of place. In the winter of 1868–69, I visited for the last time, with my *impresario*, some towns in Holland, Hamburg, Denmark, and Sweden; I went to London for the season, and, during the winter of 1869–70, remained almost entirely in Paris, busying myself much with composition, which did not prevent me from making a few trips in the Provinces, Belgium, and Holland. In the month of May, 1870, Max Strakosch proposed that I should make a third voyage to the United States of America in company with a fair and celebrated vocalist, then very popular. I agreed the more willingly as the Franco-German War was imminent and the voice of the cannon threatened to silence every other, as it really afterwards did. We started on the 30th August for New York, where we began, on the 12th or 15th September following, an uninterrupted series through the United States of a hundred and twenty most brilliant and lucrative concerts. They proved extraordinarily attractive, and recalled to mind the fabulous reign of Jenny Lind. I found that immense progress had been made since my previous visit. Everywhere grand philharmonic societies and artistic associations had been formed; a taste for serious music had been manifested and developed; and, taking into due consideration the Yankees' naturally extravagant love of eccentricity, I have no doubt that in time a logical process of refinement will take

place, and render this new nation perfectly fitted to discern, understand, and assimilate great and high art. On the termination of the tour in May, 1871, I declined the proposals made me by the Central States and California, and hastened back to Paris, where I found, alas! as a result of recent events, heart-rending changes and apparently irreparable disorder. I stopped only a few days, and then went in *villagiature* to Belgium. I was at Brussels in the midst of the re-organization of the Conservatory of Music, consequent on the death of M. Fétis and the nomination of M. Gevaert in his place. Being desirous of continuing the traditions of my old and venerated master, Ch. de Bériot, and of preserving them for my country, I agreed to the proposals of M. Gevaert, and accepted the place of director of the Finishing Class (*Classe de Perfectionnement*) in the Brussels Conservatory. I discharged the duties of the office from 1871 to 1873, adding to them during the second year those of director of the Popular Concerts. I gave a vigorous and new impetus to the institution, which was falling into a somewhat tottering condition. I devoted myself passionately and frantically to the work. I spent my nights in reading and filling my mind with the scores of the old composers, and of such among the moderns as interested and captivated me, without allowing my attention to be diverted either from my beloved instrument or from whatever might inspire my fancy. Whether I worked more than my strength would allow; whether there was too much strain on the mind and the nervous system; or whether it was the fatigue of all kinds, physical and moral pre-occupation, various annoyances and causes of vexation, which rapidly undermined my health, I know not; but on the 13th September, 1873, I was attacked by a cruel disease, which reduced me to nothingness. Paralysis of all the left side, especially the *hand*, suddenly reduced me to silence. All my strength was taken away; all my vigor suppressed; all my energy destroyed. Thanks to the devotion of my son-in-law, Dr. Ed. Landowski, and of my kind old friend, Dr. Piogey, who got the highest medical celebrities of Paris, whom I thank with all the power of my soul, to take an interest in my case, the profound despair which at first took possession of me gradually calmed down. Five years have elapsed since the fearful calamity, the mere recollection of which annihilates me and renews all my anguish; I cannot describe all that these gentlemen have done and tried, and all that their affectionate and vigilant care is still incessantly trying, in order to complete my cure, although the state of my health is now very satisfactory, and I can move my hand, without, however, being able to use it as vigorously as I could wish. It is to them that I owe my having been able to find consolation in the exercise of my art by busying myself with composition, and even publishing, since my terrible misfortune, the *Voix intimes* and the Concerto for Violoncello. I go on working, and am putting the last touches to many things, which may or may not see the light. After my illness I naturally tendered my resignation as professor in the Brussels Conserv-

atory, but the then Minister, M. Delcour, would not accept it, graciously begging me to continue as an honorary member of the professional staff. Last year (1877), feeling better and in stronger health, I was able gradually to resume my duties, and to set going again my class, which had had to suffer somewhat from the complications and incertitude caused by my illness.

#### WEBER'S *PRECIOSA*.

This fast-waning season has not offered throughout its entire course a more delightful entertainment than the *Preciosa* of Pius Alexander Wolff, as performed on Monday night by the Meiningen Company at Drury Lane Theatre. The play was, of course, given with Carl Maria von Weber's incidental music, and thus to the attraction of a perfect dramatic *ensemble* was added the charm of strains as characteristic and beautiful as any ever conceived by him whom the world recognizes as *par excellence* the composer of chivalry and romance. So many years have elapsed since *Preciosa* was last offered to an English audience, that we may safely regard it as new to the present generation — new, we mean in its entirety, the overture, as is well known, having an occasional place in concert programmes, and the choruses being a common feature in the repertory of vocal associations. Under these circumstances it may not prove amiss to dwell a little upon the origin and character of the work. Wolff appears to have already written his gypsy drama when Weber made his acquaintance at Weimar in 1812. He was then a well-known actor of the high-and-dry classical school, but so much a romanticist at heart that, whenever he put off the toga and took up the pen, he discoursed themes dear to the soul, not only of Weber, but of all Germans who looked for a purely German stage. As soon as *Preciosa* was completed, Wolff applied to Eberwein for the requisite incidental music, and having obtained what he wished, submitted the entire work to the Berlin Intendant, who rejected it as "likely to create a false interest" in the hands of robbers then infesting the neighborhood of the Prussian capital. Wolff's acquaintance with Weber subsequently ripening into friendship, he was led to ask the composer of *Der Freyschütz* for better music than Eberwein had written. With this request Weber complied, although the result of an earlier effort of the same nature, in connection with Rochlitz's *Der este Ton*, had proved the reverse of encouraging. It is interesting to note with what earnestness and ardor the master threw himself into the task thus imposed. He had but just finished *Der Freyschütz*, and might well have rested pending the bringing out of that triumphant work. Instead of doing so he took up his weary pen once more, not, however, till, with conscientious care, he had steeped his mind in gypsy lore, and breathed the very air of gypsy romance. Many another composer would simply have taken the lines to be illustrated, and jotted down the music without more ado. Weber, on the contrary, read books on gypsy and Spanish life till his imagination became excited in the right direction, afterwards so arranging in his mind the suggestions of his fancy as that he could sit down and write the overture first, though it is made up of themes taken from the body of the work. The music was soon completed. Beginning May 25, 1820, Weber finished the score on July 20, and sent it off, with full directions to Wolff regarding the proper performance of each number. The first representation took place at Berlin in the following March, and we are told that, though newspaper criticism concerned itself very little with the music, the public

<sup>1</sup> Josephine Eder, born at Vienna, the 15th December, 1815, was only a pianist, and never was a singer on the stage as has been asserted. — *Ed. Gazette Musicale*.

recognized at the outset charms which have never since been disputed. It is almost superfluous to speak here of the overture, the one song, "Einsam bin ich," sung by Preciosa, or the concerted numbers. These are more or less familiar, which cannot, however, be said of the music written to accompany certain parts of the dialogue. Some of Weber's most characteristic and striking beauties are here displayed, though comparison with Mendelssohn's later and bolder efforts in the same line—witness *Athalie*, *Antigone*, and *Edipus*—makes the passages seem timid and reticent. However this may be, the fact remains, that Weber's delicate and suggestive music gives infinite charm to the spoken lines, and aids the text no little by helping to complete its poetic environment. The play, we should add, is far from unworthy of such assistance. Though romantic and picturesque from first to last, it does not depend upon these qualities alone for acceptance, but presents several well-marked and skilfully-drawn characters. Such is that of Preciosa herself,—the high-born maid stolen from her parents in childhood by gypsies, and ultimately restored to their arms. Such is that of the old gypsy mother, whose years have certainly not blunted the keenness of her outlook after the "main chance," and such is that of the old soldier who hides a very prudent regard for his own safety beneath the bounce and bluster of warlike speech. Moreover, the interest of the play runs along one broad line, and is easy to follow. No construction could be more simple or better adapted to bear without injury a mass of elaborate accessories.

The performance of the music showed that the Meiningen Company had not neglected to qualify themselves for the generally efficient discharge of such a task. We shall not be expected to say that as exponents of a musical drama they are up to the mark of a great opera troupe; but it is a duty to declare that their rendering of Weber's choruses was such as even fastidious critics could enjoy. The famous "Im Wald" met with admirable treatment at their hands, while Fräulein Schweighofer, as Preciosa, sang the song to which reference has already been made with appropriate simplicity and charming expression. Nothing could have been better than the effect of the little piece, as the singer warbled it unaffectedly from her seat among the rocks far up the stage, to the soft accompaniment of flute and horns stationed behind the scenes. An increased orchestra, ably conducted by Herr Rieff, did justice, on the whole, to Weber's delicate scoring, and, in fine, the musical representation left very little to desire. As for the purely dramatic performance, it was simply perfect. Preciosa, with all her vague unrest and longing for a higher and more congenial life, was most poetically embodied by Fräulein Schweighofer, whose prevailing gentleness and grace made absolutely startling by contrast the fierceness with which her great love swept aside the gypsy captain when he presumed to obstruct its course. Equally good, in the very different part of the gypsy mother, was Fräulein Schmidt—a true personification of that form of shrewdness which is ever alert to make the best, anyhow, of circumstances as they arise. Don Alfonso, Preciosa's devoted lover, was sympathetically represented by Herr Arndt. Herr Hassel kept the audience amused by his broad humor as Pedro, and the small parts of Don Francisco (Herr Teller) and Don Fernando (Herr Richard) were sustained with a skill that suffered no abatement through the probability of being overlooked. As always, with this company, the details of the representation were complete. The gypsies carried illusion to its farthest point. They were gypsies not only in appearance, but in manner—in the wild energy of their dances, in

the abandon of their attitudes, in their childish curiosity about the dress of the lords and ladies who came among them, and in their eagerness to further, to their own advantage, the more equal distribution of property. Upon this, however, we need not insist. The reputation of the German company is sufficient guaranty that nothing which knowledge and skill could do to render the scene complete was left undone. Some of the tableaux were specially effective, and the curtain had to be lifted no less than four times upon that which showed the gypsies in the act of setting out on their march through the forest; Preciosa borne shoulder high upon a litter, and the old mother sitting in a donkey-cart smoking her short pipe with great contentment. That *Preciosa* is one of the greatest triumphs of the German season cannot for a moment be disputed.—*London Times*.

#### WHAT IS SAID OF IT.

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser, July 18.)

Mr. John S. Dwight announces in *Dwight's Journal of Music* of Saturday that with one more issue its publication will be discontinued. The announcement will be heard with very general regret in musical circles, and many who are not musical in a professional sense will be sorry to learn that this enterprise has not been sustained. During nearly thirty years good music has had no more intelligent and devoted servant than *Dwight's Journal*. Whoever wishes to write the history of music in Boston—we might almost say the history of music in America—for this period must depend upon the *Journal of Music* as his best authority. And whoever succeeds Mr. Dwight in musical journalism will be very fortunate if he succeeds also to his rare accomplishments, his refined though generous judgment, and his loyal enthusiasm.

(From the Boston Journal, July 18.)

*Dwight's Journal of Music* is to be discontinued. It has performed a worthy mission, and its editor is entitled to a rest after nearly thirty years of hard work for the cause which he has promoted.

(From the Boston Transcript, July 18.)

Mr. Dwight's literary services in the cause of music have been so widely recognized that no mention of them is needed. The discontinuance of the *Journal* will be a cause of quick regret to amateurs and connoisseurs of music, and will leave a gap in journalism which will with difficulty be filled.

(From the Saturday Evening Gazette.)

*Dwight's Journal of Music*, which is to be discontinued after the next number, has had a long and creditable record in connection with the art to which it has been devoted. Mr. John S. Dwight, its founder, and its editor through all its existence, is a gentleman possessed of a genuine enthusiasm for music, and who has given many years of conscientious and effective effort to its advancement in our country. He has been more identified with its literature during that period than any other American, and he has been creditably known abroad for what he has done in this connection. He will retire with the respect and gratitude of the friends of intellectual and refined culture. The only regret is that his labors have not been pecuniarily more successful. There will, we trust, be a fitting successor to the enterprise from which he withdraws, and in this it is to be hoped the public will have the benefit, at least occasionally, of Mr. Dwight's ripe knowledge and valuable comment.

(From the Commonwealth, July 23.)

Mr. John S. Dwight, editor and projector of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, announces that one more number will conclude its publication. It has been published at a loss, and that is the reason of its discontinuance. It has been of great service in fostering the higher order of music in this country, and none too warm thanks are due Mr. Dwight for his conscientious devotion to this service. We shall regret the loss of his able and honest criticism. The paper has needed more than aught else a good business manager.

(From the Springfield Republican, July 20.)

*Dwight's Journal of Music*, after twenty-nine years of the finest literary service to music in America,

expires with its next number, whose issue will be delayed for a while. When it was founded there was no musical journalism in the country, nor has there ever been a paper with this specialty to compete with *Dwight's Journal* in its high standard of criticism. Only one or two of the so-called musical papers now existing are of the slightest value to music, or worthy the least respect as literature. Most of them are tenders to publishing firms, and are edited in the most trivial fashion; nor do they as a rule succeed in giving the news,—the daily press forestalls them in that. *Dwight's Journal* has not been of late years a good newspaper; it has not done so well as it could have done; but when we read Mr. Dwight's articles, we felt repaid for waiting,—the musical sense was so exquisite, and the literary expression so fitting in its scholarly grace. John Sullivan Dwight is now sixty-eight years old, and there are not many who remember that he was ordained over forty years ago over the Unitarian Church in Northampton, for his ministerial service was very brief. He was made for other work; his writings set the high-water mark of musical judgment, and no other person has approached his influence in making Bach and Handel and Beethoven, and the rest of the great masters of the classical era in music popularly appreciated. The musical taste of this country owes a great deal to him. His *Journal* ought to have been supported, and would have been if Boston were in a state of musical health. We cannot resist, at this turning-point in Mr. Dwight's enviable life, the temptation to quote from that bright sketch of young Lowell's, in his "Fable for Critics," where, beginning with Hawthorne, he says:—

"When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted  
For making so full-sized a man as she wanted;  
So to fill out her model, a little she spared  
From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared;  
And she could not have hit a more excellent plan  
For making him fully and perfectly man.  
The success of her scheme gave her so much delight  
That she tried it again, shortly after, in Dwight;  
Only, when she was kneading and shaping the clay,  
She sang to her work in her sweet childish way,  
And found, when she'd put the last touch to his soul,  
That the music had somehow got mixed with the whole."

(From the same: Boston Letter, July 21.)

The announcement of the suspension of *Dwight's Journal of Music* after the next number has been received with genuine regret in literary as well as musical circles. The paper has long been an authority in its way, and has stood for the best in musical culture. It has been one of the institutions of Boston, the existence of which was regarded as a credit to the city, a token of the refinement of its culture. Mr. Dwight has constantly maintained the standard high, and has striven persistently to bring the taste of the community up to it. For the present really enviable position of Boston as a musical city, much is certainly due to Mr. Dwight's efforts the past thirty years. For years he was far in advance of the profession and the patrons of music, but he has lived to see a musically educated community grow up where he has worked, and the standard steadily raised. He has been a severe and often harsh critic, but he has also been always intelligent, criticising from well-established principles, and broad, inspired always by the highest and the best motives. He has been an enthusiast, thoroughly devoted to his art, and his journal reflected the purest sentiment and the highest musical culture. It has been intimated that the prospect of the establishment of a new musical journal hastened his determination to bring his publication to a close, but it is not apparent that this is correct. . . . A new musical journal of high standard may, by and by, seek to establish itself in the place occupied by Dwight's, but it is probably the fact that no formal or serious plans have yet been formed. Dwight's stops because it does not receive adequate support. Though it has not been for some time so strong and, perhaps, so attractive as it used to be, it will be greatly missed, and it will be difficult for a new venture to secure the place it has held and the attention and confidence it has received. Mr. Dwight should now write the musical history of Boston and the growth of musical culture in America; some think he will do so. He is now at work on a chapter on

Music in Boston for the Memorial History of the city.

(From the same, July 23.)

MR. DWIGHT'S RETIREMENT—AND AFTER?—The cessation of *Dwight's Journal of Music* impresses every reader of musical literature and every one who appreciates worthy music as a lamentable event for musical interests, first and principally because it appeals to their own consciences, and they know that were they really concerned for music, a paper of such excellence would not have stopped for lack of support. Mr. Dwight has been getting old for some years now, and the wonder is not that he should be unequal to the requirements of modern journalism and disappointing to customers that want the news; on the contrary, the wonder is that he should have been asked, this dozen years back, to run such a journal without an able staff under his direction. If there ever was to be a first-class musical journal in America, its opportunity was under Mr. Dwight's direction. He ought to have been sustained liberally by Boston men who could well have afforded to give Boston the distinction of the only true musical journal in America. We are aware of the objections which will be brought to Mr. Dwight's "narrowness,"—his irreconcilable attitude toward Wagner and Berlioz and Rubinstein,—his fanaticism, as the new school call it, for Bach, Handel, and Beethoven. This would not have injured the paper in the least. Mr. Dwight's objection to the music of the future never prevented him from giving large accounts of its performance on every notable occasion, as of the *Bühnenfestspiel* at Baireuth in 1876, for instance. Had he had the proper backing and assistance of subordinates to make his journal a current encyclopædia of musical news and criticism, there can be no doubt he would have done so. His editorial opinion need not have been lamed one whit, and the natural impression of disproportionate honor paid to the old composers over the modern would have never arisen. It is very much to be regretted that Mr. Dwight was not afforded the privilege of doing what no other man in America has shown the capacity of doing,—carrying on a scholarly and authoritative musical journal without fear or favor.

The course of so-called musical journalism in this country has not been exceptionally bad. It is everywhere what it is here,—largely commercial, dependent on cliques or on dealers. Even the best publishing firms cannot make a first-class independent paper. They think they cannot afford the sacrifice. That is the reason Ditson & Co. cut loose from Mr. Dwight. As a result, they have an innocent sheet which duly advertises all their publications, and whose opinion nobody ever thinks of quoting. Church & Co. of Cincinnati publish a handsome and honorable paper, the *Musical Visitor*; the *American Art Journal* is a "newsy" and informing paper; but neither these nor any of the list has any lifting and advancing quality. Music might stay in the stocks for all the current musical papers would do, since they feel bound to show courtesy to every sort of music, and would not damn the worst prayer-meeting or variety tune, for fear of hurting some publisher's feelings. It is of other stuff that the really useful musical journalists must be made.

The regrets all over the country are more or less folderol, since their feeling practically expressed in subscriptions would have rendered its verbal expression unnecessary. But they are especially superfluous in Boston, whose musical public has shown a gross ingratitude to Mr. Dwight, and a shallow valuing of his work which no amount of flattery now can gloss over. The same sort of thing is now going on in regard to Carl Zerrahn, the great conductor of the Handel and Haydn and Harvard symphony concerts,—the entire body of standard musical entertainments in Boston for almost if not quite a generation. Now one of the rich Bostonians has gone wild over Georg Henschel, and has endowed an orchestra with him for leader, in such wise as ought to have been done for Zerrahn many years ago. Boston is to be wished much joy of Henschel, but despite all his qualifications and ambitions, this brilliant young man is not yet great, nor devoid of grave faults, and it may well be

questioned whether he will last. He is in a trying position,—as whoever essays musical journalism after John Sullivan Dwight will be.

(From the Boston Transcript, July 23.)

The Springfield Republican's heat over the stopping of *Dwight's Journal of Music* is amazing, acquired at such a distance from the scene, and also somewhat *de trop*. Mr. Dwight, who is apparently enjoying his well-earned *otium cum dignitate*, might well pray to be spared from such ill-informed championship.

(From the Springfield Republican, July 24.)

There is a general feeling of disappointment over the stopping of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, at least so far as the newspapers are concerned, for Mr. Dwight never failed of appreciation from them. The New York Sun enlogizes Mr. Dwight as the *Republican* has done, saying that "his voice has for thirty years been heard advocating and encouraging whatever is best and noblest in art, and at the end it is as with many other prophets, discouragement and failure." The Sun recognizes also the defects of his exclusive devotion to the elder composers, and his neglect of news, but declares that, after all, his journal's influence has been "deep and abiding throughout the country in the direction of sterling music," "has set the feet of tens of thousands of musical scholars in the right path," and now perishes, "the oldest and most honorable landmark in the history of musical journalism in this country." The Boston tea-table paper, however, seems to consider Mr. Dwight and his *Journal* as private Boston matters, and thinks it strange and superfluous that anybody outside of Boston should take any interest in the event. But human nature is so made that the interesting will interest, no matter where it is, and Mr. Dwight has been much too important for Boston to smother. We may be permitted to doubt whether he is perfectly satisfied to find that the so-called musical public of Boston doesn't think enough of his work to support his journal, but prefers Dexter Smith and Earl Marble.

(From Harper's Weekly [G. W. Curtis], August 6.)

We observe with regret that *Dwight's Journal of Music* is to be suspended. It has been published for more than a quarter of a century, and has been constantly at the head of musical journalism. Indeed, Mr. John S. Dwight will be remembered as the first of musical critics of the highest character in this country. His lectures upon the great composers in Boston forty years ago set the key for the general American appreciation of Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven, and all the years and all the great performances of the works of those composers since that time have but confirmed Mr. Dwight's judgments.

In his journal he has always maintained the highest and severest standard. Indeed, it has been sometimes urged that with the lapse of time his taste demanded the dryer and dryer strain, and that Bach was almost too melodious and popular. But these were only the harmless jests of respect for an unswerving loyalty to the best and an unsparing antipathy to all charlatanry in music. Although the *Journal* stops, its influence will always be felt. It has done its work in developing a popular taste for the noblest productions of a great art, and the name of John Sullivan Dwight will be honorably and indissolubly associated with the history of music in this country.

(From the New York Tribune, August 7.)

*Dwight's Journal of Music* has been discontinued after an existence of twenty-nine years. Mr. John S. Dwight, the editor, is a sound and scholarly musician, and a careful and honest critic, and it is to his influence, exerted personally and through his paper, that Boston is largely indebted for the advance in musical cultivation which has taken place there during the last quarter of a century. The discontinuance of the *Journal* will be viewed with marked regret, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Dwight will not withdraw himself altogether from musical affairs, in which he has made his influence felt so long and so beneficially.

(From Church's Musical Visitor, Cincinnati.)

Under the heading "The End of a long Story," in *Dwight's Journal of Music* for July 16, Mr. John

S. Dwight announces the suspension of the publication of that journal with the next issue. Want of support is the cause, the paper having been published at an actual loss for some time past. Although support by subscription and advertising had been promised in order to prevent this disaster, yet the hopes thus raised were doomed to disappointment, the paper suffering a falling off both in subscription and advertising, of so serious a nature as to oblige the editor to close up abruptly. "Besides," he says, "we are weary with the long work (twenty-nine years), seeing that it has to be carried on under such discouraging conditions, and within such economical and narrow limits that it is impossible to make the *Journal* what we wish it to be."

So ends the career of another musical journal. It could hardly be called a "people's paper," yet it doubtless had a use, and performed it. Whatever may have been its influence, it can truly be said of it that from the first it has nobly held to its convictions, swerving neither to the right hand nor to the left. Peace to its ashes, and rest and recuperation to its honored editor.

(From the London Musical World, July 30.)

But lately we had to record the withdrawal of *La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris* from the honorable company of art journals. Now, after a career, if not quite so long, in no degree less praiseworthy, an old friend on the other side of the Atlantic is about to follow suit. The subjoined appears in the number of *Dwight's Journal of Music* (Boston) for Saturday, July 16.

That this announcement will be perused with earnest regret we feel assured. Truth is that *Dwight's Journal* was hardly "spicy" enough for many of our go-ahead cousins. Exclusively devoted to art culture, art record, art criticism, and the interests of art generally, it from the beginning consistently disdained personalities, for which reason, apart from genuine worth as an intelligent organ of opinion and a chronicle to which, however judgments vary, implicit confidence might be given, it deserves, and will obtain, grateful remembrance.

(From the London Figaro, August 6.)

The oldest of the American musical papers, *Dwight's Journal of Music*, will be discontinued after its next number. Its editor, the veteran Mr. John S. Dwight, frankly owns, etc. . . . The truth is that *Dwight's Journal of Music* has outlived its time. Twenty-eight years ago, when it was founded by Mr. Dwight, musical matters in the United States were very different from what they are now. The love of music has not only increased, but musical newspapers are far more numerous than they were. Those musical newspapers are of a more energetic character than the traditions of *Dwight's Journal* would allow; while the more influential of American music-lovers are deeply imbued [?] with the love of that modern German school with which Mr. Dwight can feel no sympathy. . . . Far more vigorous treatment of musical matters is now demanded by the American people, and thus it is that *Dwight's Journal* dies in the fullness of its time, and with the honor which attaches to a long and unblemished career.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1881.

### VALEDICTORY.

This is the last appearance of the *Journal of Music* which has so long borne our name. For needed rest, as well as to gain time for the solution of certain practical problems (out of which however, nothing has yet come), this *post mortem* number (so to speak, considering how many obituary eulogies and lessons it has called forth) has been delayed beyond our original intention. In the last number (July 16) we frankly gave the reasons for the discontinuance: namely, that the paper does not pay, but actually entails a loss upon its editor, and that said editor, conscious of his own shortcomings, is heartily weary of the struggle to keep the thing alive within such eco-



nomical limits as render it impossible to make such a journal as he has desired.

The truth is, we have for some time been convinced that there is not in this country now, and never has been, any adequate demand or support for a musical journal of the highest tone and character. The last experiment of any promise, the *Musical Review*, established in New York less than three years ago, was unable to complete its second year. The musical papers that live and flourish financially are those that serve the interests of music trade and manufacture, and which abound in endless columns of insignificant three-line items of intelligence or news; the slang term "newsy" is a description which they covet. A journal which devotes itself to art for art's sake, and strives to serve the ends of real culture, however earnestly and ably, gets praise and compliment, but not support.

Besides, such is the spirit of competition, that the moment a paper seems to be beginning to succeed, instead of concentrating forces upon it to build it up to self-sustaining strength, others, roused by its example, start some new and rival enterprise, dividing the support which might have gone to one really good, important journal, or to two or three good ones. When we began in 1852, there were barely three or four musical journals in this country. Now they count by the hundred, almost every important music-dealer publishing his own organ.

Again, when we began, musical literature of any consequence, in the English language, was extremely meagre. We had to translate largely from the German and the French, to furnish valuable matter for our readers. All this is changed. Musical writers, criticisms, biographies, histories, analyses of great musical works, abound. Especially has the attention paid to music in the daily and weekly press increased of late, while in their quality the newspaper criticisms show a very marked improvement. Musical journals as such, therefore, such as may have been indispensable to culture and the public taste some years ago, now naturally seem almost superfluous. So long as the average music-loving, or music-curious, citizen can read the notice of the last night's concert, fresh and early, as he takes his buckwheats, smoking hot, over his breakfast-table, he is not apt to trouble himself to look into a specialist paper once or twice a month to keep him up to the true pitch of opinion. Of course it is useless for a slow, fortnightly journal, limited to eight pages, to compete with the daily newspaper in its speciality of news.

Then, too, there is no putting out of sight the fact, that the great themes for discussion, criticism, literary exposition and description, which inspired us in this journal's prime, the master-works and character and meaning of the immortal ones like Bach and Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and the rest, although they cannot be exhausted, yet inevitably lose the charm of novelty. We have said our say about them all so often, and so fully, have preached so many sermons on these glorious texts, that it is hard to find anything new to say. What more can one write, for instance, about the five and sixtieth Christmas performance of the *Messiah*?—except to compare the singers, or to criticise the execution, and those are matters of but momentary consequence. In a few years it will be the same with the *Passion Music* of Bach. The thoughts we then insisted on from inmost conviction, with a zeal for inciting others to seek, and helping others to appreciate the divine power and beauty and great meaning of those inspired art creations, are now become the common property of all the world. Of course we never owned them, but we felt them and endeavored, somewhat successfully within a narrow, slowly widening circle to make

others feel their truth. All true thought, truly stated, inevitably crumbles in the course of time into the smallest current coin. Lacking the genius to make the old seem new, we candidly confess that what now challenges the world as new in music fails to stir us to the same depths of soul and feeling that the old masters did and doubtless always will. Startling as the new composers are, and novel, curious, brilliant, beautiful at times, they do not inspire us as we have been inspired before, and do not bring us nearer heaven (in fact "the other place" is where some of them seem most at home!) We feel no inward call to the proclaiming of the new gospel. We have tried to do justice to these works as they have claimed our notice, and have omitted no intelligence of them which came within the limits of our columns, but we lack motive for entering their doubtful service; we are not ordained their prophet. If these had been enthroned the *Dii majores* of the musical Olympus, and there had been no greater gods: if the contributions of the past thirty years to musical production were the whole of music, we never should have dreamed of establishing a musical journal, nor would Music have been able to seduce us from other paths, in which, by persevering, we might possibly have done more good. It may be all a prejudice; perhaps we are one-sided; perhaps too steady contemplation of the glory of the great age has seared our eyeballs for the modern splendors; but we prefer to leave these and their advocacy to "whom it may concern." Doubtless here is one secret of much of the indifference to this journal: the "disciples of the newness" feel that it has not been in sympathy with what they would call the new musical spirit of the times, and innocent inquirers take the cue from them. But we revenge ourselves with pointing to the unmistakable fact, that in the concert-giving experience of to-day, at least in Boston, the prurient appetite for novelty (new fashions) seems to have reached its first stage of satiety, and that programmes must in the main be classical to secure good audiences in the long run. If we in any humble way have helped to bring about this good result, we may at least feel that our labor has not been entirely thrown away.

But whatever may have been the causes of our failure to make this journal what it should be, we are disposed to find them mostly in the editor himself. We cannot endorse the too kind suggestion of the sympathizing writer in the *Springfield Republican*, that Boston, or that the musical public anywhere, has been "ungrateful" to us. Surely we can complain of no "ingratitude" on the part of the press; its treatment has been almost uniformly generous and appreciative; witness the "obituaries" we have copied, not omitting frank and honest strictures on our course. We have long realized that we were not made for the competitive, sharp enterprise of modern journalism. That turn of mind which looks at the ideal rather than the practicable, and the native indolence of temperament which sometimes goes with it, have made our movements slow. Hurry who will, we rather wait and take our chance. The work which could not be done at leisure, and in disregard of all immediate effect, we have been too apt to feel was hardly worth the doing. To be first in the field with an announcement, or a criticism, or an idea, was no part of our ambition; how can one recognize competitors, or enter into competition, and at the same time keep his eye upon the truth? If one have anything worth saying, will it not be as good to-morrow as to-day? A poor qualification for the journalistic scramble of this year 1881! Indeed we cannot scramble. And, far from making any boast of it, we must accuse ourself of great omissions and procrastinations not in accordance

with the modern idea of an editor, even in the quiet field of Art. Yet somehow we feel that we have performed a considerable amount of labor, such as it was, in our day.

One of our frank contemporaries, whom we copy elsewhere, says that this has never been a "peoples'" paper. Yes, you have us there. To be a tribune of the people, in your sense, we never felt to be our mission. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. We do not believe in writing down to people. We have been perhaps too sensitively unwilling to insult the popular intelligence by thinking anything too good—any thought, or view of Art, or any music—for the average listener or reader. "State the best that there is in you and the great world will come round to you;" that, in effect, is the Emersonian maxim which has saved many an ingenuous young mind from renouncing its birthright. The few, the most appreciative (and they are not always the most technically prepared ones) must be reached first; what these see, feel and approve, will surely make its way to wider and wider acceptance. This at least has been the lesson of our life. Now if you begin with trying to ingratiate the general mass, "the people," you are in danger either of talking baby talk to them, or of turning your art journal into a musical primer and A B C book, or of chopping everything up into that poor mincemeat (too often dogs' meat) of small paragraphs and items, which so abound in many musical papers, and which catch the idle eye, but do not inform the mind; or of running into petty personalities, which may "spice" a paper, while they sink its dignity; or finally, you fall into the temptation of always striving after and proclaiming the *exceptional*, when wholesome daily bread is the thing most wanted. On this point we make our own confession without shame. In the lower stages of culture, the people, especially we Americans, are easily stirred up to "seek a sign," to be on the *qui vive* for every so-called "big thing." World's fairs are on the brain, and threaten us so frequently that the exceptional spreads over all, and there is no room, time or thought left for the common. It tends to be all mountain with no valleys; all excitement, no repose; all exception and no rule. In music, too, we have our monster festivals and Peace Jubilees, each seeking to surpass the other by its unprecedented scale of magnitude, as if the measure of value were mere size. We have borne our share of satire and rebuke in times past for our cold response to such appeals. We think the world shows signs of coming round to our unpopular way of thinking. And we congratulate our Boston, at least, that she has outgrown such childish ambitions, and has settled down upon regular triennial oratorio festivals (like those of Birmingham and the Rhine cities), within the limits of artistic taste and common-sense.

It only remains for us to return our heartfelt thanks to our faithful and able contributors and correspondents, with all of whom it has been a labor of love, a service of sincere devotion to the good cause in music, to help us make the *Journal* useful and attractive. Some of these have stood by us from the first and proved themselves true friends. The same may be said of many of our subscribers. On their account especially it makes us sad to feel that the little bark, which they have helped so long to keep afloat, cheering our loneliness in the long work, must now go down before reaching the end of its thirtieth annual voyage. They have not the comfort, which we shall have, of a great sense of rest and freedom when the burden is rolled off from our shoulders.

But we do not despair of musical journalism. If it is impracticable within the narrow limits of a little one-man organ like our own, without cap-

ital, without the means of enlargement, and unwilling to avail itself of questionable and distasteful ways for gaining circulation, it is still possible that some day somebody will furnish the means for building up a journal upon a much broader foundation, with capital, with room for greater variety of matter in its columns, with means of commanding first-class *paid* contributors, and with not merely one to do all the editorial work, but with a corps of editors, each responsible in his department, and representing, it may be, various sides in some of the great questions, as of old and new school. Such a journal would absorb any rivals worth absorbing; it would have *news* enough, well-sifted news, in spite of the newspapers, while it could afford to treat at length, without fear or favor, questions of principle and taste in Art. All this combined under one experienced, catholic and comprehensive head, who need not feel always bound to write himself on every topic, would be a musical journal worth the while. It is essentially the plan suggested by our unknown warm sympathizer in the *Springfield Republican*. We doubt not it will come. Some music-loving millionaire, not content with guarantying orchestras and building splendid music-halls, will some day feel the need of a great, many-sided, high-toned musical journal. We may live to see it after the springs of active energy are dried up in ourselves. But Art is long, though life is short. And so we humbly take our leave.

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

#### MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

What follows was intended for the concluding portion of a chapter of Musical History prepared for the "Memorial History of Boston." That chapter has grown to such unexpected length that much of it will have to be omitted for the present, leaving us free to give this portion in this final number of our Journal. It must be understood that this is history, and not criticism. We do not enter into any discussion of the mooted questions about *Tonic Sol-Fa*, "absolute pitch," or the "movable *Do*." We only aim to show what has been done, and show the promise of the future.

Let us step down for a moment from the heights and the high schools of art, from symphony and oratorio, and from the university, and watch beginnings in the very nursery. Let us look into the public schools, where singing has been taught on a progressive system, from the youngest primaries upward, both by rote and note, for at least forty years. This movement started rather vaguely to be sure, contenting itself at first with demonstrating that all children, with a very few exceptions, only enough to "prove the rule," can be taught to sing. It was the assertion of a faith, rejected by our Puritan forefathers, in the musical nature of man. It has grown up into something which can properly be called a Boston institution; and if its principle is sound, the germ of a musical future is contained in it.

It dates back to the early days of the old Academy of Music, (1833-41), and to the impression made upon the mind of Mr. Wm. C. Woodbridge, by what he heard and saw in the schools of Germany and Holland, where vocal music was taught as one of the elements of common education. After his return to Boston he stated his experience and his conviction before a meeting of the friends of education. This was in 1830. In January, 1832, on the recommendation of a report made by the Chairman of the Primary School Committee, Mr. George H. Snelling, it was voted that the experiment should be tried in one school of each primary district. In 1836, in response to a memorial from the Academy, the School Committee voted to have music taught in four of the

grammar schools, under the direction of the Academy. That meant practically under the direction of Dr. Lowell Mason, and according to the Pestalozzian, or inductive, method, first applied to music by Nægeli of Zurich, and embodied in Mason's Academy Manual. For some time the brave resolution was not seconded by prompt and adequate municipal appropriations. But meanwhile Dr. Mason devoted himself with such zeal and tact, gratuitously, to testing the plan in a single school, and with such success, that it was voted to employ a salaried teacher of singing, for not more than two hours each week, in each of the grammar schools. This the Academy's Report for 1839 declared to be "the Magna Charta of musical education in this country."

So the work went on, under the personal instruction of Messrs. Mason, Webb, and others, steadily and slowly gaining ground, despite the intermittent faith and sympathy of new School Committees. In 1846, ten of the schools were assigned to Dr. Mason, and ten to Mr. B. F. Baker, as head music teacher.

In 1848, two half-hour lessons were required each week for every pupil; and in some schools the regular female teachers and ushers were so far initiated into the method as to enable them to carry on the lessons between the visits of the musical instructors. Pianos also were provided. Vain efforts had been made for years to revive the attention paid to music in the primary schools, beginning at the root of the matter; for in the earliest years, almost in infancy, the ear should be made familiar with musical tones and acquire some practice both in singing and in reading them from notes, as a foundation for all further progress. Let the little child learn properly to sing even the simplest melody; let him identify each tone which he delights to hear and make with corresponding characters upon the staff, and with those syllables, numbers, letters which conventionally denote the relations of the tones to one another and to a common key-tone; let him feel every day the rhythmical delight of singing with his fellows in good time and tune; let him be led unconsciously to know concord from discord, to feel the beauty of a perfect chord, and to some slight extent to sing *in parts* with other voices, — and his interest in music is secured for life; he will grow up sensitive, attentive to the music made about him, even if he should not become much of a singer himself. This is the time for loosening the soil, so that any latent germs of native talent may find an outlet to the light. The older schools were taught at disadvantage until this preparatory period was provided for.

It was not until the first musical school festival held in the Music Hall at the close of the school year in 1858, that the true value of such an element in early education vividly impressed most of the believers in our public schools as the palladium of our free institutions. The lovely spectacle, together with the inspiring thrill of the united fresh and silvery voices of twelve hundred children, in cheerful songs, or in sustained tones of solemn chorals, brought the truth of the matter home to all present. Those annual festivals, due in a great measure to the forethought, zeal and organizing faculty of one member of the School Committee, Dr. J. B. Upham, grew more and more impressive year by year, and told of steady progress, so that it became an easier matter to secure the sanction of the whole committee and of Boston for complete and systematic measures. From that year (1858) a standing sub-committee on music, of five members, became a part of the annual distribution of functions in the school committee. Dr. Upham was the chairman of the five. It was ordered that two hours weekly should be given in each grammar school to singing, practice of notation, scales and reading sim-

ple music, under the teachers of the several districts, Messrs. Butler, Bruce and Drake. In the primaries there was to be singing at the opening and close of each school session, with what more might be thought expedient. Mr. Zerrahn was employed in the Girls' High and Normal Schools, partly to the end of qualifying the pupils to teach music as well as the other usual branches.

We need not follow the wavering policy of successive school committees regarding both the musical instruction and the annual Festivals; these inspiring exhibitions have been greatly missed for seven or eight years past. More than once the work of years was undone by some uneasy change of measures, and hope deferred, though not discouraged.

At last, in 1864, a most important step was taken: the problem of musical instruction in the primary schools was met in earnest. A man appeared with the peculiar gift for such a task, possessed with the genius of love and patience for it, full of enthusiasm and unbounded devotion, full of invention, and with a remarkable tact for the adaptation of means to ends, — Mr. Luther W. Mason, whose labors in the schools of Cincinnati had attracted much attention. He managed soon to interest the smallest children. The casual visitor would find them singing naturally and sweetly, — nearly all of them — first simple tunes by ear or imitation, and gradually by note. He prepared useful charts, in large characters, containing the essential progressive exercises. He also had translated and printed in convenient little books the successive parts of "Hohmann's Practical Course," containing a progressive series of songs, duets, etc., as well as exercises, suited to the different ages of the children. A professor of gymnastics and of elocution was employed, so that the right posture of the body and the right way of breathing were made auxiliary to the production of a full, true, sustained tone. In one year Mr. Mason had established his system in 185 of the 250 primary schools. It was not long before they began to sing in parts of simple harmony, and to take delight in holding out the tones of a full chord. Essentially the same method was adopted and developed further in the grammar schools by Mr. Sharland, Mr. Holt, and others, who have shown astonishing results in the ease and certainty with which pupils read at sight, name the tones which the teacher or visitor hums to them or strikes on the piano, and even analyze a chord when struck. In the Girls' High and Normal Schools, Mr. Eichberg, who for some years has held the position of superintendent of musical instruction in all the public schools of Boston, has carried the development still farther, so that it is really an artistic pleasure to hear his classes of young ladies, many of them destined to become teachers in their turn, sing from the choice collection of pieces in three and four part harmony which he has prepared for their use.

In 1868 Mr. Eichberg was commissioned to visit the schools abroad, and made an elaborate report upon the music teaching he had witnessed in Hamburg, Berlin, Leipzig, Halle, Dresden, Frankfort, and Bavaria, to which was appended a very full list of suitable works for such instruction.

In 1870 a complete progressive course was mapped out, from the lowest primary to the highest grammar class. But the good work done in the Girls' High Schools was not, and is not yet, extended into the English High and Latin Schools for boys. In the Vienna Exposition of 1873 the educational system of the Boston public schools was fully represented under the direction of Mr. John D. Philbrick, superintendent of Public Schools. In his report he says: "The system of musical instruction in our schools, as represent-

ed by the last report of the Chairman of the Committee on Music, Dr. J. Baxter Upham, the programme for musical instruction in the different grades of schools, the musical text-books by Messrs. Eichberg, Sharland, Holt, and Mason, and especially the four series of musical charts by Luther W. Mason, was unanimously and emphatically declared by the able committee of experts on this subject to be the best in existence. The charts, which are the fruit of many years of labor and experiments by Mr. Mason, were regarded as vastly superior to everything else of the kind known to exist, and accordingly their author was honored by the award of a Medal of Merit." At the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia (1876) these music charts and method were much admired by foreign visitors, especially by the Japanese Commissioners, whose glowing report to the educational authorities of their own government led to an invitation to Mr. Mason to introduce his system personally in the government schools of Japan. For several years, with every convenience placed at his disposal, he has been teaching the young Japanese in Tokio to sing and read music according to our system, adding three notes to their imperfect scale, and with a success most gratifying to the Empress and the Japanese, but greatly to the loss of the primary schools of Boston, which now rely for musical instruction on the regular school teachers. We read, however, in the school report for 1872 that in the 335 primary schools there was rarely found a teacher not competent to teach elementary music.

Doubtless much remains yet to be done. Only ideally can the system be called complete. As practically embodied it is like those ancient maps, in which great regions, unexplored, are only vaguely outlined. Questions have arisen, and wavering policy has been pursued. Fits of municipal economy have interfered, if not destructively, at least obstructively. Indeed the whole method is in controversy still. Some would abolish staff notation, and have children taught upon the "Tonic Sol-Fa" plan; and there is outcry against what is called the "movable Do," in practice in our schools from the beginning. With all these questions this history has no concern. Suffice it to say, that the teachers work in essential unity of principle and method, while each is free to test and follow out his own suggestions. What is certain is, that the lessons are progressive, while the teaching is objective. The child is led to recognize and feel the tones as mental objects (so Mr. Holt expresses it); while whatever of technical theory, or musical grammar, or arbitrary conventional signs and devices may be involved in the process, he gets it all unconsciously, as one learns to know the streets, with the shop signs, by often passing through and by them. He is not dumbfounded with theory, and with dry memorizing, before he has begun to know music, which would be like the old absurdity of acquiring English grammar, most abstract of studies, at the unmetaphysical age of early childhood.

Music in the schools has gone so far that it cannot go back. Generations are growing up sensitive to musical tones, knowing concord from discord, attentive to music when they hear it, interested in it, able to sing somewhat with pleasure to themselves and others, and to read simple music. What a contrast to the dearth of opportunity in those old Puritanic days when a child, had he the genius of a Beethoven in him, found not the slightest sympathy to call it out! Look on that picture, and on this. There pleasantness was sin, and the undying musical nature of man (as real as the religious, the intellectual, the social nature) was only part of the original depravity. Here you have stepped into a public school, say

in one of the poorer quarters of the city, during the lesson by Mr. Holt, or Mr. Sharland, and you hear the singing and catch the quick, intelligent replies of class after class of girls of eight, nine, ten years old, whose pale complexions tell of homes of poverty in crowded lanes; this is the bright hour of their week; the hour of higher life and consciousness, of innocent delight and sense of a new power and freedom. And they gain more and more of this inspiring and uplifting resource as they pass through the older grammar and the High School classes, until they are prepared to be absorbed into the vocal clubs, and renovate the oratorio chorus with fresh voices and more skill in music than their fathers had. Surely we have made progress; and so long as we are faithful to our public schools, music, and music's benign influence, will not die out among us.

### BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Mr. Henry Lee Higginson, not content with giving us a fine orchestra and a series of twenty symphony concerts at cheap prices for the coming year, has further added to the public obligation by purchasing a controlling interest in our noble Music Hall. This ensures a new administration of the Hall and its restoration to the artistic uses for which it was originally intended. The following, from the *Gazette*, is right in sentiment, and will be read with interest.

We are only sorry that what is gained by the new entrance from Hamilton Place is to be offset to some extent by the closing up of the present covered passage-way through what was Bunstead Place, that right of way having been sold out to advantage, we are told. On the other hand we are assured that the new entrance will be much wider than the present one, and will afford more safety to a crowd in any panic that might be apprehended. Now could the narrow eastern corridor be widened, or at least gain a passage into Bromfield Street, the means of exit would be perfect!

But the greatest improvement still demanded in the Music Hall would be the reconstruction of the stage in permanent chorus seats rising amphitheatrically about the organ, whereby the Handel and Haydn and other choral bodies might rehearse in the same seats in which they were to sing before the public. This would require, of course, the bringing of the stage a little further forward and to a lower point in front, for it is still too high for that part of the audience who sit well forward on the floor. When not occupied by chorus, those seats would be excellent for audience in many kinds of concerts, especially to listen to and watch the fingers of a Rubinstein or a Joseffy. But now for the *Gazette*.

This noble building has long been a source of satisfaction and of pride to the musical public of our city. Its ample size and fine proportions, its convenient entrances, its seclusion from noise and from the garish light of day, its even temperature, perfect ventilation, its picturesque light, and above all its perfect adaptation for the proper effects of music, render it one of the first halls in the world. The orator standing in his place at one of the foci of the ellipse is heard by a full house in his natural voice without effort. The softest of the prima donna's pianissimos or the lightest touch of the pianist is audible everywhere. The organ, too, has served important purposes. It has been a model for organ-builders, a perennial delight for audiences, and, what is more, it has furnished so-called jokers of other less fortunate cities with an unfailing topic for ridicule. When an editor has been hard up for a paragraph he has been able to tickle himself and those of his own calibre amazingly by some crank upon our "big organ."

The conception of the Music Hall and its organ dates from a certain dinner of the Harvard Musical Association. The original subscribers had more thought of the public benefit than their own profit. They wanted a temple of musical art. Year by year it has been adorned, and it has now the noblest statue and some of the finest busts in America. It is also full of associations that touch the hearts of all cultivated people. The annual oratorios, the symphony concerts, the splendid civic balls, and the long series of vocal and

instrumental performances by great singers and players, will be forever associated in the minds of the present generation with the Music Hall.

But high ideals and pure art are not often remunerative. Music, like poetry and virtue, must be its own exceeding great reward. When we plant our money for dividends we don't project music halls; we would rather discover a new "Calumet and Hecla." For many years the hall was not a source of profit. And to this fact was due a change in its management that let in the malodorous shows of unhappy dogs and cats, and the brutal set-tos of wrestlers and boxers. People who remember the high and pure idea for which the beautiful hall was created were sad at the thought that Beethoven and Bach, Handel and Mozart should look down upon scenes fitter for the blood-thirsty public of ancient Rome than for refined audiences in a cultivated city. The charm of the place was gone.

Then the proposed extension of Hamilton Place threatened to destroy the hall, and the controlling interest was in hands that could not hold it and were ready to give it up. The hall was supposed to be doomed.

The whole situation was changed when Mr. Henry L. Higginson, after establishing a series of orchestral concerts on a scale of unprecedented liberality, crowned his beneficent undertaking by purchasing a majority of the shares of the Music Hall corporation. Mr. Higginson has made no announcement of his plans, but it is well understood that the hall will be used only for purposes consistent with the idea of a temple of the fine arts. There will be no more heterogeneous shows, nor walking matches.

The interior of the building is now undergoing a rejuvenation, under the direction of Mr. George Snell, the accomplished architect who planned it. New colors and gilding, new upholstery and other adornments will make it more beautiful than ever. Other changes are also anticipated, such as re-formation of the lobbies and a new entrance from Hamilton Place.

### THE MUSICAL OUTLOOK.

There can be no fear lest Boston will not have enough, especially of orchestral music in the season of 1881-2. There would rather seem to be a danger of too much of a good thing, of "running it into the ground." But we shall see and learn. What with the Higginson-Henschel twenty concerts and twenty public rehearsals, and with the other orchestral societies, the vocal clubs, the oratorios, and miscellaneous and virtuoso concerts of all kinds, there are already looming above the horizon more than one hundred concerts such as commonly tempt large audiences. Let the *Transcript* count them up for us:—

From present appearances there will be more musical entertainments of a high order during the coming season in Boston than ever before. Those by the clubs and societies will number as follows:

Apollo Club.....	6 concerts.
Boylston Club.....	5 "
Handel and Haydn Society.....	4 "
Harvard Musical Association.....	5 "
Philharmonic Society.....	8 "
*Cecilia.....	4 "
*Euterpe.....	5 "
*Arlington Club.....	4 "
41 "	

\*Probably.

Then there will be the series of twenty concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra (as the band to be directed by Mr. Henschel will be known), possible concerts by the old Philharmonic orchestra, under Mr. Listemann's direction, and eight by the New England Conservatory orchestra, a new scheme under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn. All of these concerts will be given by resident musicians, players or singers from other cities only appearing as soloists or assistants. But this is not all. Four concerts of a mixed sort, with famous soloists, will be included in the lecture courses; two performances of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* will be given under Mr. Thomas's direction; two concerts are announced by Mauricio Dengremont, one by Mme. Gerster, and last, not least in importance, five by Mme. Adelina Patti. With these we have a grand total of nearly a hundred musical entertainments of a high class, and that without enumerating the twenty public rehearsals of Mr. Henschel's orchestra, and the eight public rehearsals of the Philharmonic Society's orchestra. There are few cities in the world, and none in America, which can make a better showing in number, quality and variety of concerts offered for the delectation of amateurs and connoisseurs of the tuneful art. The concerts of the Arlington and Cecilia Clubs will be given in Tremont Temple, the Euterpe will probably occupy the Meisnau, the Harvards will use the Boston Museum, and the other societies and organizations will appear in Music Hall. Mr. Zerrahn will remain in his post of director of the concerts by the Handel and Haydn Society and the Harvard Musical Association; Mr. Lang will continue to direct the entertainments of the Apollo and Cecilia Clubs, and Mr. Osgood and Mr. W. J. Winch will retain their positions as directors of the Boylston and Arlington Clubs, respectively. The



Philharmonic society's concerts will be under the direction of Mr. Louis Mass. The schemes of the opera managers are not yet divulged. It is given out that Mr. Mapleson will come to the Boston Theatre with a stronger company than he has yet brought here, and that Mr. Strakosch will bring a troupe to the Globe Theatre, with Mme. Gerster as its prima donna. No less than six English opera or operetta troupes will add still further variety to the attractions of the season, and some important novelties will be brought out by them, Lortzing's *Czar and Carpenter* and Varney's *Muskeeters* being in the list of promises.

#### LOCAL ITEMS.

—THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL. The great annual event of its kind in this region maintains this fall the customary high and abundant provision for the musical appetite: it will last five days, September 26-30, and comprise, besides three important choral works entire, a large variety of music, vocal, orchestral and organ. Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem* will be given the third evening, the *Creation* the following afternoon, and to conclude Friday evening *Eljah* entire, for the first time in Worcester; the chorus, "The Fire Descends from Heaven," heretofore omitted because of its extreme difficulty, being already rehearsed. A new thing in this festival will be a noon "organ lecture concert," by Frederick Archer, the English organist, composer and lecturer; but Mr. Archer should beware of Jerome Hopkins, who has a lien on that title for his own entertainment. The artists already engaged include Clara Louise Kellogg, who sings there for the first time in America after a European absence of two years; Annie Louise Cary, M. W. Whitney, Tom Karl, Emily Winant, — her first singing in Worcester, — Franz Remmert, Charles R. Adams; also Mrs. Emma R. Dexter, Miss Hattie Louise Simms, Miss Alice Ward, Mrs. Grace Hiltz Gleason of Chicago and Mrs. H. F. Kuowles, sopranos; and the Schubert company from the Boston Apollo Club. The violinist Therese Liebe and her brother Theodore, said to be a fine violoncellist, who will make a concert tour of the country the coming season, appear first together at this festival, hastening their departure from Europe a month. The promise of the foregoing facts is very generous and assures an excellent festival. There are some who will regret the repetition of Verdi's noisy requiem, but the chorus cannot possibly afford to dismiss it with one rendering after the severe discipline of its study; it would be a quite insufficient recompense.

—The Handel and Haydn Society will begin, as usual, their concerts on Christmas night with a performance of the *Messiah*; on Good Friday Bach's "Passion Music, according to St. Matthew" will be sung, and on Easter Sunday the oratorio of the *Creation*. Previous to these last two a concert will be given on Feb. 5, and Handel's *Utrecht* "Jubilate" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" are to be sung. Mr. Carl Zerrahn will lead the chorus and orchestra, and Miss Annie Louise Cary and Mr. Myron W. Whitney will be two of the principal soloists.

—James Edward Ditson, youngest son of Oliver Ditson, the well-known music publisher of Boston, and a member of the firm of which his father is the head, died at Upper Saint Regis Lake, Adirondack Mountains, Sunday, Aug. 7, aged 28 years. He was a young man of genial character, and was universally beloved. The parents have the sympathy of a very wide circle of friends in this trying bereavement.

—We are sorry to learn that Mr. Edward B. Perry, the pianist, is disabled for all concert work during the coming winter by a lame wrist. Meanwhile he has accepted a position as piano instructor at Oberlin College, in Ohio.

—We have only room to call attention to Madame Seiler's Flourishing School of Vocal Art in Philadelphia. Its annual reports of work and progress have been interesting, and this year more than ever.

—You can detect a false note in the playing of the music of Mozart as readily as a finger print on burnished silver; but in one of the "romantic" symphonies of the "intense" school, a madman might be fiddling away meanwhile, and nobody would suspect that it was not "consummate." —Chas. Dudley Warner.

—Mr. Thomas was to end his Chicago engagement on Aug. 22. During the following week he gave concerts in Milwaukee, and a week later he will be in Cincinnati for a series of concerts. He has received from Galveston, Tex., an offer for a week of concerts in that city. Mr. Thomas will return to New York on Sept. 5.

#### MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, July 27. In closing my correspondence with *Dwight's Journal of Music*, I may be pardoned for expressing a few words of sincere regret. Every indication that points to a retrograde movement in the progress of the art of music cannot but be regarded with sorrow by every honest musician or lover of true culture. The cause of music in this country suffers from a number of serious hindrances. One of these drawbacks is poor and incompetent criticism from the writers on musical matters in many of our daily papers. As we read the vast amount of illogical criticism that

the daily press offers to its readers, every musician realizes that the writers of the articles knew little or nothing about the subject. They either depend upon some hand-book on music for their information, or else deal with the subject in meaningless terms, that will not stand the test of reason. Any reporter may write upon this subject, and his musical qualifications seem to be of very little account, as long as he can fill up a certain space under the head of Amusements. I know of many cases where the so-called musical critic has mistaken even the work he was hearing, and perchance learnedly commented upon the masterly performance of Wagner's *Tannhäuser* overture, when the popular one to Rossini's *William Tell* was played. This kind of musical criticism is what the daily press calls a proper acknowledgment of the art interests of a country. What we need is good, honest utterances in behalf of art, from a mind that has both ability and knowledge. A writer must possess a positive and extended knowledge of his subject, to be entitled to any respect. Such criticism as the progress of art demands seems hardly possible from the daily press, and it is only in a good musical journal that we may expect the best opinions on art matters. It is then a matter of great regret that *Dwight's Journal* is forced to stop its usefulness, simply because of a want of support. It is true that the *Journal* was a small paper, and yet its quality was worthy of appreciation, and its honest utterances entitled to full respect. The only thing in regard to music that receives its full compensation is the trade in instruments and publications. Large fortunes have been made in these industries. What have these people, that have become rich out of musical merchandise, done for the art that has given them their wealth? Have they ever started a good music school, or supported a representative musical journal? We have a number of papers that live as advertising mediums, it is true, but their influence is of that character that belongs mostly to trade. This class of journal is generally published in the interests of some music house. Why should not the trade interests give a little of their wealth to the support of a worthy art journal? Any benefit to the progress of art is a help to even the trade. When we observe the positive advancement that Boston is making in regard to concerts, schools, and the orchestral work, it seems astonishing that it can be so unmindful of the *Journal of Music*. Is not an organ that may give its entire activity to the education of the people in music worthy of support? If the cultivated people of Boston will not support a journal that is representative of their class, is it not an indication that their accomplishments are more assumed than real? But in the mean time we must wait for a better public and a more hopeful condition of our social life, before what is best in music can have a hearty support in this country.

In this city we are having a delightful season of summer night concerts, by Mr. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra. This series of entertainments was a part of a plan that the late Mr. George B. Carpenter had arranged for our musical enjoyment. Mr. Milward Adams, the young gentleman who has followed in the steps of Mr. Carpenter, by his business tact and good management has been able to carry on the enterprise. It takes very much skill and a clear judgment to bring such successful returns for even well-considered plans. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Adams for this season of rich entertainment, and we can but wish him a great success in all his future work. The great festival which comes next spring will have to depend for its financial success largely upon the management that this gentleman will give it. He will have the influence of every musical person in the city, however, and the culmination of our hopes, a festival, seems near at hand. But to return to Mr. Thomas, — the programmes for these concerts have been as a whole very pleasing. We have had composers' evenings, and symphony performances, and also programmes made up of lighter things. The Mendelssohn night gave us the Italian symphony, *Midsummer-Night's Dream* music, overture *Calm Sea and Happy Voyage*, the fairy overture, *Melusina*, Scherzo from the *Reformation Symphony*, and two smaller pieces. The Beethoven night programme was made up of the Pastoral Symphony, the overture to *Coriolanus*, Septet Op. 20, and the ballet music to *Prometheus*. The symphony programmes gave us the Schumann, in D-minor, and Brahms's No. 2, in D-major. Every evening the programme is made interesting, while new and old works are very artistically arranged so as to give pleasure. It is a pleasing sight to see the large audiences that gather, evening after evening, to listen to these concerts. The place has been as well arranged as possible for the music. The garden that has been made, of plants, flowers and evergreens, has turned the Exposition Building into a vast conservatory, in which a pretty fountain plays,

and charming music may be heard, and it almost makes the stay-at-home people of our city think that Chicago is indeed a pleasant summer home. The orchestra that Mr. Thomas has formed is made up of some fifty men, many of whom are our home players; yet there have been additions from New York and Cincinnati, which have given a new and better formation to the band. It pleases me to say that this orchestra is doing some very good work. It has not the finish of Mr. Thomas's old band, nor are the brass instruments quite what they ought to be; but the educational influences that are at work with the men will do much to mould them into a better form. It is a wise thing to develop a good orchestra in the West, for as we attempt the performance of a large number of great works in the course of a season, a fine band is a necessity. In the closing concerts of this season of six weeks, I shall endeavor to make some mention of the improvement that will doubtless be made in the playing of this band, while under the able direction of Mr. Thomas.

C. H. BRITTAN.

BALTIMORE, JULY 27. —Mr. John S. Dwight: —Dear Sir, — Allow me to express my sincere regret at the notice in your last issue that the publication of the *Journal* is to be discontinued. For the past three years I have had the pleasure of writing an occasional notice for your paper, and I can scarcely express how unhappy it makes me feel to know that I have written my last letter to *Dwight's Journal*. I did fancy that at least one musical publication with the best and highest interests of the art in view would be able to hold its own in this country. It seems not.

To all earnest friends of musical progress there remains but the hope that at some future day the better class of the American people will open their eyes, their ears and their hearts and begin to understand that there are a few objects in this world worth living for besides the accumulation of dollars and cents.

With sentiments of the highest regard and appreciation, I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

CHAS. A. FISHER.

#### MUSIC ABROAD.

LONDON. Colonel J. H. Mapleson has written an open letter in which he formally withdraws from the London operatic field. Ever since the year 1874, competition has been carried on, except in a few years when Messrs. Gye and Mapleson combined forces, between the Italian operatic impresarios at Covent Garden and Drury Lane or Her Majesty's. Mr. Mapleson became almost hopelessly involved, and the elder Gye's backers sank a fortune in the larger house. Of late years, under the management of the brothers Gye, Covent Garden has increased its reputation, but without reaping a financial reward. The conclusion was reached that London cannot support two Italian houses during the season, and a syndicate was formed recently for converting Covent Garden into a limited liability company, with Gye as manager at a salary. The company then endeavored to secure Her Majesty's, and this they attempted to do by seeking to gain possession of the premises through the lessor by means of an action of ejectment. Finding himself involved in costly legal proceedings, Mr. Mapleson determined to accept the offers made him by the syndicate, and an arrangement has now been made by which he sells out his entire interest in Her Majesty's, with the object of devoting his attention entirely, in future, to the United States. Mr. Mapleson receives £80,000, and when his liabilities are deducted from this he will be left with more than sufficient capital to enable him to open an energetic campaign next season in America. Mr. Mapleson has secured certain concessions from the new company, among others the call on Covent Garden for all new operas, artists, scenery and costumes which he may require. In fact, Covent Garden will be henceforth the recruiting-house for his American season. —*Figaro*.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE. — The prize offered by the Corporation for the best opera is awarded to *Käthchen von Heilbronn*, music by Carl Rheinthal, libretto by Heinrich Bulthaupt. The successful work will be produced early next season at the New Stadt-theater.

BERLIN. Von Bülow recently played a gigantic programme at Berlin. It consisted wholly of Liszt's compositions. Sonata (dedicated to Schumann), four selections from the "Années de Pèlerinage," the legend, "St. Francois de Paule Marchant Sur Les Flots," four Etudes, Ballade (No. 2), a Polonaise Mazurka, Valse Impromptu and Scherzo, and March in D-minor. It is said that Bülow farly surpassed himself.

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